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of 2 Vols

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Catalogue No. 1332

ORPHEUS BRITANNICUS.

A

COLLECTION

OF

The Choiceſt SONGS,

FOR

One, Two, and Three Voices,

COMPOS'D

By Mr. Henry Purcell.

TOGETHER.

With ſuch Symphonies for *Violins* or *Flutes*,
As were by Him deſign'd for any of them:

AND

A *THROUGH-BASS* to each SONG.
Figur'd for the *Organ*, *Harpſicord*, or *Theorbo-Lute*.

The Second BOOK, which renders the Firſt Compleat.

The Second Edition with Additions.

——Primo Avulſo non deficit Alter
Aureus, et ſimili frondeſcit Virga Metallo.
Virg. Lib. Æn. 6.

LONDON:

Printed by *William Pearſon*, for *S. H.* Sold by *J. Young*, at the Dolphin and Crown in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, *J. Cullen*, at the Buck juſt thro' *Temple-Bar*. 1711.

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To the Right Honourable

Charles, Lord Hallifax,

Auditor of His Majesties Exchequer, *&c.*

MY LORD,

I Shou'd be unjust to the Memory of the admired *Purcell*, and set too Small a Value on His Works, shou'd I put them under any Patronage but Your own. For Your *Lordship* has a Double Title to these Papers, both as you are the best Judge, as well as the Greatest Encourager of *Poesy* and *Music*. 'Tis but fit this Great Master of the Age, that has stood the Test of Your Judgment, should Claim Your Protection: Since no Greater Character can be given of any Composition, than that it has pleas'd so Exquisite a Tast as Your *Lordship*'s.

But I am not so vain, as to attempt a Panegyric on Your *Lordship*, nor to Expatiate on the several Excellencies of this Celebrated Author: These are Subjects for the Sublimest Pens, and are already transmitted to Posterity.

But my design here, is to pay my Gratitude to Your *Lordship*, for the many Favours I have receiv'd; In a Present whose own Worth, is its Apology, and whose Native Graces will render it Accepable. And to add, if posible to the Fame of *Purcell*, and Endear Him more to the World: Which can be only done, by prefixing the Name of *Mountague* to His Works.

My Lord,

I am Your Lordship's most Humble and Obliged Servant

HENRY PLAYFORD.

A Table of the SONGS Contain'd in this BOOK.

**** Note*: That such Songs are thus mark'd † are the new Addition.

The end of the Table.

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On the DEATH of the late Famous Mr. *HENRY PURCELL*, Author of the First and Second Books of *Orpheus Britannicus*.

MAke room ye happy Natives of the Sky,
Room for a Soul, all Love and Harmony;
A Soul that rose to such perfection here,
It scarce will be advanc'd by being there.
Whether (to us by Transmigration given)
He once was an Inhabitant of Heav'n,
And form'd for Music, with Diviner Fire
Endu'd, Compos'd for the Celestial Choir;
Not for the Vulgar Race of Light to hear,
But on High-days to glad th'Immortal Ear.
So in some leisure hour was sent away, (Day.
(Their Hour is here a Life, a Thousand Years their
Sent what th' Ætherial Music was to show,
And teach the Wonders of that Art below.
Whether this might not be, the Muse appeals
To his Composures, where such Magic dwells,
As Rivals Heav'nly Skill, and humane Pow'r excels.

Vile as a Sign-post Dauber's Painting show's
Compar'd with *Titian*'s Work, or *Angelo*'s;
Languid and low, as Modern Rhime appears,
When *Virgil*'s matchless Strain has tun'd our Ears,
So seem to him the Masters of our Isle,
His Inspiration, theirs but Mortal Toil:
They to the Ear, he to the Soul does dive,
From Anger save, and from Despair revive:
Not the smooth Spheres in their Eternal Rounds,
The Work of Angels, warble softer Sounds.

What is that Heav'n of which so much we here
(The happy Region gain'd with Praise and Pray'r)
What but one unmolested Transport, which
No Notion, or Idea e'er cou'd reach?
As it appears in Vision, 'tis but this,
To be oppreſt with Joy, and strive with Bliss!
Confounded with the Rays of ceaseless Day,
We know not what we think, or see, or say!
Endless Profusion! Joy without decay!
So, when his Harmony arrests the Ear,
We lose all thought of what, or how, or where!
Like Love it warms, like Beauty does controul,
Like hidden Magic seizes on the whole,
And while we hear, the Body turns to Soul!
From what blest Spring did he derive the Art,
To sooth our Cares, and thus command the Heart!
Time list'ning stands to hear his artful Strain,
And Death does at the Dying, throw his shafts in vain;
Fast to th' Immortal part the Mortal cleaves,
Nor, till he leave to Charm, the Body leaves.
Less Harmony than this did raise of Old
The *Theban* Wall, and made an Age of Gold.
How in that Mystic order cou'd he joyn
So different Notes! make Contraries combine,
And out of Discord, cull such Sounds Divine.
How did the Seeds lie quickning in his Brain!
How were they born without a Parent's Pain?
He did but Think, and Music wou'd arise,
Dilating Joy, as Light o'erspreads the Skies;
From an Immortal Source, like that it came;
But Light we know,—this Wonder wants a Name! (spring
What art thou? From what Causes dost thou
O *Music*! thou Divine Mysterious thing?
Let me but know, and knowing, give me voice (to Sing.
Art thou the warmth in Spring that *Zephire* breaths,
Painting the Meads, and whistling thro' the Leaves?
The happy Season that all Grief exiles,
When God is Pleas'd, and the Creation smiles?
Or art thou Love, that Mind to Mind imparts,
The endless Concord of agreeing Hearts?
Or art thou Friendship, yet a nobler Flame,
That can a dearer way make Souls the same?
Or art thou rather, which does all transcend,
The Centre where at last the Blest ascend;
The Seat where *Halelujah*'s never end?
Corporeal Eyes won't let us clearly view,
But either thou art Heav'n, or Heav'n is you!
And thou my Muse (how e'er the Criticks blame)
Pleas'd with his Worth, and faithful to his Fame,
Art Music while y'are hallowing *Purcell*'s Name.
On other Subjects you applause might miss,
But envy will itself be charm'd with this.
How oft has Envy at his Ayrs been found
T'admire, enchanted with the Blissful Sound?
Ah! cou'd you quite forget his early Doom,
I wou'd not from the Rapture call you home:
But gently from your Steepy height descend,
You've prais'd the Artist, and now mourn the (Friend!
Ah most unworthy! shou'd we leave unsung
Such wondrous Goodness in a Life so young.
In spight of Practice, he this Truth has shown,
That Harmony and Vertue shou'd be one.
So true to Nature, and so just to Wit,
His Music was the very Sense you Writ.
Nor were his Beauties to his Art confin'd;
So justly were his Soul and Body join'd,
You'd think his Form the Product of his Mind.
A Conqu'ring sweetness in his Vizage dwelt,
His Eyes wou'd warm, his Wit like Lightning (melt,
But those no more must now be seen, and that (no more be felt.
Pride was the sole aversion of his Eye,
Himself as Humble as his Art was High.
Ah! let him Heav'n (in Life so much ador'd)
Be now as universally Deplor'd!
The Muses Sigh'd at his approaching Doom,
Amaz'd and raving, as their own were come!
Art try'd the last Efforts, but cou'd not save —
But sleep, O sleep, in an unenvy'd Grave!
In Life and Death the noblest Fate you share;
Poets and Princes thy Companions are,
And both of 'em were thy Admirers here.
There rest thy Ashes— but thy nobler Name
Shall soar aloft, and last as long as Fame.

Nor ſhall thy Worth be to our Iſle confin'd,
But flie and leave the lagging Day behind.
Rome that did once extend its Arms ſo far,
Y'ave conquer'd in a nobler Art than War:
To its proud Sons but only Earth was giv'n,
But thou haſt triumph'd both in Earth and Heav'n.

And now Farewel! nor Fame, nor Love, nor Art,
Nor Tears avail! —we muſt for ever part!
For ever diſmal Accent! what alone!
But that can tell our Loſs, or reach our Moan!
What term of Sorrow Preference dare contend?
What? but the tendereſt dearest name of—Friend!

Hail him ye Angels to the *Eliſian* Shore,
The nobleſt Freight that ever *Charon* bore,
Tho' *Orpheus* and *Amphion* paſs'd before.
His Skill as far exceeds, as had his Name
Been known as long, he wou'd have done in Fame.
Tho' the wide Globe for tuneful Souls you cull,
Hope no more ſuch,—the happy Choir is full.
The Sacred Art can here arrive no higher,
And Heaven itſelf no further will inſpire.

R. G.

To my Friend Mr. Henry Playford, *on his Publication of* Mr. Henry Purcell's Orpheus Britannicus; *Which is now render'd Compleat, by the addition of this Second Book.*

AS when the God of Numbers charms the Throng,
And gives Melodious Tunes to every Song,
The Voice deals Inſpiration and Deſire
To ev'ry Muſe, to fill the Sacred Choir;
Each of the Nine, appears with her Applauſe,
And juſtifies the God and Muſic's Cauſe;
As ev'ry tender Accent gently moves,
And ſhews their Duty, as it ſhews their Loves;
Ev'n ſo muſt I with Infant Notes repair,
And wanting Judgment, prove I want no *Care*.

What Great *Apollo* does to us deny,
He let this Choſen Son of his enjoy:
We Poets ſow the ſeed of Fame in vain,
T' expect a Crop while we alive remain;
He puts us off till Death, and then will give,
When we are not permitted to receive.

Ah! who'd be pleas'd to have theſe Temples Crown'd
Whoſe Brains are loſt, and Heads are under ground.
But *Purcell*'s Priviledge was vaſtly more,
He planted all the Laurels which he wore,
And heard his wide Applauſe fly all around,
For ſtill his *Fame* did with his *Muſic* ſound.

All this to *Purcell*, but there's ſomething due
To *Purcell*'s and *Apollo*'s Friend, to you,
From injuries of Time you ſave his Lays,
And reſcue him from Fate, to claim our Praiſe.

Oh! cou'd you but the like return receive,
And have our Gratitude for what you give,
Rewarded for your Toil, exchange your Pains,
Not only for our Thanks, but for your Gains,
While Interloping French and Dutch oppoſe,
And ſhew themſelves both your and Muſic's Foes.

But it's in vain to hope, we're all abus'd,
Fond of the Riff-raff which the World refus'd:
Each Foreign Fool ſits wheedling in his Shop,
And Grinning entertains the thoughtleſs Fop,
Whoſe Love for Trifles, makes him rove from Home,
And even hug *Diſeaſes* brought from *Rome*.
Let theſe, my Friend, a while purſue their Trade,
Your Province and your Right alone Invade,
Their feeble Malice but your Fame ſecures,
And Publiſhes both *Purcell*'s Works and *Yours*.

P. K.

To Mr. Henry Playford, *on his Publiſhing the Second Part of* Orpheus Britannicus.

NExt to the Man who ſo divinely Sung,
Our Praiſe, kind *Playford*, does to thee belong,
For what you gave us of the Bards before,
Vaſt Thanks were due, and now you merit more,
Tho' *Purcell* living had our utmoſt Praiſe,
And dead, almoſt does Adoration raiſe,
Yet he, ev'n he, had ſcarce preſerv'd a Name,
Did not your Preſs perpetuate his Fame,
And ſhew'd the coming Age as in a Glaſs,
What our all-pleaſing *Britain*'s *Orpheus* was.
Go on my Friend, nor ſpare no Pains nor Coſt,
Let not the leaſt Motett of his be loſt;
Whoſe meaneſt Labours your Collections ſhow,
Excells our very beſt Performance now.

Duly each Day, our young Compoſers Bait us,
With moſt inſipid Songs, and ſad Sonato's.
Well were it, if the World would lay Embargo's
On ſuch *Allegro*'s and ſuch *Poco Largo*'s:
And would Enact it, There preſume not any,
To Teize *Correlli*, or Burleſque *Baſſani*;
Nor with Diviſion, and ungainly Graces,
Eclipſe good Senſe, as weighty Wiggs do Faces.
Then honeſt *Croſs* might Copper cut in vain,
And half our Sonnet-ſellers Starve again:
Thus while they Print their Prick'd-Lampoons to live,
Do you the World ſome piece of *Purcell*'s give,
Such as the niceſt Critick muſt Commend,
For none dare Cenſure that which none can Mend,
By this, my Friend, you'll get immortal Fame,
When ſtill with *Purcell* we read *Playford*'s Name.

H. Hall.

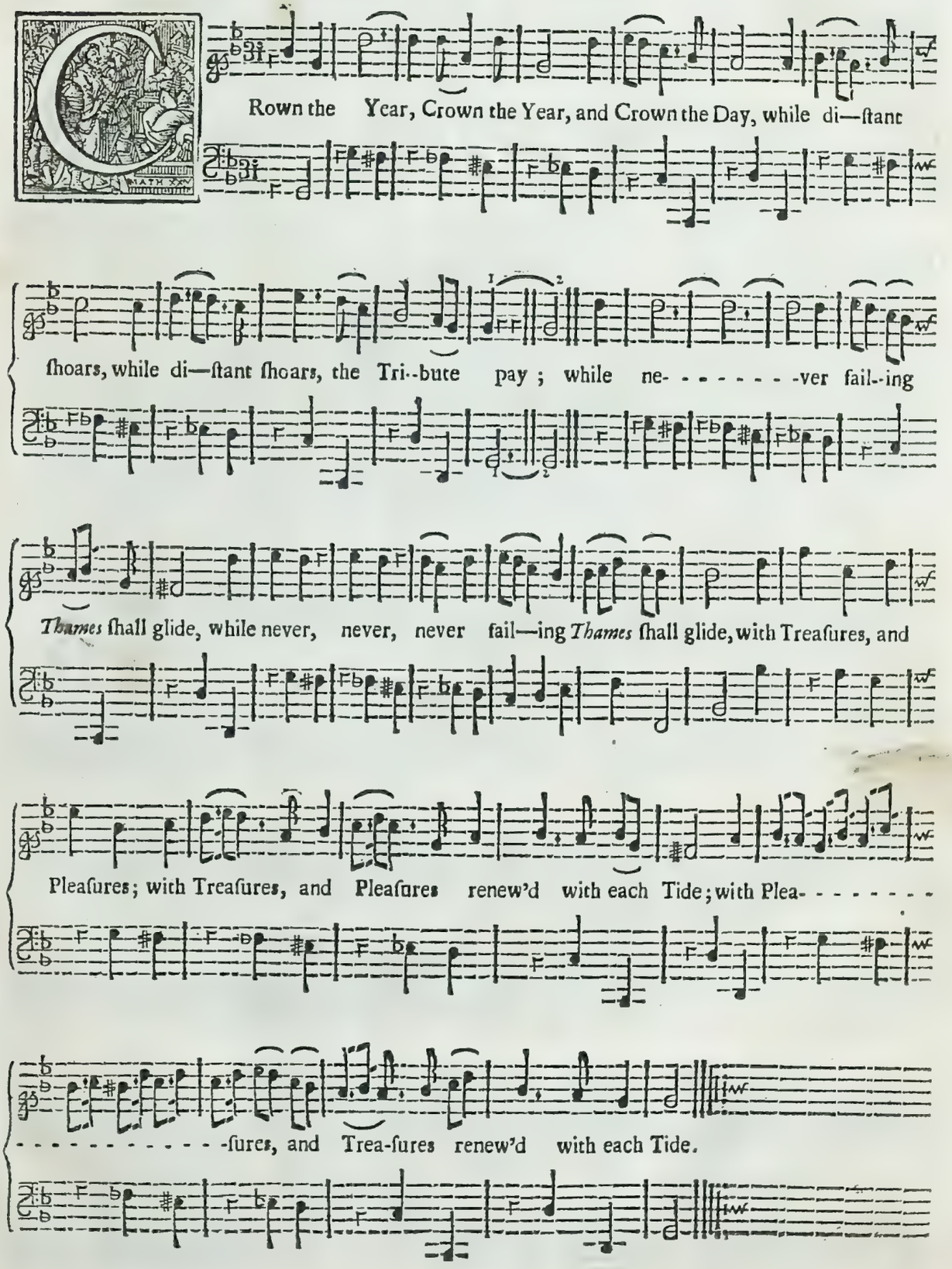
Organiſt of *Hereford.*

ORPHEUS

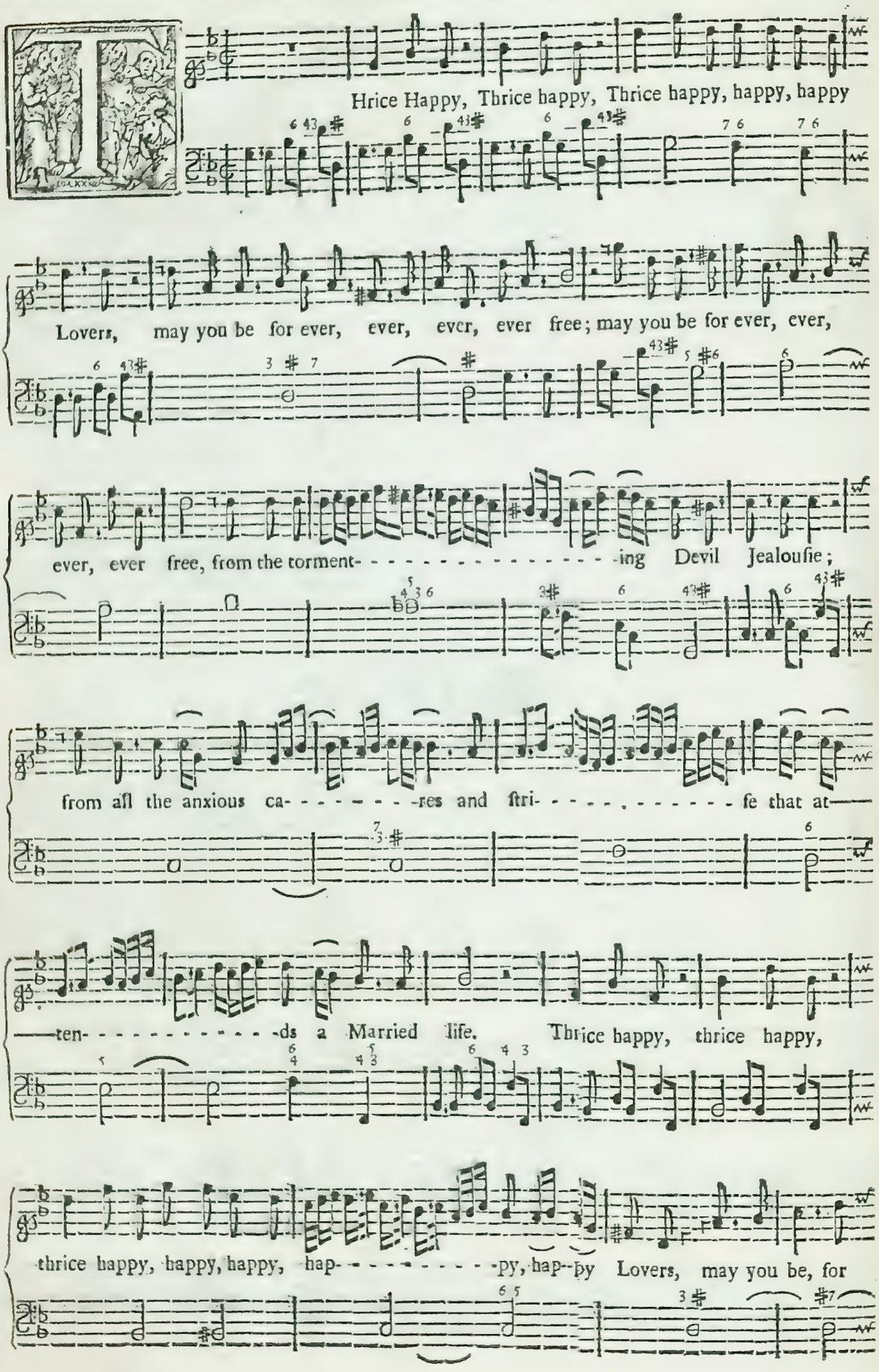
ORPHEUS BRITANNICUS.

The Second BOOK.

(*Crown the Year.*) A ſingle SONG.



An EPITHALAMIUM.



ever, ever, ever, ever, ever, free: Be to one a——

——nother true, Be to one a--nother true, kind to her, kind, kind to her as ſhe's to you;

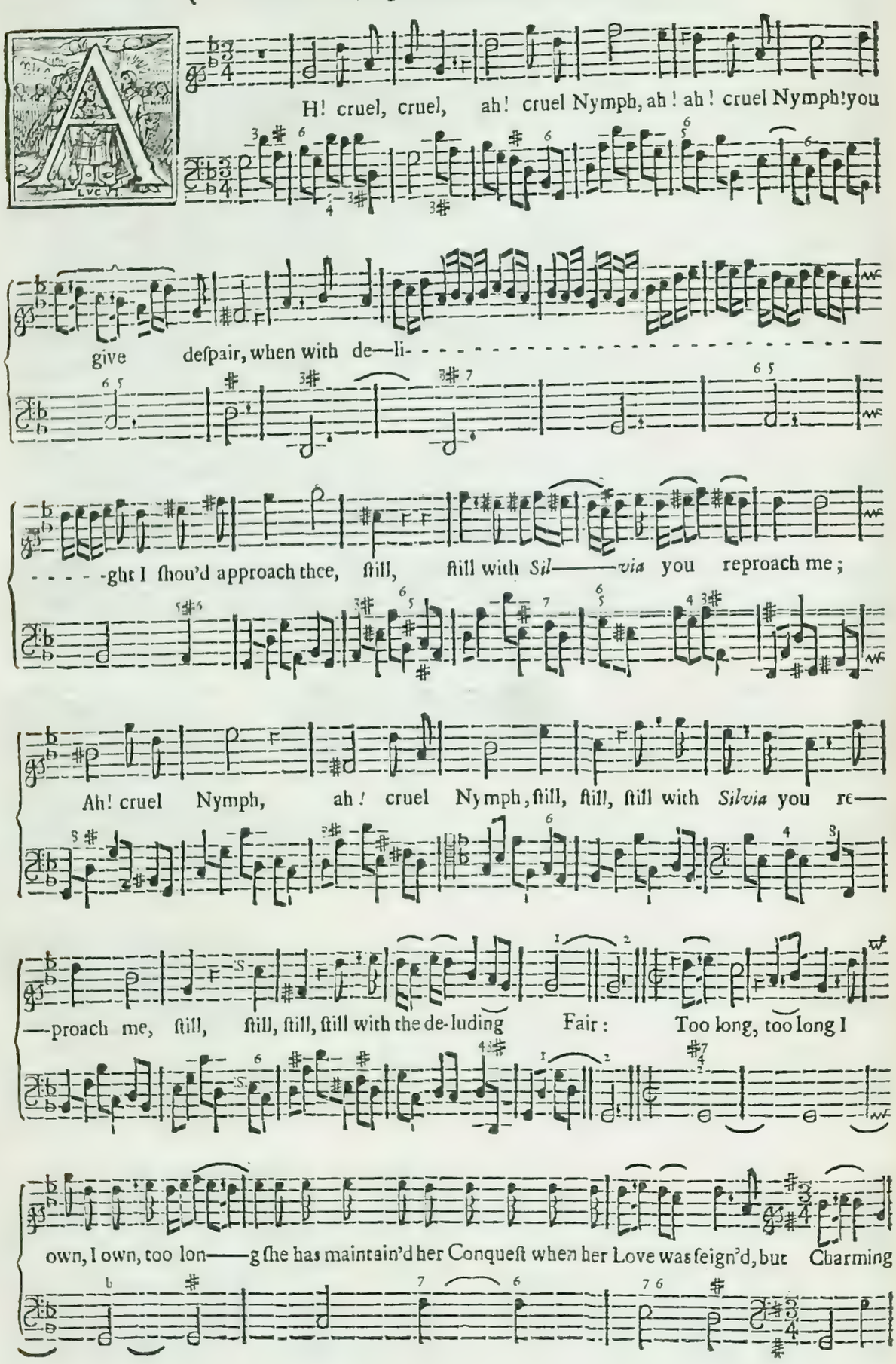
and ſince the errors, ſince the er——rors of the Night are paſt, may he be e—ver,

may he be e—ver, may he be e—ver, e——ver con——ſtant, ſhe be

e——ver, ſhe be e—ver, e——ver, ever Chaſt; may he be ever, e——ver

Con——ſtant, ſhe be e—ver, ſhe be e——ver, e—ver, e-ver Chaſt.

(*Ah! cruel Nymph.*) A ſingle SONG.



Ai—ry, Humorous and Gay, Humorous, Humorous, Humorous, Humorous and Ga——y, and

Ga- - - - - - - - - - -y; you from my Eyes, you from my Eyes have dri- - - - - -ven the

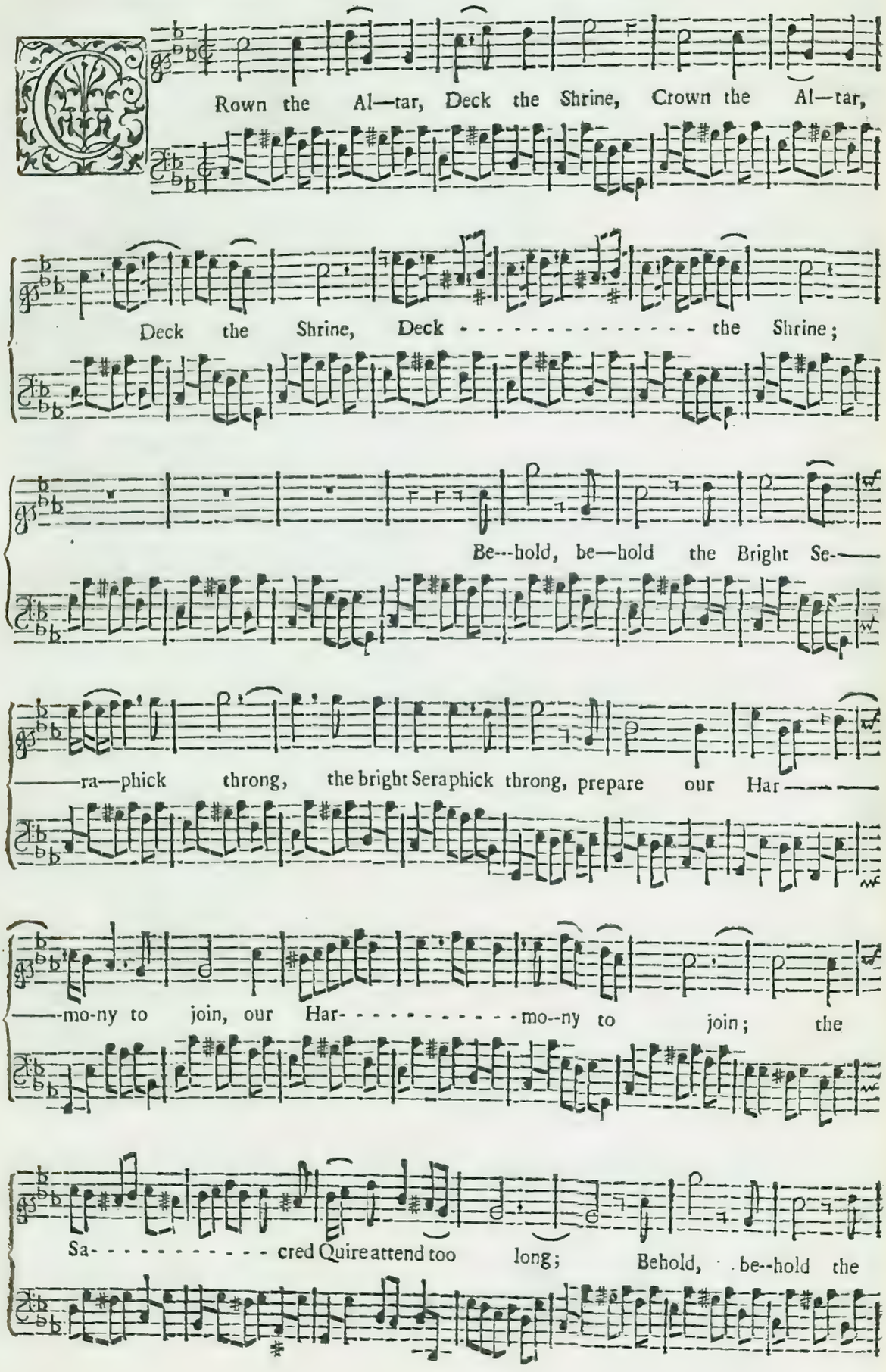
Mist away; Charming, Ai—ry, Humorous, Humorous, Humorous and

Ga——y, and Ga——y, and Ga— — — — — — —y, you from my

Eyes, you from my Eyes have dri— — — — — — —ven the

Mist a——way.

(*Crown the Altar, Deck the Shrine.* A ſingle SONG.



Bright Se——ra—phick throng, the Bright Seraphick throng, prepare our

Har- - - - - - - mony to join, our Har- - - - - - - - - - - mony to joi-——

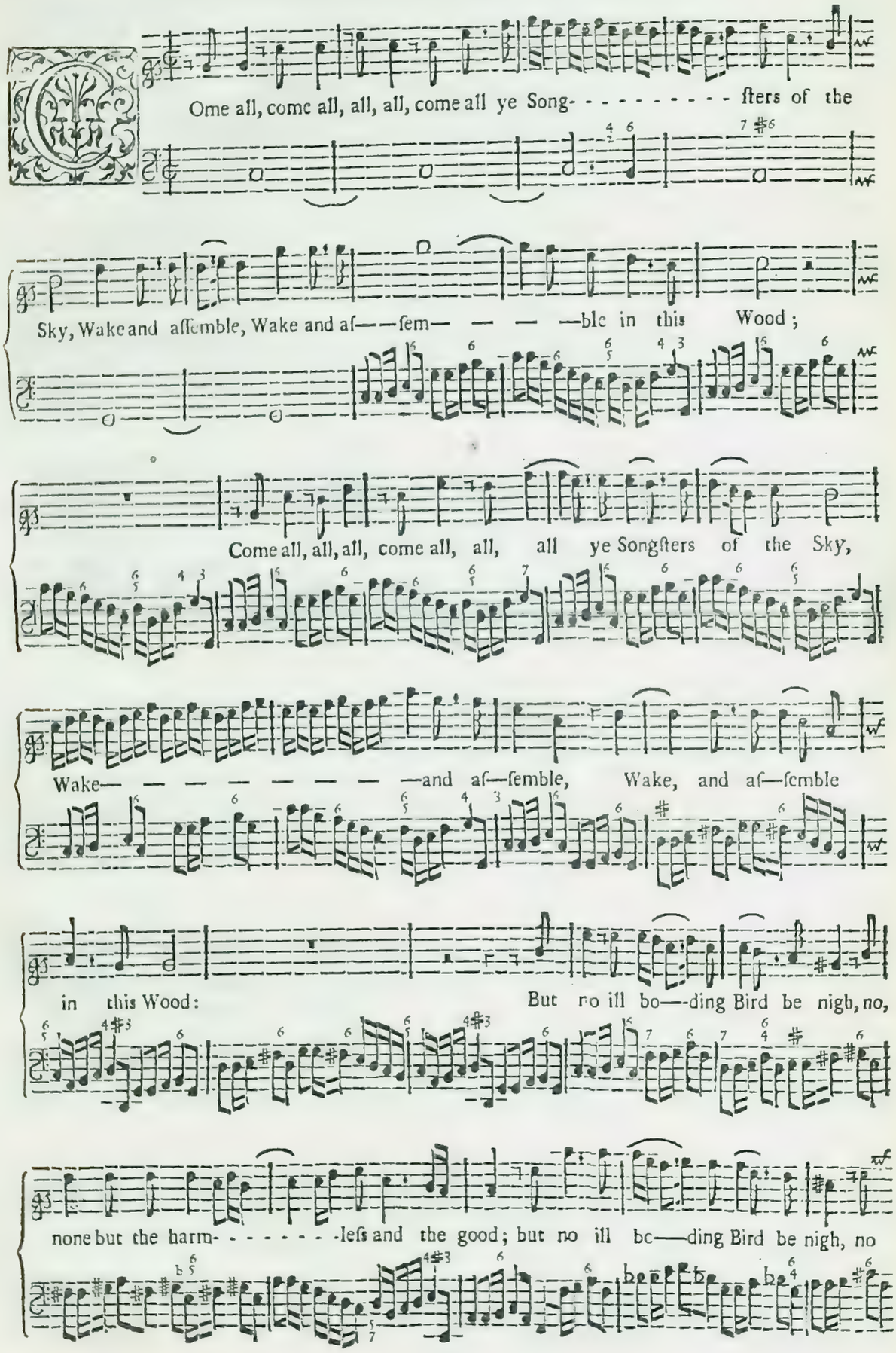
——n, the Sa- - - - - - - - - - - cred Quire attend to long. —— —— —— ——

—— Crown the Al——tar Deck the Shrine, Crown the

Al—tar Deck—— the Shrine, Deck —— —— — — the

Shrine, Deck- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - the Shrine.

A SONG in the 2d. *Act of the* Fairy-Queen.



none but the Harm———leſs and the Good, no, none, no, none but the Harmleſs, none but the

Harmleſs and the Good, no, none, but the Harmleſs, and the Good.

A SONG *for Three Voices, in the* Fairy Queen.

Ay the God of Wit in———ſpire the Sacred Nine, to bear a

May the God of Wit in———ſpire the Sacred Nine, to bear a

May the God of Wit in———ſpire the Sacred Nine, to bear a

Part, and the Bleſſed Heav'nly Quire, ſhew the ut—moſt of their Art;

Part, and the Bleſſed Heav'nly Quire, ſhew the ut—moſt of their Art;

Part, and the Bleſſed Heav'nly Quire, ſhew the ut—moſt of their Art;

Ecco. *Softer.*

Whilſt Eccho, whilſt Eccho ſhall in ſounds remote, repeat each Note, repeat each Note, each Note;

Whilſt Eccho, whilſt Eccho ſhall in ſounds remote, repeat each Note, repeat each Note, each Note;

Whilſt Eccho, whilſt Eccho, ſhall in ſounds remote, repeat each Note, repeat each Note, each Note;

Vers. *Ecco.* *Softer.* *Vers.* *Ecco.* *Softer.* *Vers.*

whilſt Eccho, whilſt Eccho, Eccho, whilſt Eccho, whilſt Eccho, Eccho, ſhall in ſounds re——

whilſt Eccho, whilſt Eccho, Eccho, whilſt Eccho, whilſt Eccho, Eccho, ſhall in ſounds re——

whilſt Eccho, whilſt Eccho, Eccho, whilſt Eccho, whilſt Eccho, Eccho ſhall in ſounds re——

Ecco. *Softer.* *Vers.* *Ecco.* *Softer.* *Vers.*

—mote, ſounds re——mote, remote repeat each Note, repeat each Note, each Note, repeat each

—mote, ſounds re—mote, remote, repeat each Note, repeat each Note, each Note, repeat each

——mote, ſounds remote, remote, repeat each Note, repeat each Note, each Note, repeat each

Ecco. *Softer.*

Note, re-peat each Note, each Note.

Note, re-peat each Note, each Note.

Note, re-peat each Note, each Note.

A SONG in the 5th *Act of the* Fairy Queen.

Trumpet.

T

Hus, thus, thus, thus the Gloo- - - - - - - my

World, at first be--gan to Shine; Thus, thus, thus, thus the

Gloo- - - - - - - - - - - - - my World at first began to Shine; And

from a Pow'——r Di—vine, and from a Pow'——r Divine, a glory

roun——d, a glory roun——d a-bout it hur——l'd;

which made it bright, which made it bright, and gave it

gav- -e it birth in light: which made it bright,

which made it bright, and gave it, gav———————————————e it birth in

Violin.

light: Then, then were all minds as pure,

as pure as those E—the- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -rial streams;

In In—nocence ſe-cure, In In——nocence ſe--cure, not ſub- - - - - - - -ject

to Extreams; there was no place then, no place then for emp———-ty Fame,

no cauſe for Pride, no cauſe for Pride, Am-bi————tion want——ed

Aim, Am—bi- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -tion wanted Aim; there was no

place then, no place then for emp——ty Fame; no cauſe for Pride, no

cauſe for Pride, Am—bi——tion want—ed Aim, Am—bi——

Trumpet.

——tion wanted Aim. Thus, thus, *&c.* (*as before.*)

SOLO. *A single* SONG.

YES *Daphne*, yes *Daphne*, in - - - - - - - - your

Face I find those Charm——s by which my Heart's betray'd, then let not your disdain un—

—bind the Pris'ner, the Pris'ner that your Eyes have made: She that in Love makes

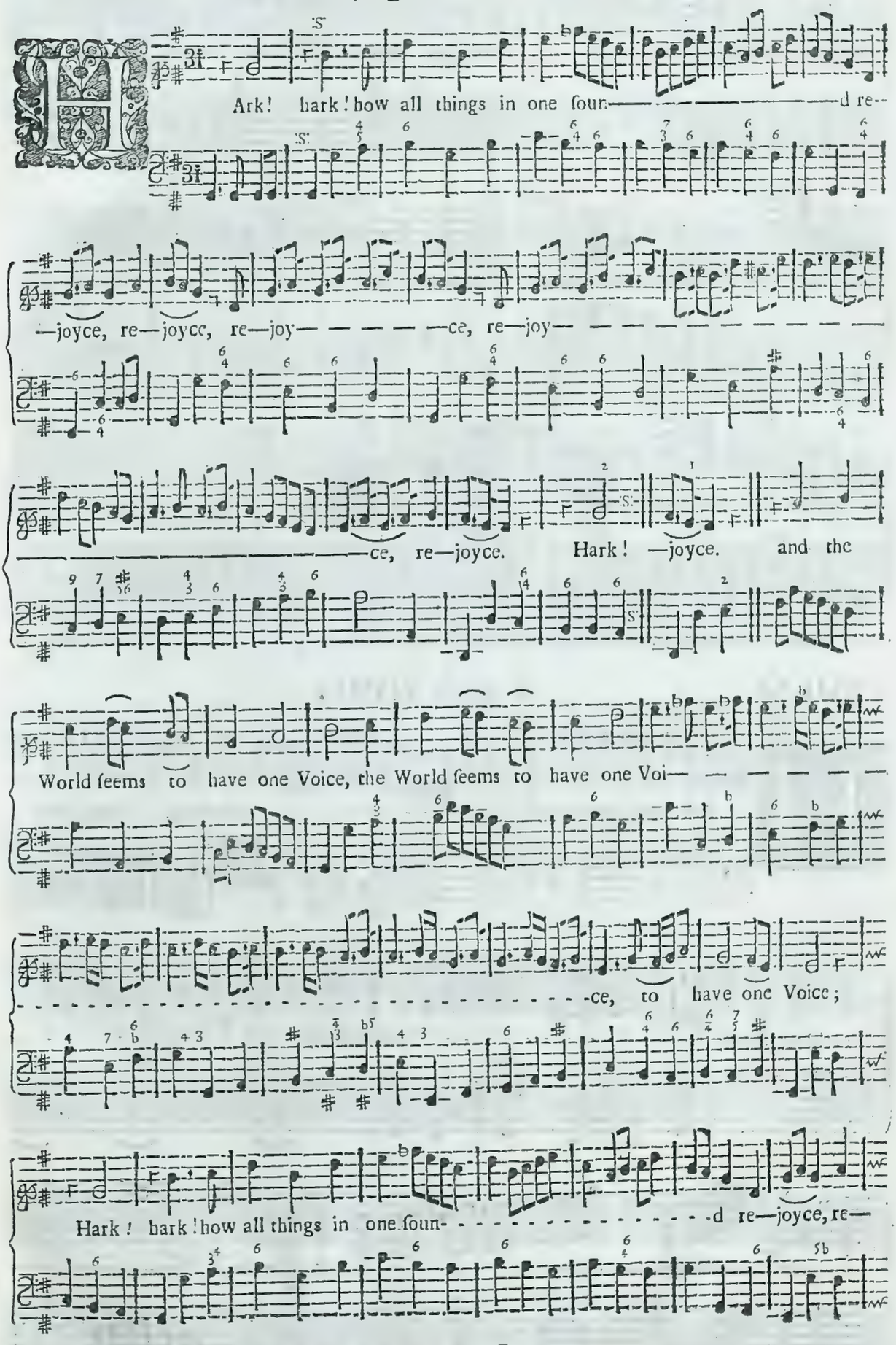
least defence, woun- - - - - - -ds e—ver with the su—rest Dart, Beauty may Cap——

——tivate the Sense, but Kindness, but Kin——ness only gains the Heart, Heart.

II

'Tis mildness, *Daphne*, must maintain,
the Empire that you once have won;
When Beauty does like Tyrants reign,
Their Subjects from their Duty run:
Then force me not to be untrue,
Lest I compell'd by gen'rous shame,
Cast off my Loyalty to you,
To gain a glorious Rebel's name.

SOLO. *A single* SONG.



—joyce, re—joy——————ce, re— — — — — — — — —

— — — — — — — — — — — —joyce, rejoyce ; rejoy—— — — — — —

— — — — — — — — — — —ce, re—joyce.

SOLO. *A single* SONG.

Ark! hark! the ecch'ing Air a tri- - - - - - - - - -umph sings, hark! the

ecch'ing Air a tri- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -umph sings, a tri- - - - - - - - - - - -

——————umph, a tri——————umph, tri—umph sing——

—s, a tri- - - - - -umph, triumph sings, sings. And all a—

—round, and all around plea—s'd *Cupids* clap their wings, clap, clap, clap, clap their

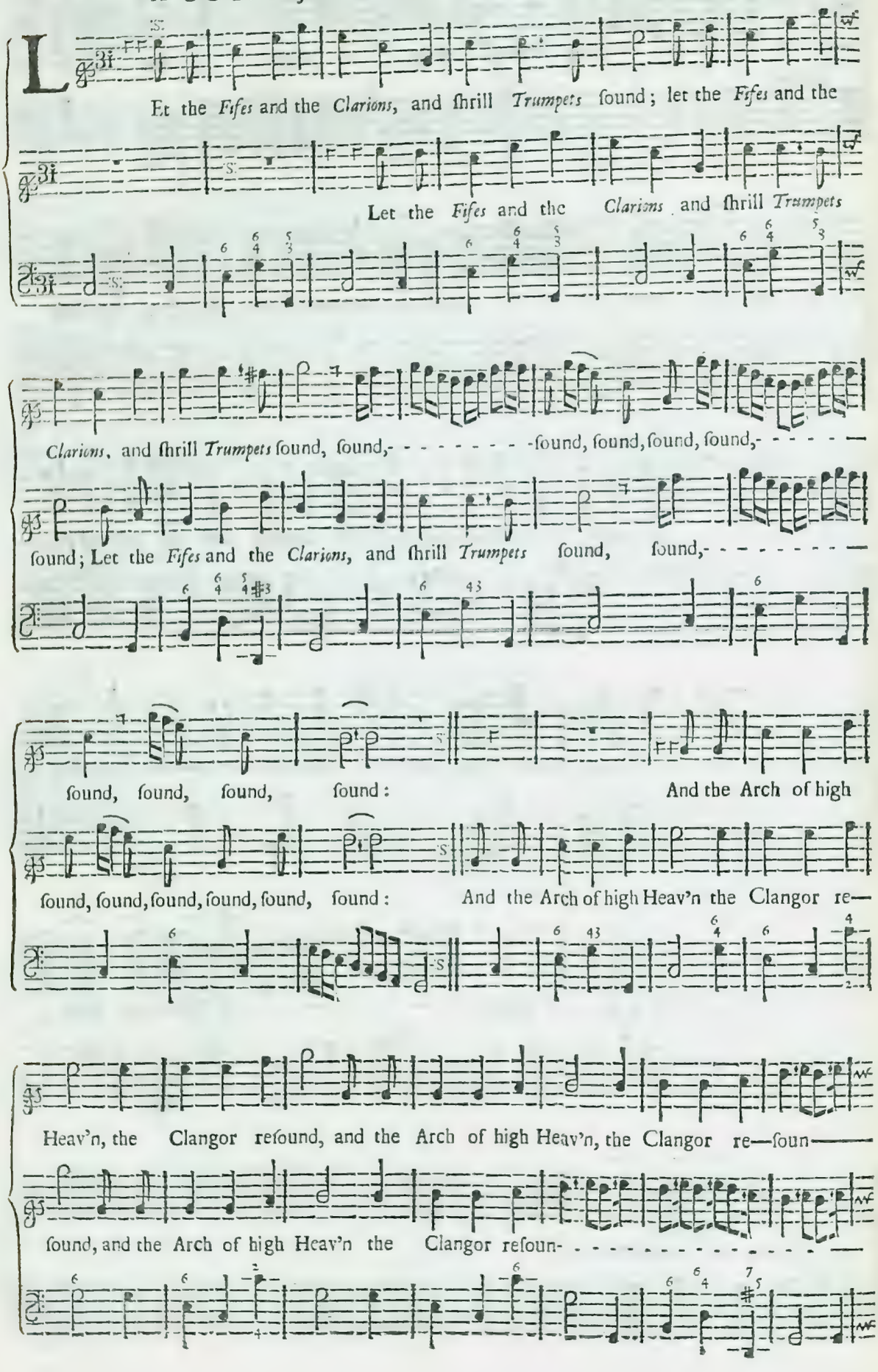
wings; pleas'———d *Cupids* clap their wings; and all around, and all around plea—

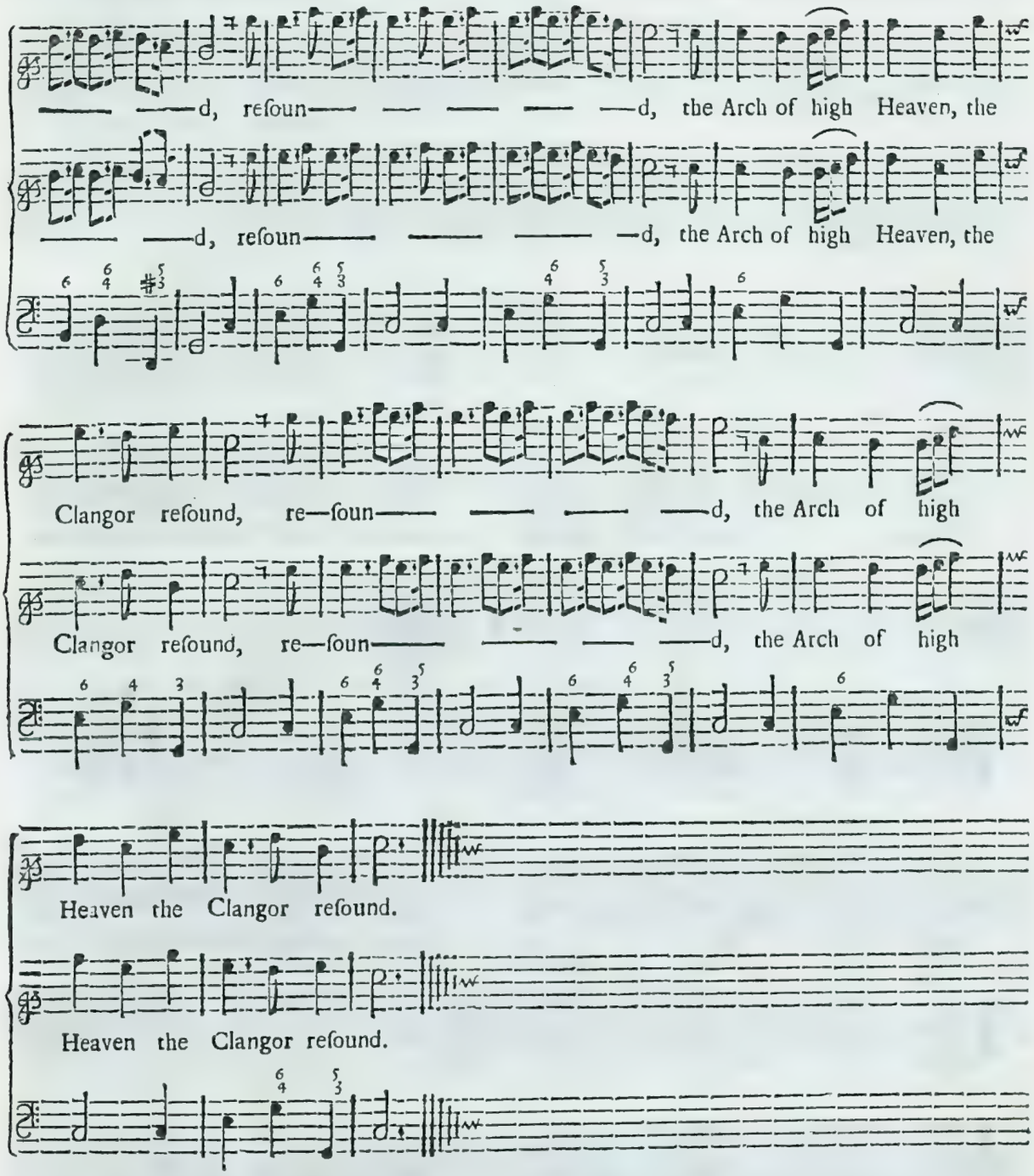
———————s'd *Cupids* clap, clap, clap, clap, clap their wings; clap, clap,

clap, clap, clap, clap, clap their wings, plea——— ————s'd *Cupids* clap their

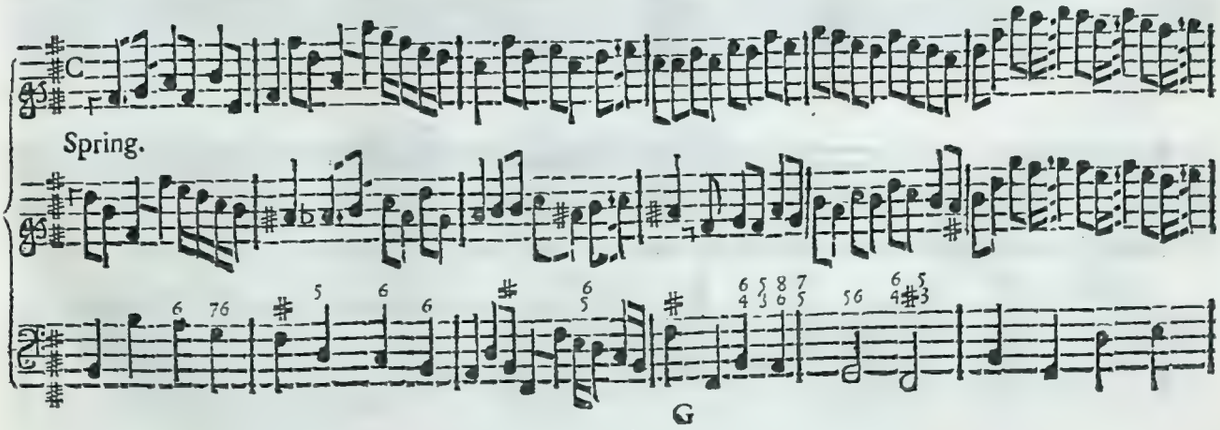
wings, and all a——wings.

A SONG *for Two Voices, in the* Fairy Queen.





The Four SEASONS *in the* Fairy-Queen.



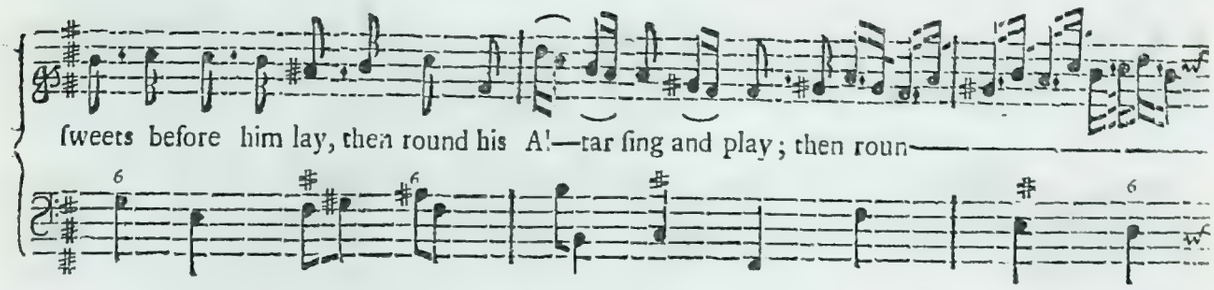
Thus the ever grate--ful,

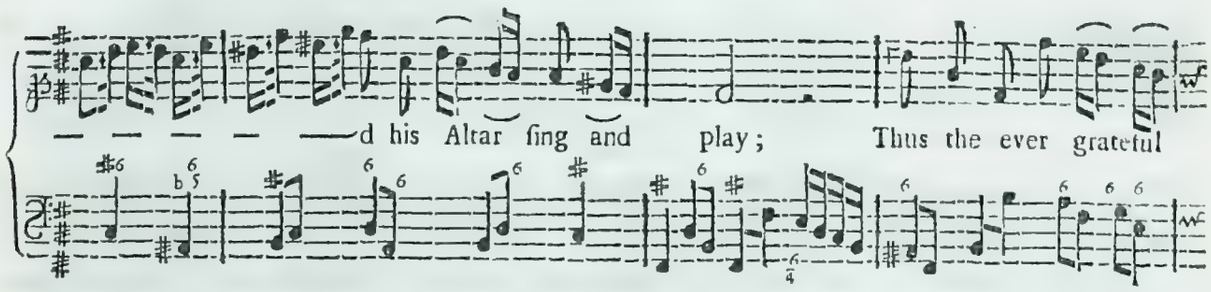
Spring, Thus the ever grateful Spring, does her yearly Tri-bute bring, does her

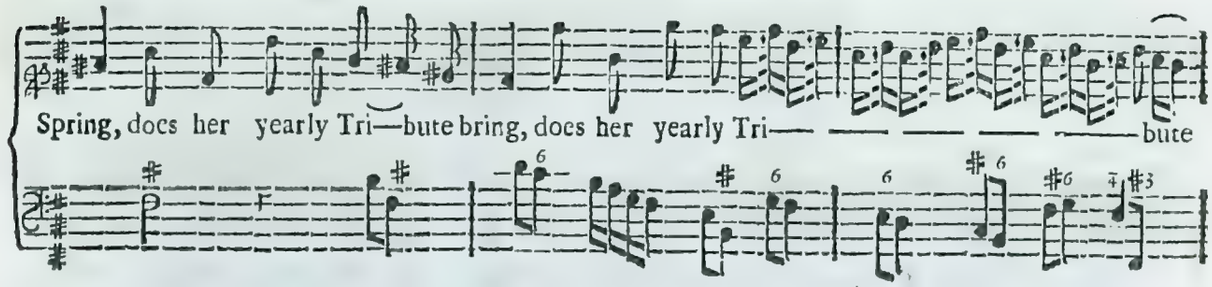
yearly Tri- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -bute bring, does her yearly Tri—bute bring, does her

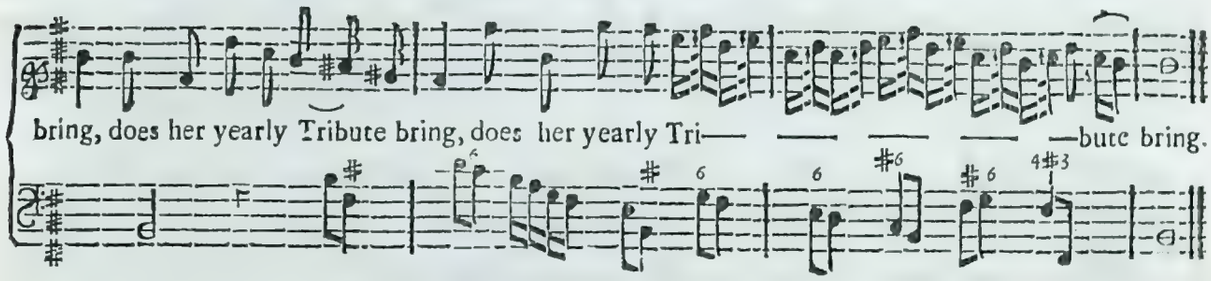
yearly Tri- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -bute bring; all your ſweets before him lay, all your

ſweets before him lay, then round his Al—tar ſing and play, all, all, all, all, all, all, all your

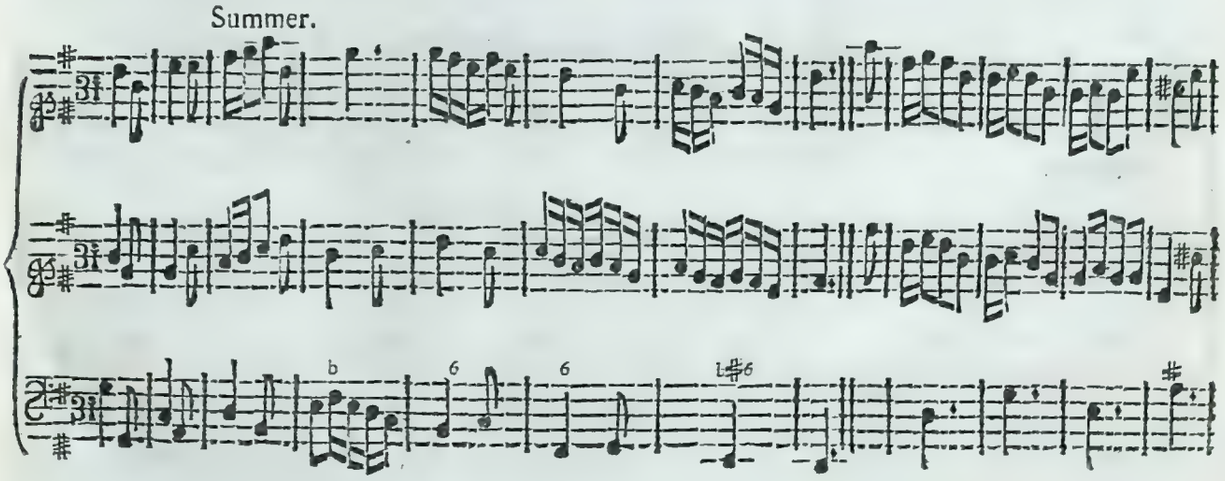

ſweets before him lay, then round his Al—tar ſing and play; then roun——————

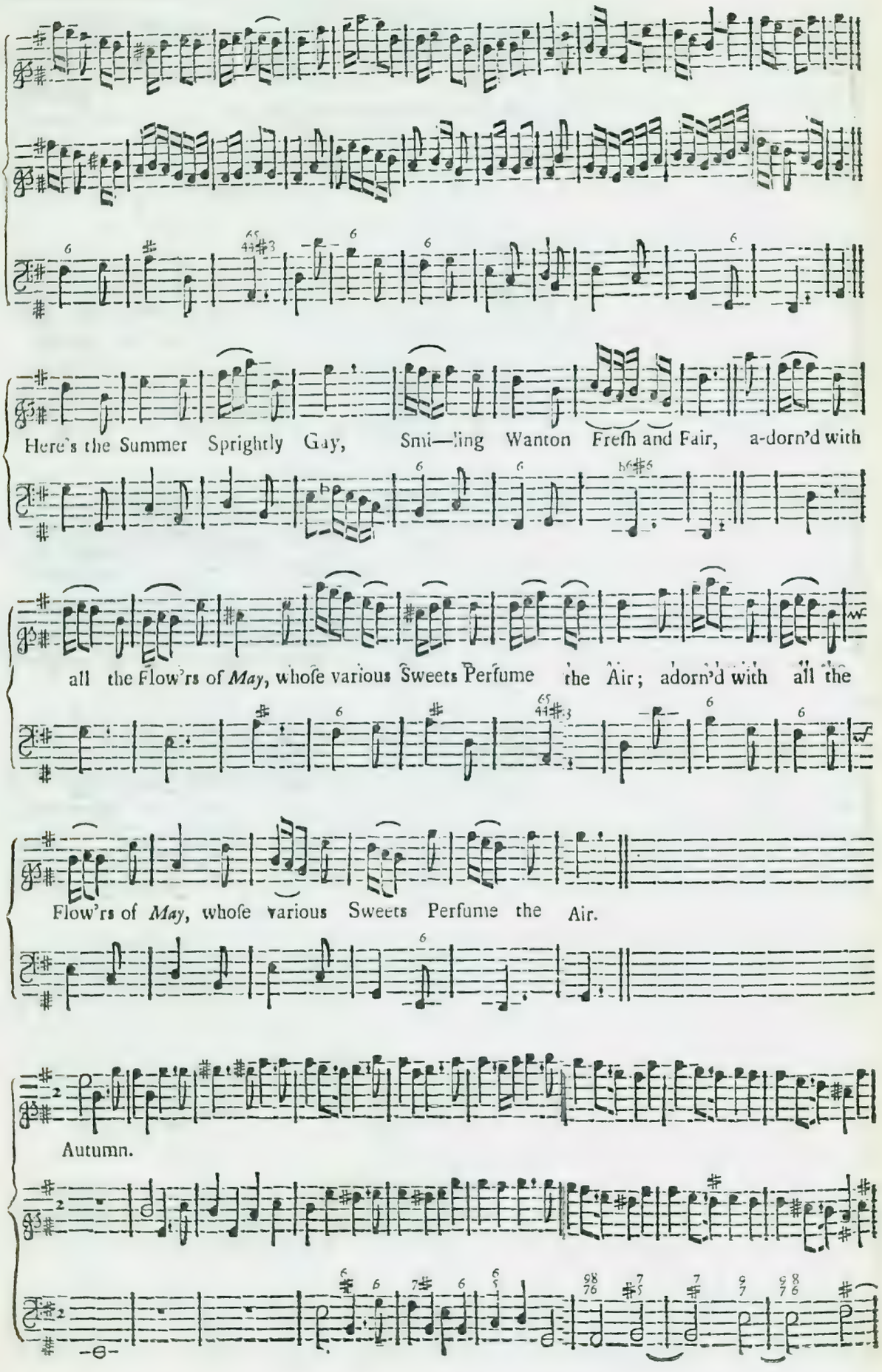

————d his Altar ſing and play; Thus the ever grateful


Spring, does her yearly Tri—bute bring, does her yearly Tri————————bute


bring, does her yearly Tribute bring, does her yearly Tri————————bute bring.

Summer.




Here's the Summer Sprightly Gay, Smi—ling Wanton Fresh and Fair, a-dorn'd with
all the Flow'rs of *May*, whose various Sweets Perfume the Air; adorn'd with all the
Flow'rs of *May*, whose various Sweets Perfume the Air.
Autumn.

See, ſee my many colour'd Fields, ſee, ſee my many colour'd Fields, and Loaded

Trees my will o——bey; ——bey. All the Fruit that

Autumn yeilds, all the Fruit that Au—tumn yeilds, I of—fer to the God of Da——

——y; all the Fruit that Autumn yeilds, I of—fer to the God of Day;

all the Fruit that Autumn yields, all the Fruit that Autumn yields, I offer to the God of

Day; All the Fruit that Autumn yields, I offer to the God of Day;

Winter

Next Winter comes slowly, Pale, Meager, and Old, thus

trembling with Age, and thus quiv'- - - - - - -ring with cold; benumb'd with hard

Frosts, and with Snow cover'd o'er, benumb'd with hard Frosts, and with Snow cover'd o'er; prays the

Sun to reſtore him, prays the Sun to re—ſtore him, and ſin- - - - - -gs as be -fore.

SOLO *in the late Queen's Birth-day.*

A —*Pril* who till now, who till now, now, now, now, now, now, now has mourn'd, has

mourn'd, claps, claps, claps for jo- -y his Sable Win—

——gs; to ſee, to ſee, to ſee, to ſee within his Orb return, the choiceſt

Bleſſings he cou'd bring, *Maria's* Birt—day, *Maria's* Birth—day,

Maria's Birth—day, *Ma—ri-*

——— —*a's* Birth-day and the Spring; To ſee, to ſee, to ſee, to ſee with—

—in his Orb re-turn, the Choi--ſeſt Bleſ--ſings he cou'd bring: *Maria's*

Birth-day, *Maria's* Birth-day, *Maria's* Birth-day, *Mari*———

——— ——— ——— ———*a's* Birth-day and the Spring.

A single SONG.

THE Fa——tal Hour, the Fa——tal Hour comes on, comes on a—pace, which I had rather di- - - - - - - - - -e then see; for when Fate ca- - - - - -lls you from this place, you go to cer- - - - - -tain Mi—sery, you go to cer-tain, cer— — — — — — —tain Mi—sery. The thought does stab me to the Heart, and gives me pan— — — — — — — — — —gs no word can speak, it Wracks me, it Wracks me in each Vi--tal part; sure, sure when you go, sure when you go, my

Heart will break; ſure, ſure my Heart will break; ſince I for you ſo much, for you ſo

much en—dure, may I not, may I not hope you will, you will believe;

'tis you a—lone, 'tis you a—lone theſe Wounds, theſe Wounds, theſe Wounds can Cure, which

are the Fountains of my Grief; 'tis you alone, you a-lone, you a—lone theſe

Wounds can cure, which are the Fountains, are the Fountains of my Grief.

A SONG *for Two Voices, in the Late Queens Birth-day.*

Britain now

B*Ri—tain* now, now, now, now, now, now, now thy Cares beguile;

now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now thy Cares beguile; *Britain* now

Britain now, now, now, now, now, now, no—

now, now, now, now, now, now thy Cares beguile, now, now, now, now, now, now, no—

—w thy Cares beguile, now, now, now, now thy Cares beguile, now, now, now, now, now, no—

—w thy Cares beguile: Bless the Day, Bless the Day, Bless the Day, the Day, the Day,

—w thy Cares beguile: Bless the Day, Bless the Day, Bless the Day, the Day, the

the Day, Bleſs the Day, Bleſs the Day, the Day that Bleſs our *Iſle*, Bleſs, Bleſs,

Day, Bleſs the Day, Bleſs the Day, Bleſs the Day, that Bleſs our *Iſle*, Bleſs, Bleſs,

Bleſs the Day that Ble——ſs our *Iſle*.

End with the first ſtrain.

Bleſs the Day that Bleſs our *Iſle*.

End with the first ſtrain.

End with the first ſtrain.

An ELOGY *upon the Death of Mr.* Thomas Farmer, *B. M.*

Oung *Thir—ſis* Fate ye Hills and Gro- - - - - - -ves deplore, *Thirſis*,

Thirſis the Pride of all the Plains, the Jo——y of Nymphs, and En—vy, and En—

——vy of the Swains, the gentle *Thir--ſis* is no more, the gen--tle *Thir--ſis* is no

more, no more, Oh! no more, the gen—tle *Thir—sis* is no more.

What, what makes the Spring re-tire, what, what, what, what makes the Spring re—

—tire, and Groves their Songs de—cline? What, what, what, what makes the Spring re—

—tire, what, what, what, what makes the Spring re—tire, and Groves their Songs de—

Soft.

—cline? What, what! Nature for her lov'd *Thir—sis* seems to pine, for her

Loud.

lov'd *Thir—sis* seems to pine; whose art—ful Strains, and tune--ful *Lyre*, made the Spring

bloom, and did the Groves in——ſpire, and did the Groves in—ſpire; whoſe

art——ful Strains, and tune—ful *Lyre*, made the Spring bloom, and did—— the

Soft.

Groves in--ſpire, and did—— the Groves inſpire. What, what can the droop——ing Sons of

Art, from this ſad hour, what, what can the drooping Sons of Art, from this ſad hour impart, to

cha- - - - - - - - -rm the Cares of Life, and ea- - - - - - -ſe the Lover's ſmart, and

CHORUS.

ea——ſe the Lo—ver's ſmart? While thus, thus in diſ—mal Notes we mourn, and

While thus, thus in diſmall Notes we mourn— ——

dif———-mal Notes we mourn, in dif——mal Notes we mourn, the skilful Shepherd's

———n, while thus in dif— — — —mal Notes we mourn, the skilful Shepherd's

Urn; to the gla——d, Skies, to the gla— — — —d, the gla———d Skies, his

Urn; to the gla- -d Skies, his

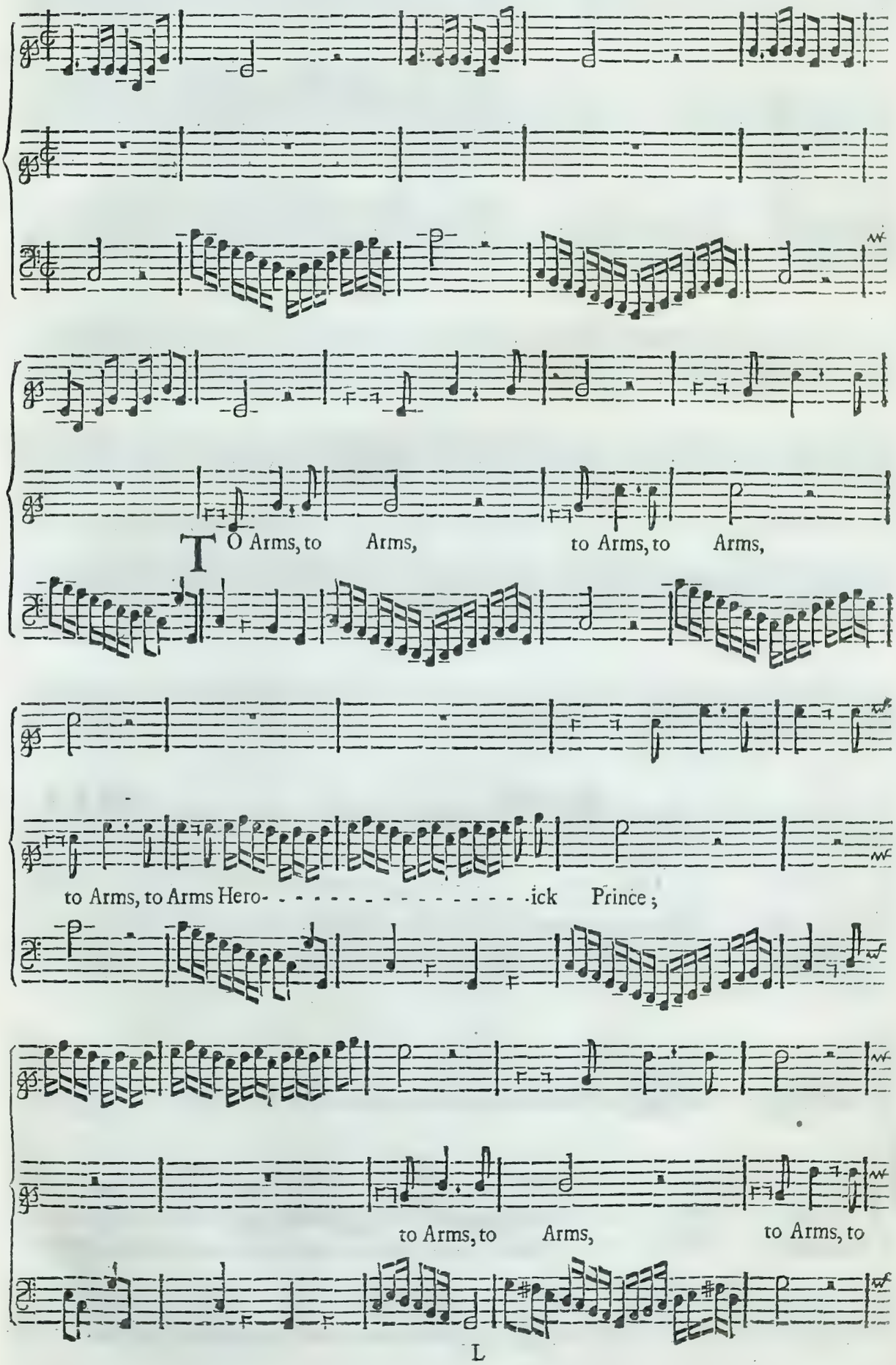
Harmony he bears, and as he charm'd the Earth, and as he charm'd the Earth, as he charm'd

Harmony he bears, and as he charm'd the Earth, and as he charm'd, as he charm'd

the Earth, transports, transports the Spheres; and as he charm'd the Earth, transports, :‖: the Spheres.

the Earth, transports, transports the Spheres; and as he charm'd the Earth, transports, :‖: the Spheres.

A Trumpet Song, Sung by Mr. Bowen, *in the* (Libertine destroy'd.)



Arms, to Arms, to Arms He-ro- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ick

Prince; to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms;

Glo- - - - - - - - - - - -ry, like Love, has pow'r- - - - - - - - -ful

Charms, Glo- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ry, like Love, has

pow'r- - - - - - -ful Charms; let Glo- - - - - - -ry, let Glo- - - - - —

——ry now thy Soul ingroſs, and recompence its Ri——————————

————-vals loſs: bid Trumpets ſound, bid Trumpets ſound, ſou————

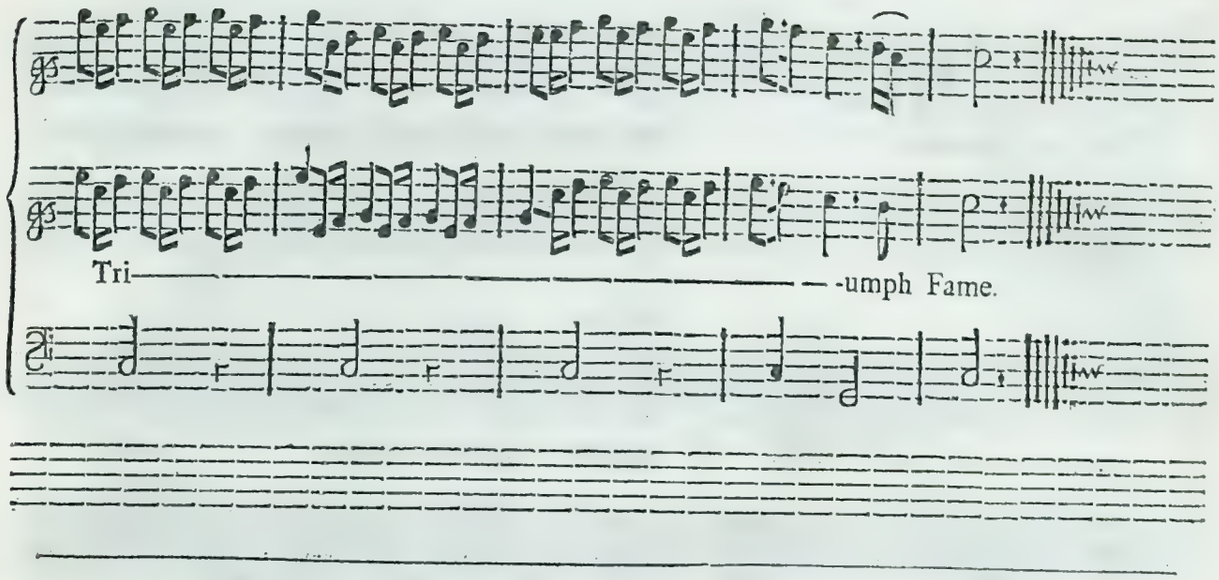
—— nd; and nothing, nothing name but Battles, but Battles, but Bat————————

—tles, Con- - - - -quests, Tri- - - - -

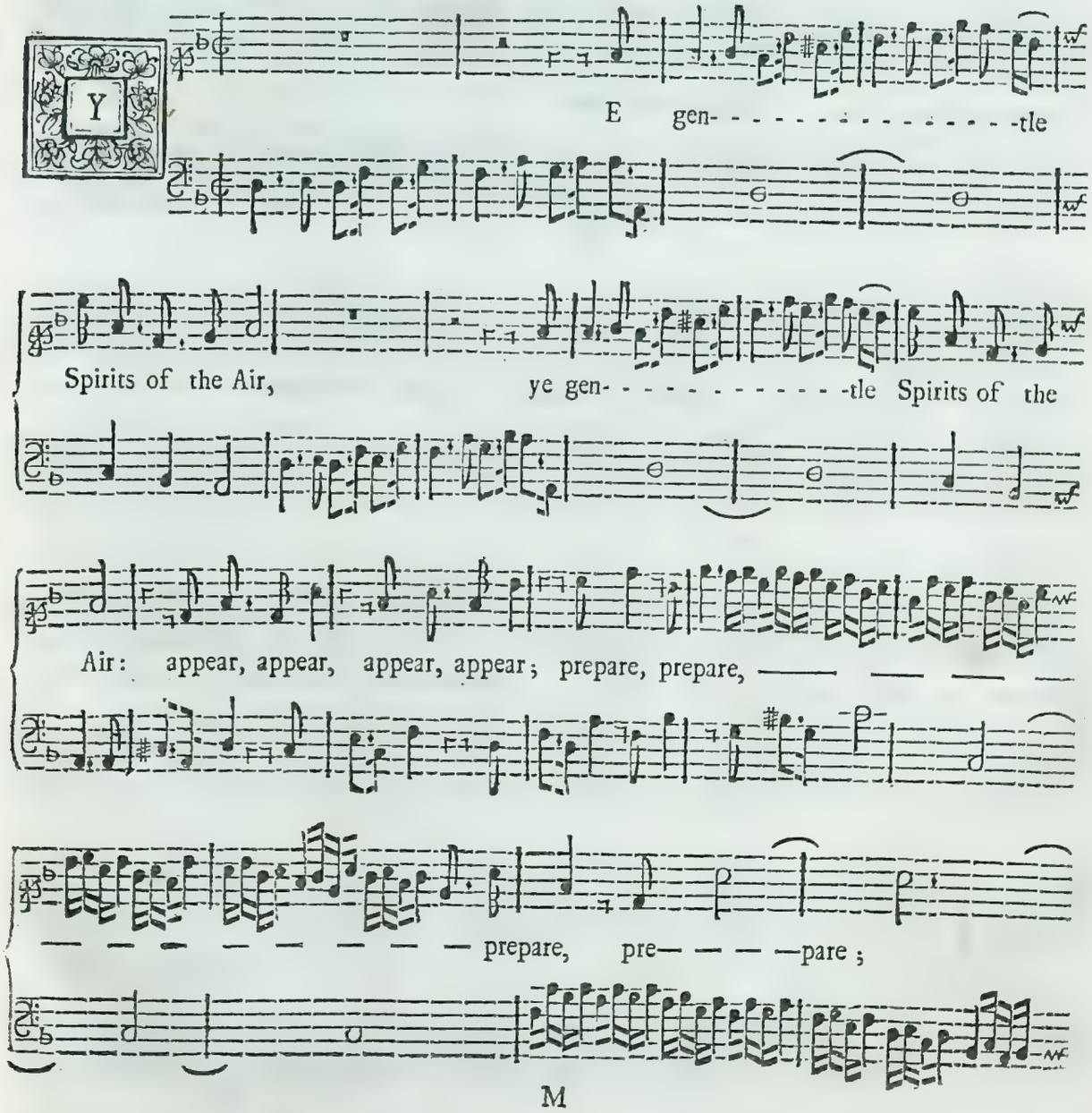
- - - - - - - -umphs, Tri— — — — — — —

——umphs Fame, Tri- - - - - -

— — — — — — — — — — —umphs,



A single SONG.



and joyn your ten- - - - - - - - - - -der Voices here, appear, appear, appear, appear,

prepa- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -re, prepare, pre——pare and

joyn your ten— — — —der Voices here. Catch,

catch a repeat, repeat, repeat, repeat, repeat, the trem— — — — —

— — —bling ſounds a-new; repeat, repeat the trem— — — — — —

——bling ſou— —nds a——new: Soft, ſoft,

ſoft as her ſighs and ſw- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -eet as Pearly dew, and

ſw———————————eet as Pearly dew;

run,——————— run——————— new Di—vi--ſion, run new

Di—vi—ſion, and ſuch Meaſure keep, as when you lull, you lull the God of Love a——

——ſleep,——————————— as when you lull, you lull the God of

Love a——ſleep. *Da Capo.*

A SONG *for Two Voices.*

Hat can we, what can we poor Fe---males do; when

What can we, can we poor Fa---males do; when

Preſſing, Teaſing, Preſſing, Teaſing Lovers ſue? What can we, what can

Preſſing, Teaſing, Preſſing, Teaſing Lovers ſue? What can we, what can

we poor, poor Females do? Fate affords no o—ther way, but De—

we poor, poor Females do? Fate affords no o—ther way, but De—

——ny—ing, or Com—ply—ing, but De—ny-ing, or Com—ply—ing; *First Strain again.*

——ny—ing, or Comply——ing, but De—ny-ing, or Com--ply—ing; *First Strain again.*

First Strain again.

And Resenting, or Consenting, and Resenting, or consenting, does a—like——— our Hopes betray.

and Resenting, or Consenting, or Consenting does a—like ——— our Hopes betray.

End with the first strain.

A Mad SONG.

B'Eneath a Poplar's shadow lay me, no ra- - - - - - - - - - - - - -ging Fires will there dis-

Soft.

—may me; near some silver Current lying, near some silver Current lying; Oh! Oh! under

slee——py Poppies dying: I swell—— and am bigger, I swe-——

- - - - - -ll and am bigger than *Typhon* e'er was; with a strong band of Brass oh! bind me, oh!

bind me about! left my Bosom shou'd bur'st, for the secret to pass, and the Fu- - - - - - - -ry get out;

I cannot, I will not, I cannot, I will not be vext any longer, while I ra- - - - - -

- - - - -ge I grow weak, while I ra- - - - - - - - -ge, while I ra- - - - - - -

—ge I grow weak, and the Goddess grows stronger.

A Verse out of the late Queen's Birthday SONG.

MY Prayers o'er heard, Heav'n has at last bestow'd the mighty, migh——————ty

Blessing which it long has ow'd; at length the Bount'ous Gods have sent us down, a Brightness second

on- - - - - - - - - - - - -ly to their own; I ſee the rou- - - - -nd

years ſucceſſive--ly mo- - - - - - - - - - - - -ve, to Ripen her Beauty, and Crown them with

Love: A Hero re———-nown'd in Vertue and Arms, ſhall wear the ſoft

Chain and ſubmit to her Charms; and *Hy--men* and *Hebe*, and *Hy--men* and *Hebe*, ſhall

make it their Care, to pour all their joys———— on the Val'ant

and Fair.

A S *A--mo—ret* and *Thir—ſis* lay, as *A-mo—ret*, as *A--mo—ret* and

As *A--mo—ret* and *Thir-ſis* lay, as *A--mo—ret* and

Thir—ſis lay; Melting, melting, melting, melt—ing the hours in gen——tle

Thir—ſis lay; Melting, melting, melt—ing the hours in gen———tle

play; Joyning, joyning, joyning Fa--ces; Mingling Kiſ—ſes, mingling Kiſ—ſes,

play; Joyning, joyning, joyning Fa -ces; Mingling Kiſ--ſes, mingling

mingling Kiſ—ſes, and ex--chang- - - - - - - - -ing harmleſs Bliſ——ſes:

Kiſ—ſes, mingling Kiſ-ſes, and ex—chang--ing harmleſs Bliſ——ſes:

He trem- - - - - - - - - - - -bling cry'd with eager, ea-ger haſt; let me, let me,

He trem- - - - - - - - - - - - -bling cry'd, with eager, eager haſt; oh!

let me Feed; oh! oh! let me, let me, let me, let me Feed; oh!

oh! let me, let me, let me, oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! let me,

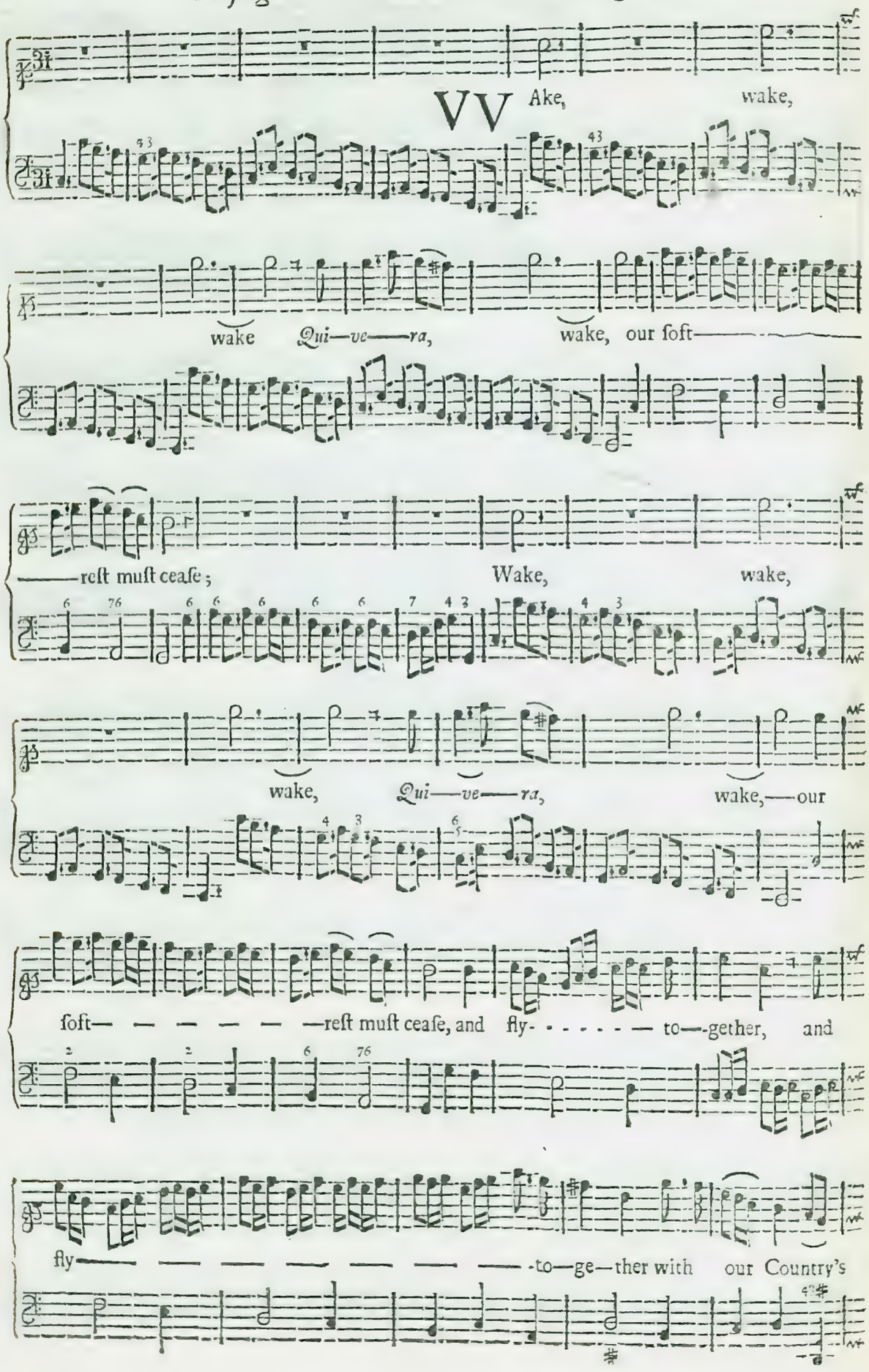
oh! oh! oh! let me, let me, let me, let me Feed as well as Taſt; I die,

let me, let me, oh! oh! oh! oh! let me Feed as well as Taſt;

die, die, I die, die, I die, I die, if I'm not wholly Bleſt.

I die, die, die, I die, I die if I'm not wholly Bleſt.

A single SONG *in the* Indian Queen.



peace; no more, no more, no

more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no,— — — —no more muſt we

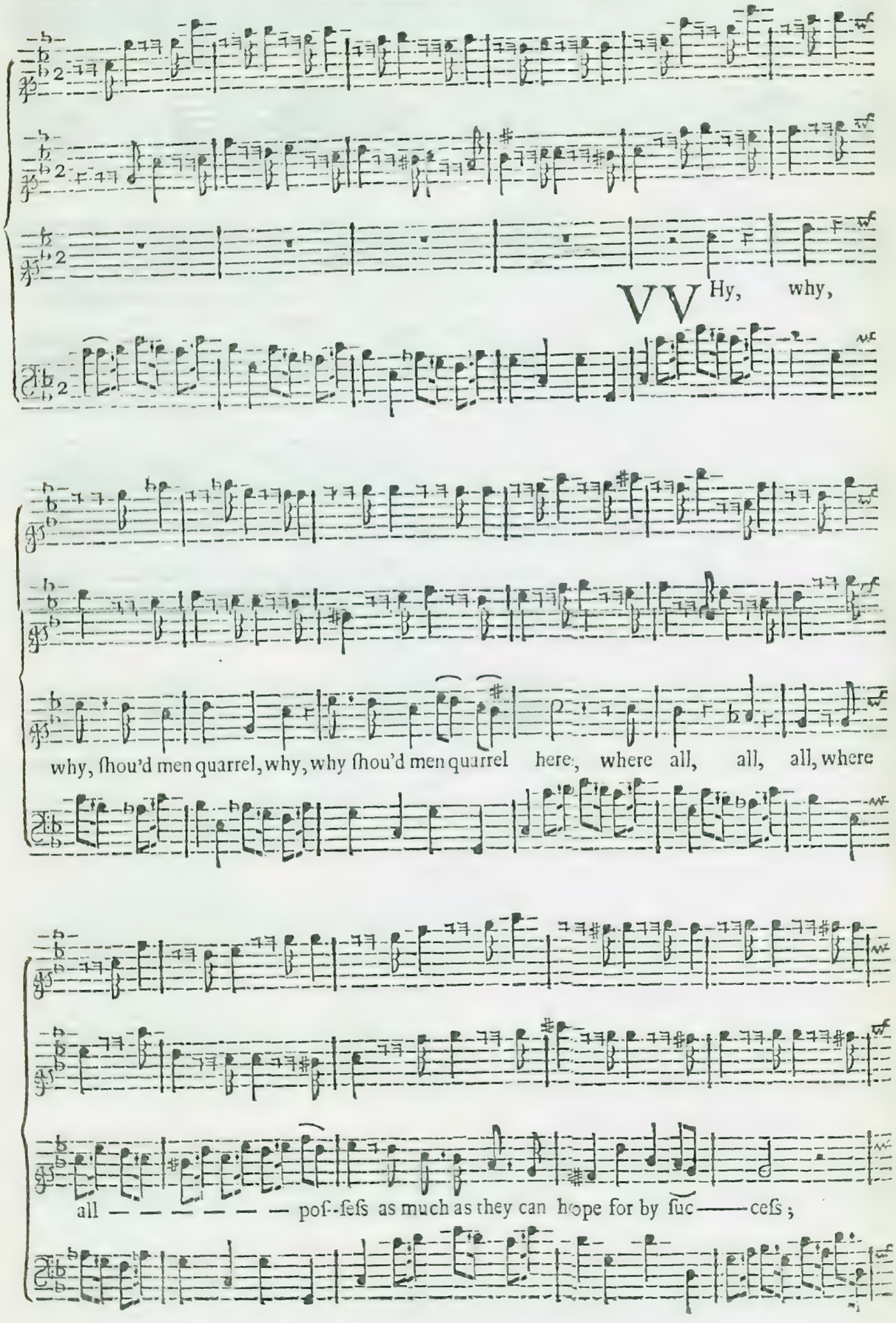
ſleep, muſt we ſleep under Plan——tain ſhade, which neither Heat could pierce, nor

Cold in—vade; where bount'ous Nature never, never, never, never, never, never feels de—

—cay, and op'——ning Buds, and op'——ning Buds drive——fall——

——ing Fruits a——way.

A SONG *in the* Indian Queen, *Sung by Mr.* Bowen.



none; none can have moſt, none can have moſt where Nature is ſo kind, as

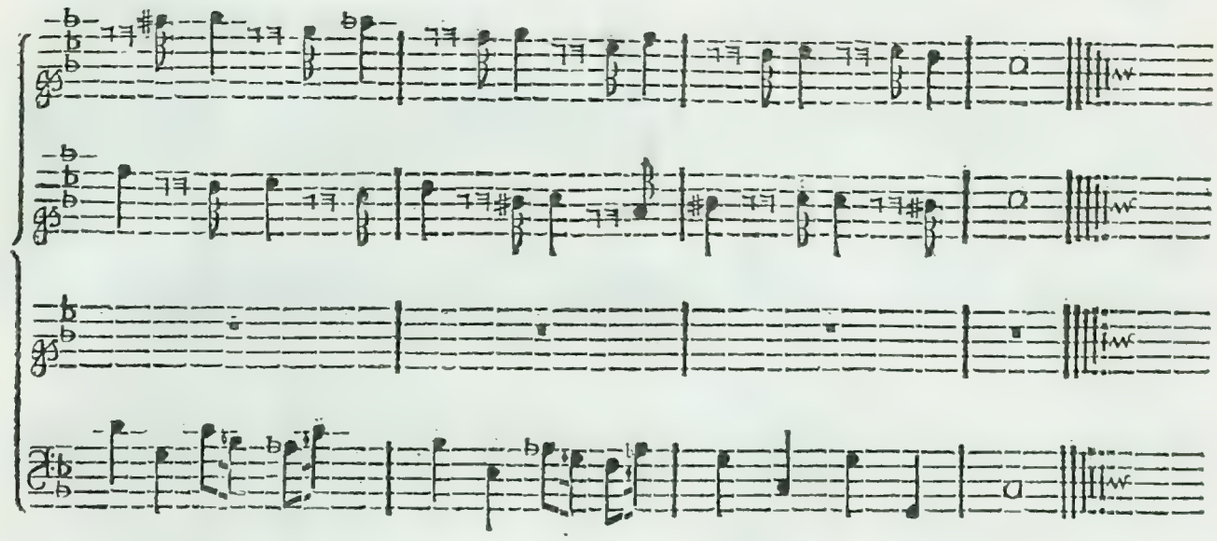
to exceed, as to exceed———Man's uſe tho' not his Mind; why,

why, why ſhou'd Men quarrel, why, why ſhou'd Men quarrel here, where all, all,

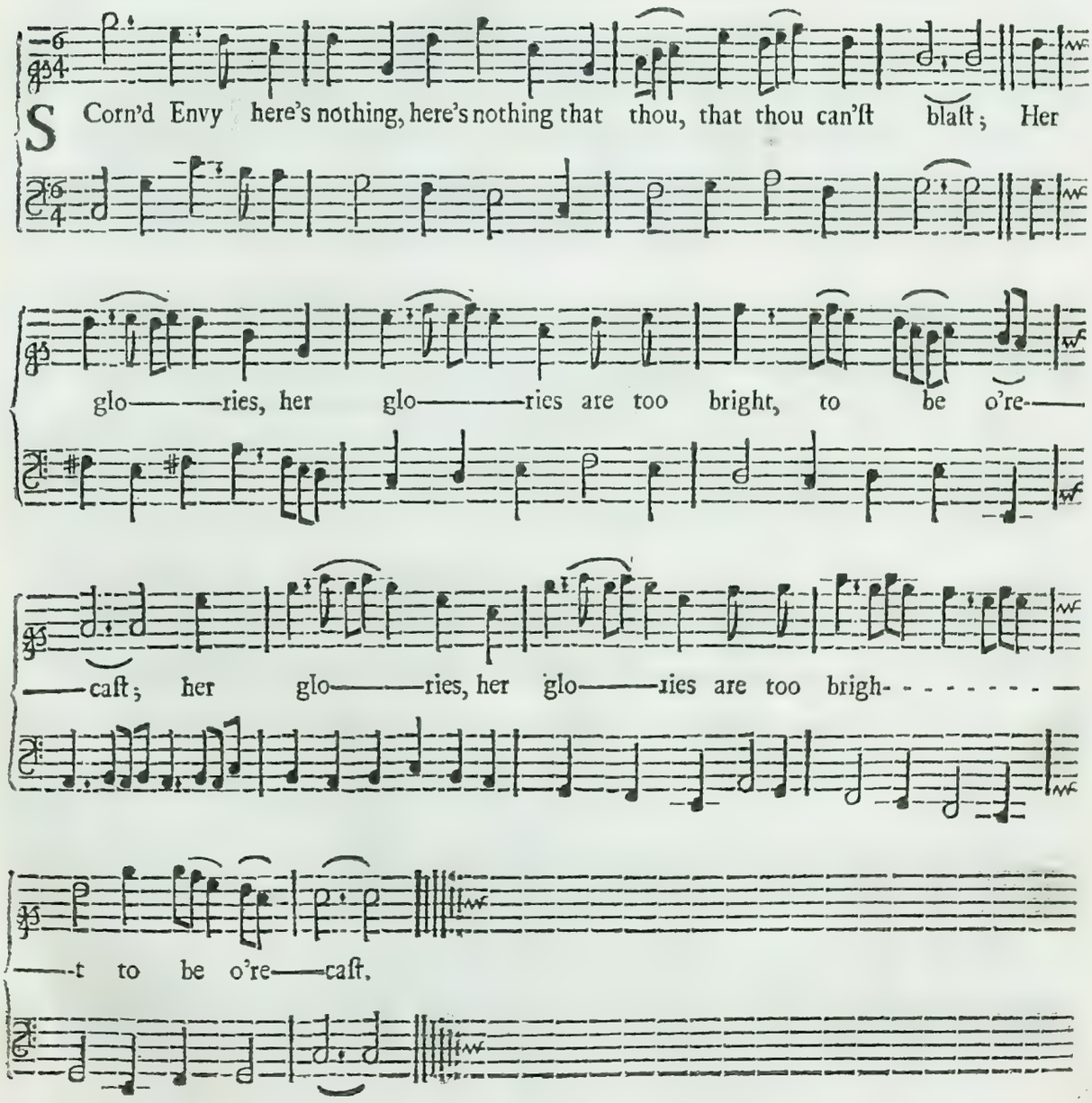
all, where all- - - - - - - - - - -poſ--ſeſs as much as they can hope for by ſuc—

—ceſs, as much as they can hope for by ſuc———ceſs, as much as they can

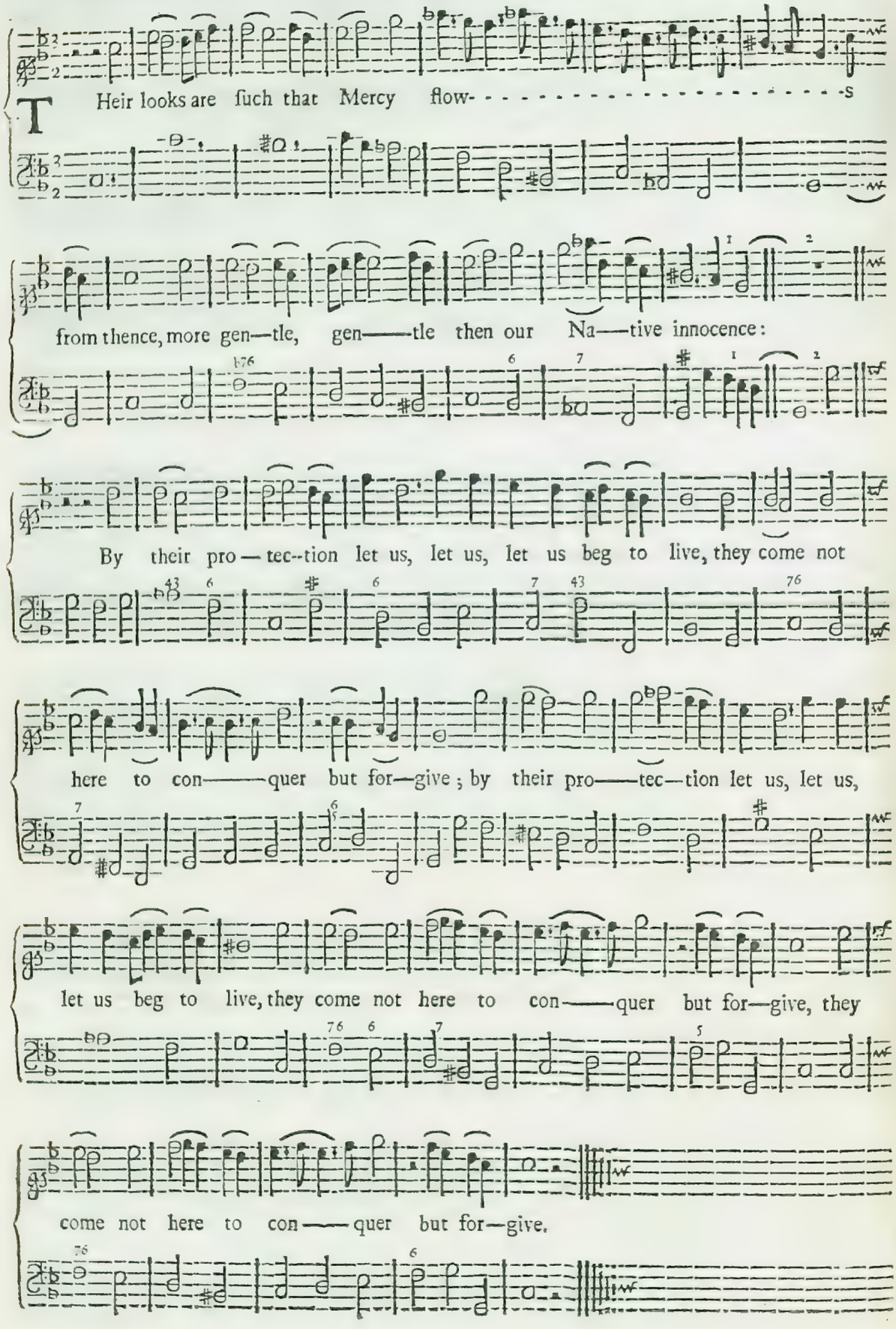
hope, as much as they can hope for by ſuc———ceſs.



A SONG *in the* Indian Queen, *Sung by Mr.* Freeman.



A SONG *in the* Indian Queen. *Sung by Mr.* Freeman.



A SONG *in the* Indian Queen. *Sung by Mrs.* Croſs.

Hey tell us that you migh—ty powers above, make Perfect your

Joys and your Bleſſings by Love; Ah! Why do you ſuffer, ah! why

do you ſuffer the Bleſſing that's there; to give a poor Lover ſuch ſad torments

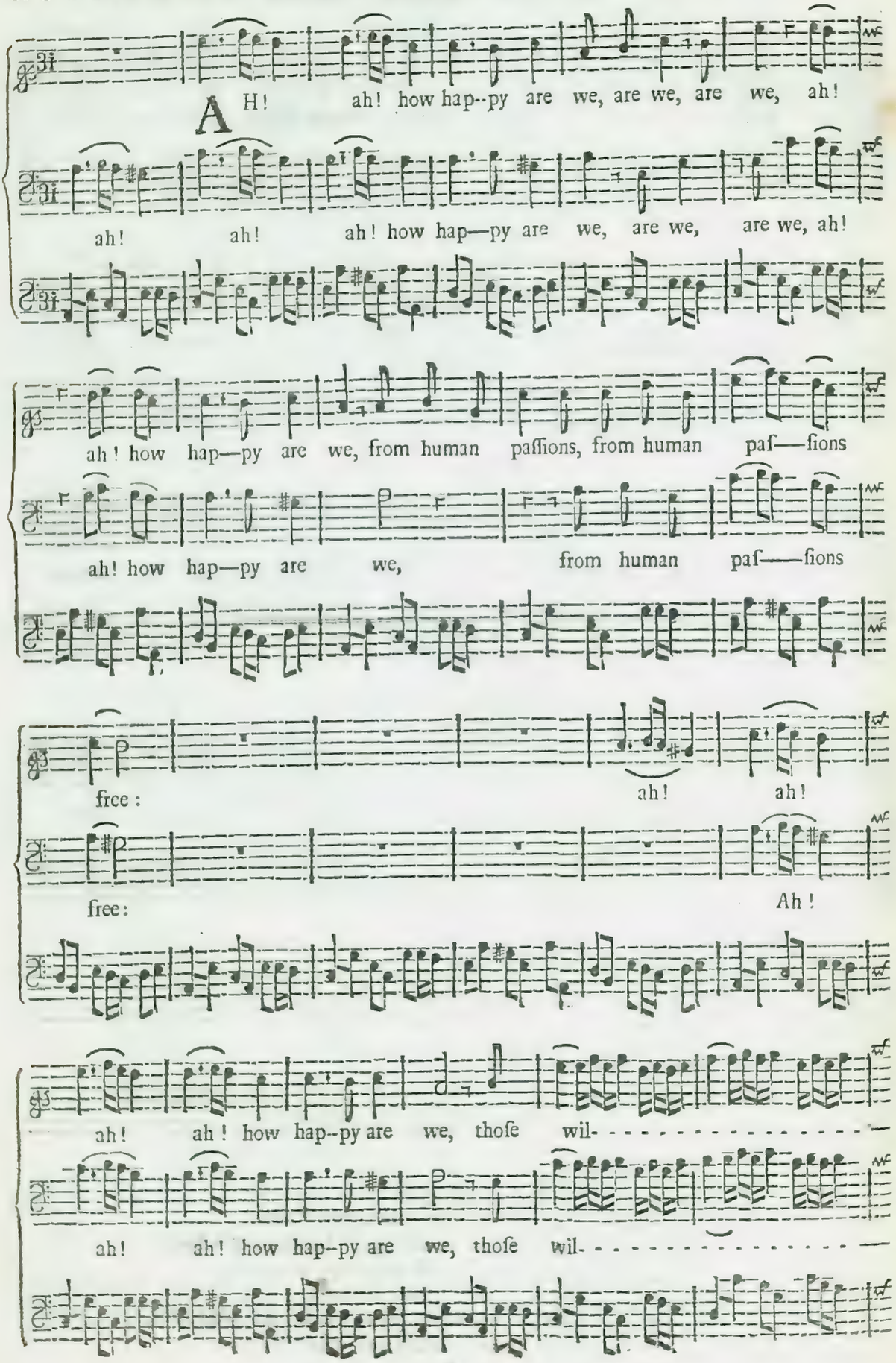
here, yet tho' for my paſ—ſion ſuch grief I en——dure, my Love ſhall like

yours, ſtill be con—ſtant and pure.

II.

To ſuffer for him, gives an eaſe to my Pains,
There's joy in my Grief, and there's freedom in Chains.
If I were Divine, he cou'd Love me no more,
And I in return, my Adorer Adore;
Oh! Let his dear life then (kind Gods) be your care,
For I in your Bleſſings have no other ſhare.

A SONG *in the* Indian Queen, *Sung by Mr.* Freeman, *and Mr.* Church.



-d Tenants of the Breast; no never, never, no never,

-d Tenants of the Breast; no never,

never, no never, never, never can disturb our rest; ah!

never, no never, never, never can disturb our rest; ah! ah!

ah! how happy are we, are we, are we, ah! ah! how happy are

ah! how happy are we, are we, are we, ah! ah! how hap-py are

we: Yet we pit--ty, we pit--ty, we pitty, tender Souls whom the Tyrant

we: Yet we pit--ty, we pit--ty, tender Souls whom the

Love, whom the Tyrant Love, whom the Tyrant Love con——trouls;

Tyrant Love, whom the Tyrant Love, whom the Tyrant Love con——trouls;

Ah! ah! how hap—py are we, from human

Ah! ah! ah; how hap—py are we,

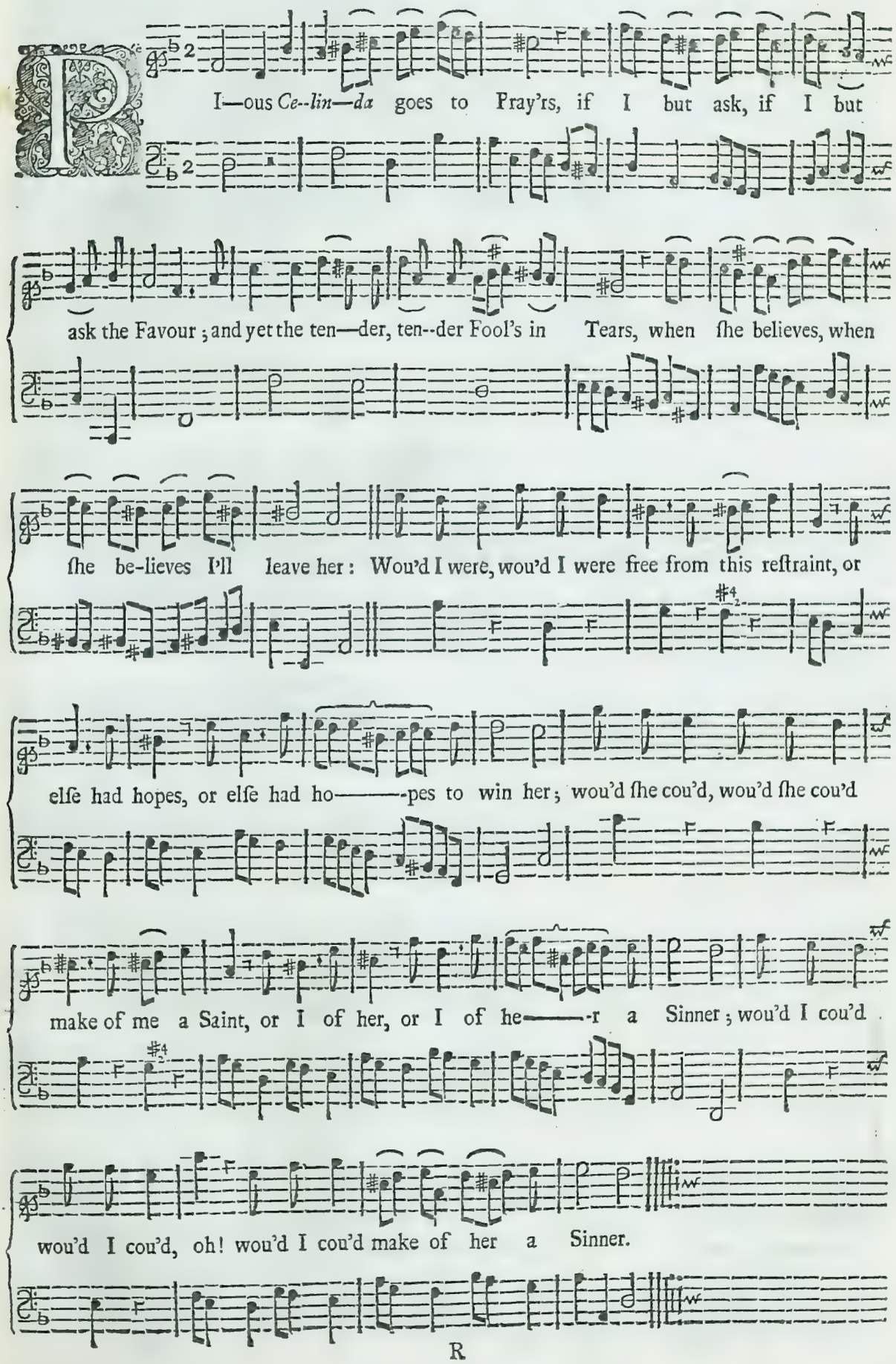
Paſſion, from human Paſ——

from human Paſ——

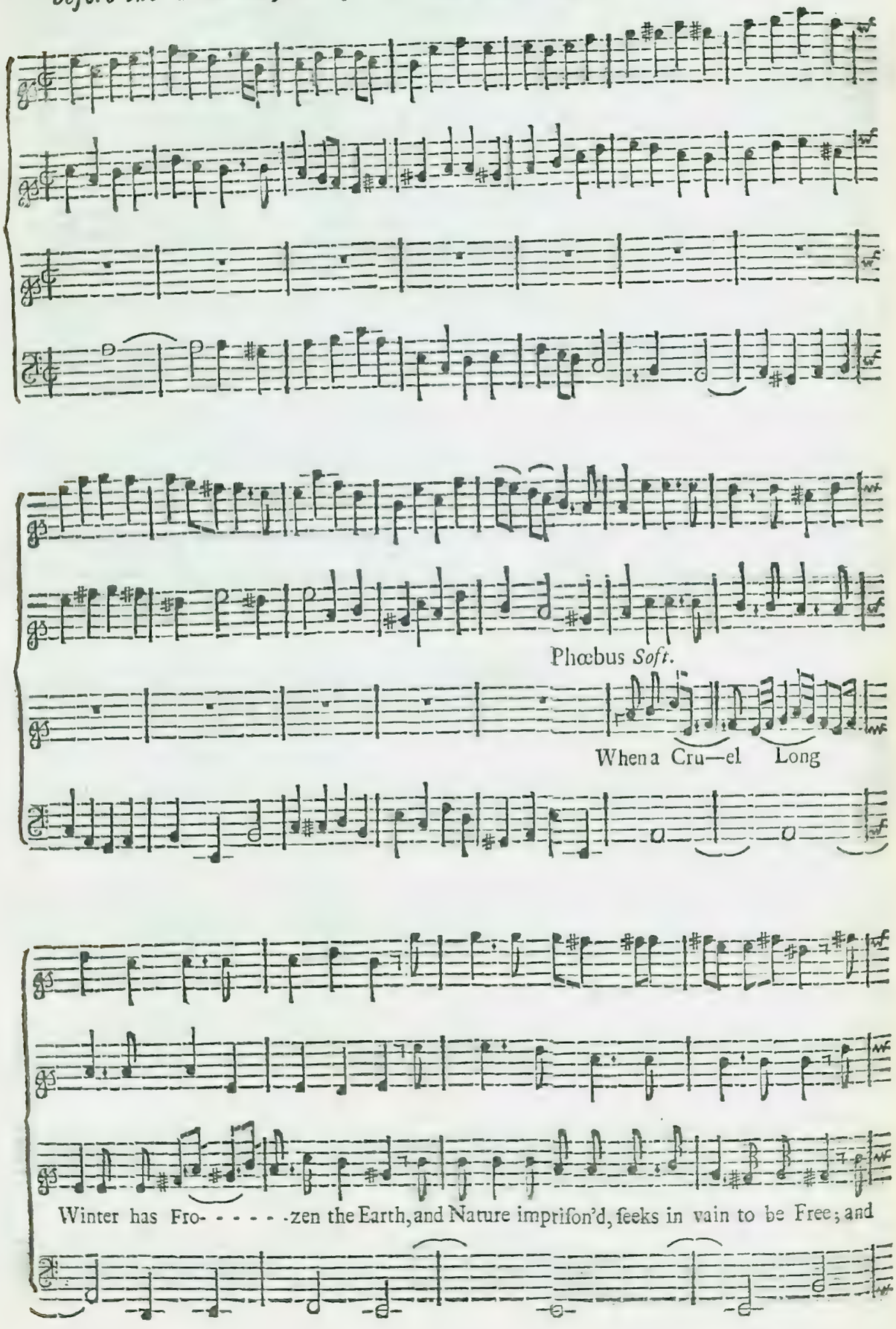
——ſion free.

——ſion free.

A ſingle SONG, *the Words by Mr.* Congrave.



A SONG *by* Phœbus *in the* Fairy-Queen, *which ſhou'd have been put before the Four Seaſons of the Year, in* Page 21.



Nature impriſon'd ſeeks - in vain to be Free : I

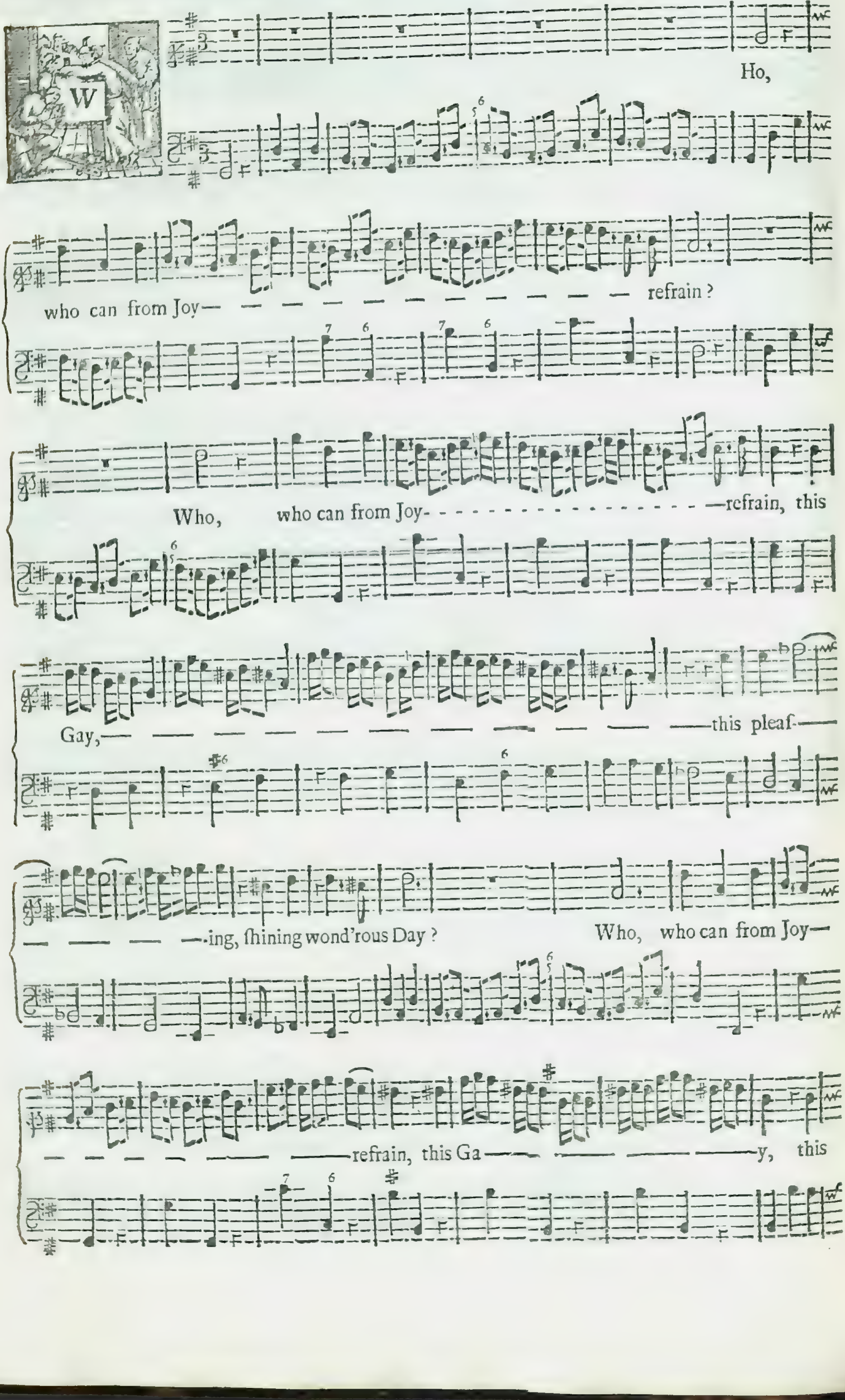
Dart forth my Beams to give all things a Breath, making Spring for the Plants, ev'-ry

Flow'r and each Tree. 'Tis I who give Life- - - - - - - - - - - -warmth and Vigour to

all; ev'n Love who rules all things in Earth Air and Sea, wou'd Languiſh and fade and to

nothing, nothing would fall; the World to its *Chaos* wou'd re—turn, but for me.

The following Five Verſes, are taken out of one of the Duke of Glouceſter's *Birth-Day* SONGS.



pleafing, pleafing ſhining wond'rous day; wond'—rous, wond'——rous,

wond'rous, wond'rous, wond'————rous, wond'————rous

day, wond'————rous, wond'————rous day.

The Second S O N G *for Two Voices.*

F Or tho' the Sun has all, has all his Summers Glo— — — — — — —

For tho' the Sun has all, has all his Summers Glo— — — —

— — —ries on, has all, all, all, has all, all, all his Summers Glories on:

— — --ries on, has all, all, all, all, all his Summers Glories on:

This day has brighter, brigh———ter ſplendors, this day has brighter, brigh———

This day has brighter, brigh———ter Splendors, this day has brighter,

———ter ſplendors, has brigh——— ——— ———ter, brighter ſplendors

brigh——-ter ſplendors, has brigh——— ——— ——— ———ter, brighter ſplendors

far from a lit—tle riſing Star, from a lit—tle, lit—tle ri———ſing Star——

far, from a lit—tle ri—ſing Star, from a lit—tle ri—ſing Star, from a lit—tle, lit—tle

——, a lit—tle ri—ſing Star.

ri———ſing Star.

SOLO. *The Third* SONG.

A Prince, a Prince of Glo- - - - - - - - - - -

--rious Race descend-ed, at his hap--py, hap--py Birth, at his hap--py, hap--py,

hap- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -py Birth at--tend--ed; A Prince, a Prince of

Glo——— ——rious race descended, at his happy, happy Birth, at his happy,

happy, hap——— ——— ——— ———py Birth attended; with Ro——sy Smi——ling

hours, with Ro——sy Smi———-ling hours to show, he will Golden Days be——

—ſtow, he will, he will, he will, he will Golden days be——ſtow, he

will, he will, he will, he will Golden Days be—ſtow.

The Fourth SONG *with* VIOLINS.

THe Father Brave, the Father Brave as

e'er was *Dane*, as e'er was *Dane*; Whoſe Thundring,

thundring, thundring, thundring Sword; whoſe thundring, thundring,

thundring, thundring Sword, has Thouſands, thouſands, has thouſands, thouſands, thouſands,

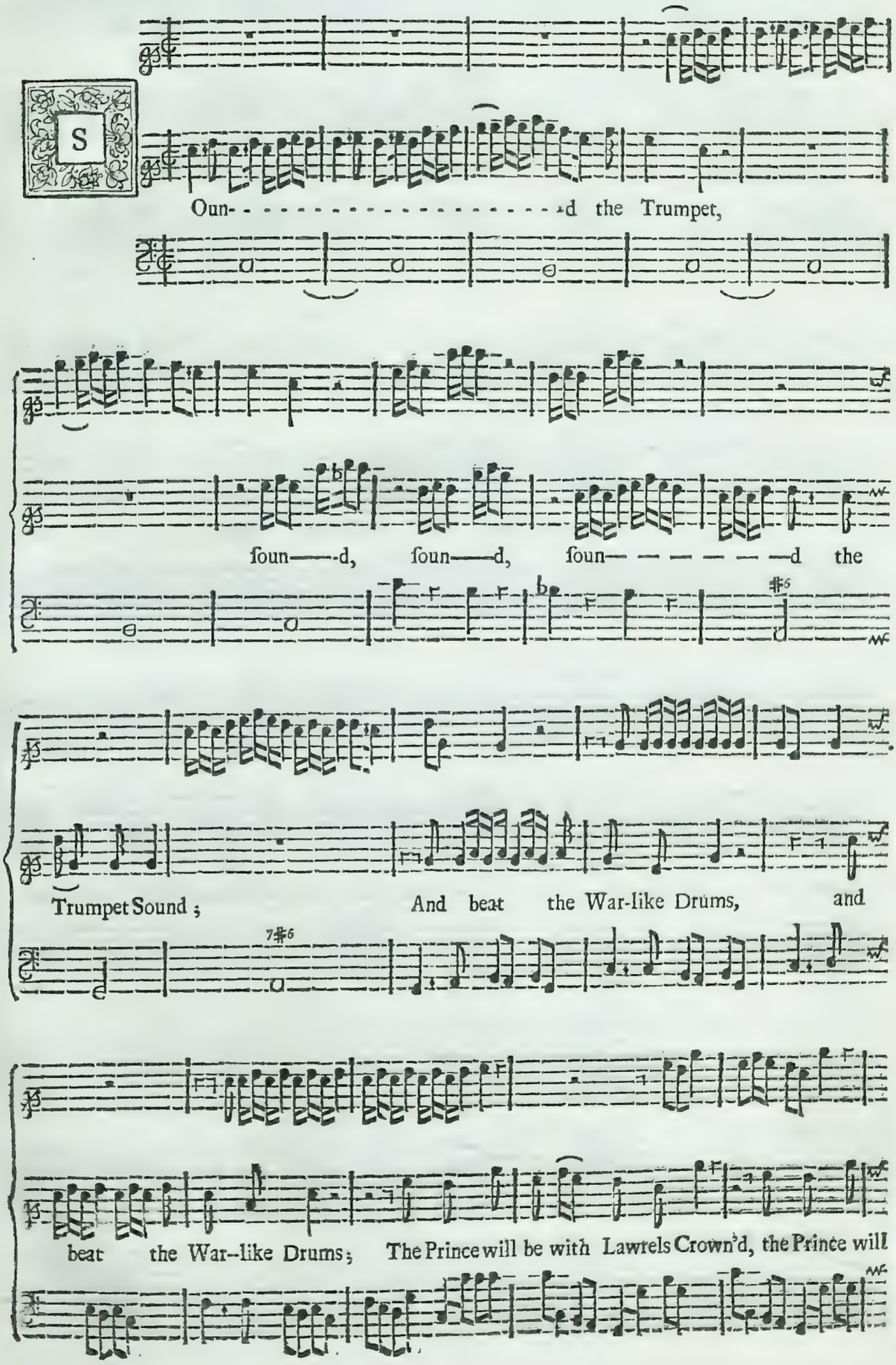
thouſands Slain, has thouſands, thouſands, has thouſands, thouſands Slain, and made him, and

made him o'er half, o'er half *Europe* Reign; And made him, and made him o'er

half *Europe* Reign. The Father Brave, the Father Brave as e'er was

Dane, as e'er was *Dane*, as e'er was *Dane*.

The Fifth SONG. *with a Trumpet.*



be with Lawrels Crown- - - - - - - - - - -'d, be-fore his Man-hood comes;

Ah! Ah! how pleas'd he is and Gay, Ah! Ah! how

pleas'd he is and Ga- - - - - - - - - - -y, when the Trumpet ſtrikes his Ear, when the

Trumpet ſtrikes his Ear; Ah! Ah! how pleaſ- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -'d he

is and gay; His hands like ſhak- - - - - - - - - -ing Lillies play;

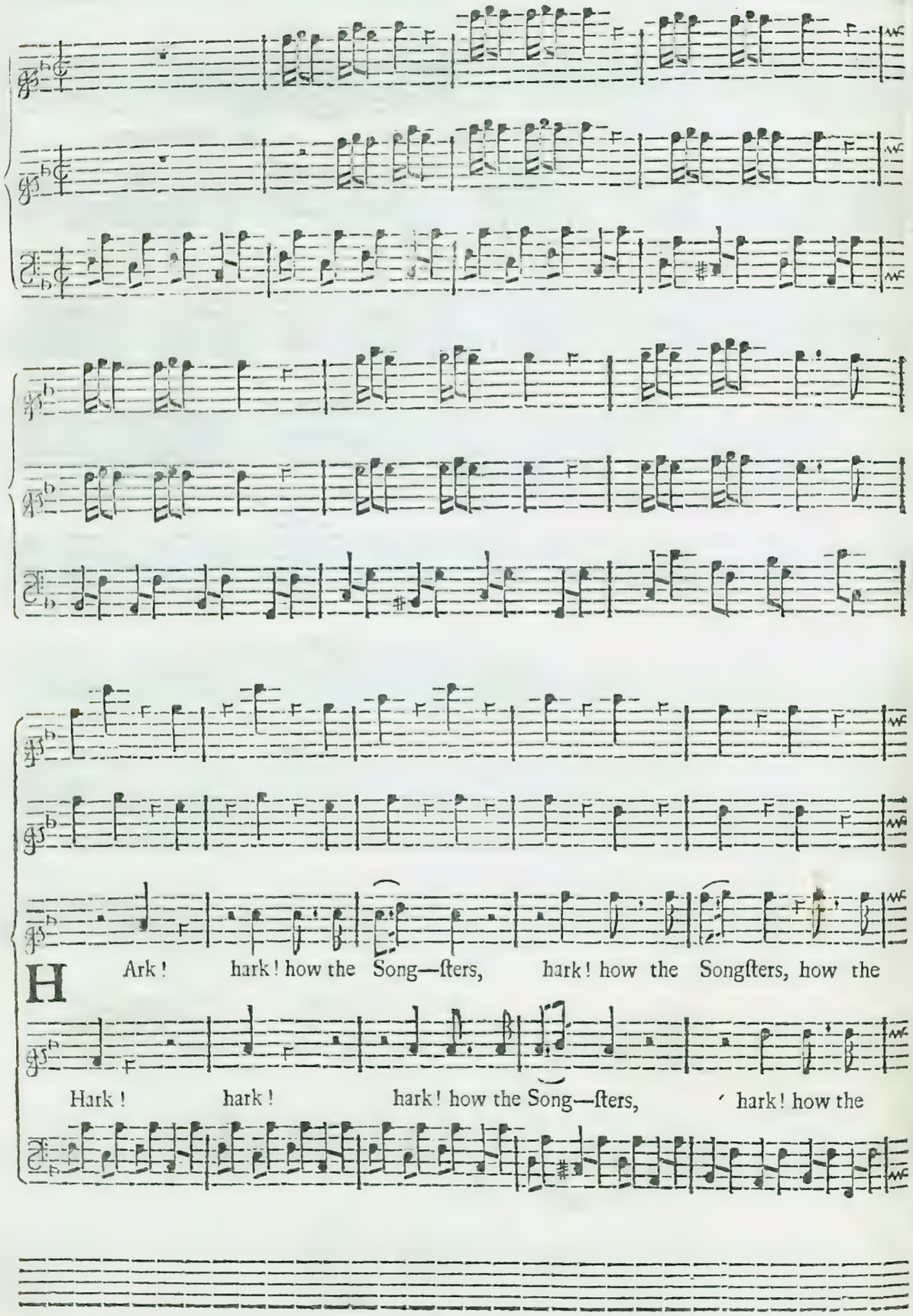
his hands like ſhak -ing

Lillies play, and catch, and catch, and catch, and catch at ev-———'ry Sphear, and catch

— — — — — — — at ev-'ry Sphear.

MUSICK *in* Timon *of* Athens.

The First SONG, *with Flutes.*



Song— — — —ſters of the Grove; Sin————g, Sin——————

Song- - - - - - - -ſters of the Grove; Sin———g, Sin— — — — — — —

— — — —g Anthems to the God of Love. Hark! hark! hark!

— — — —g Anthems to the God of Love. Hark! hark! hark! hark!

hark! hark! hark how each Am———————arous winged pair, with Love's great Praiſes,

hark! hark how each Am———————-arous winged pair, with Love's great

with Love's great Prai———ſes fill the Air; On ev——'ry ſide the

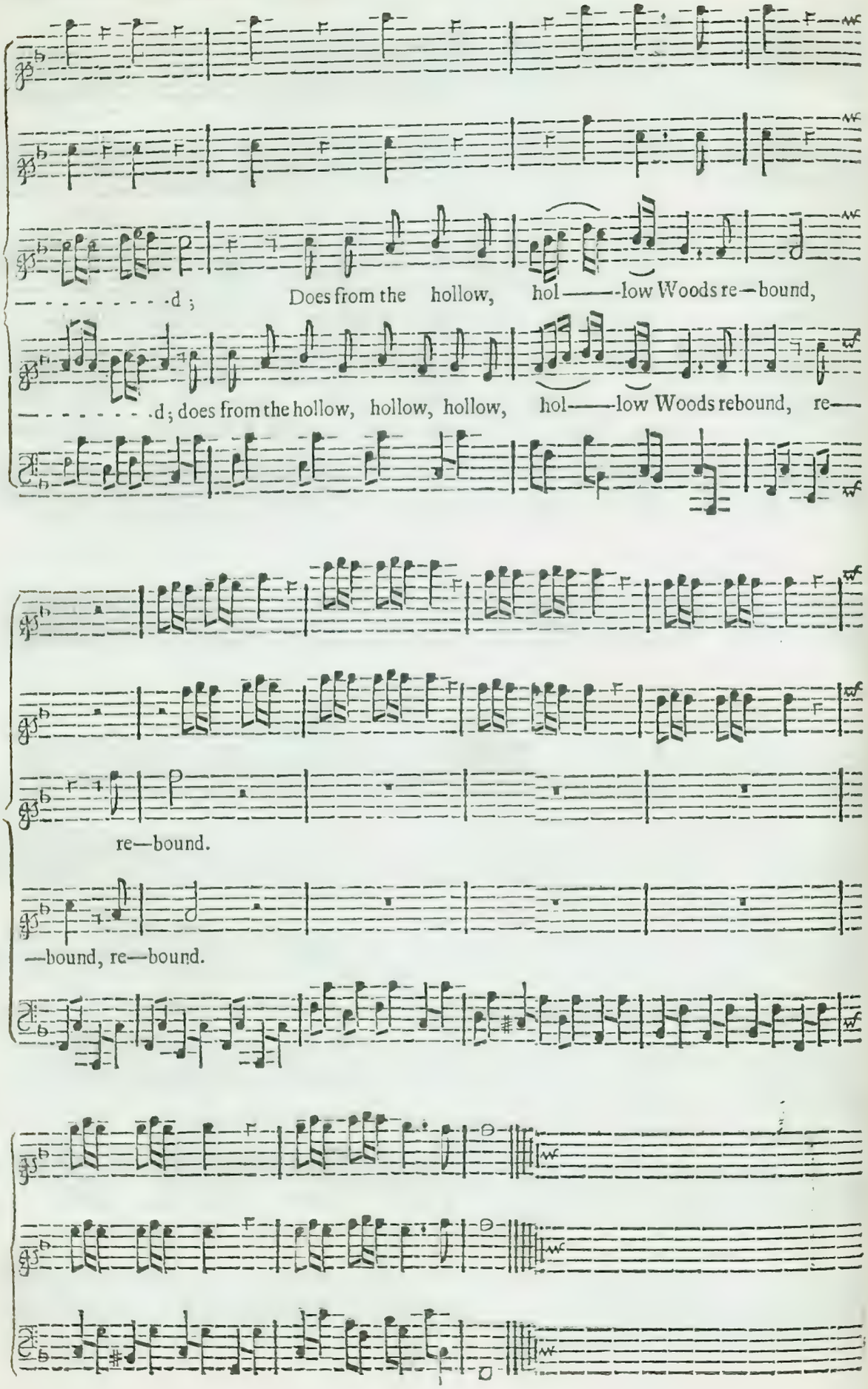
Praiſes, with Love's great Praiſes fill the Air; On ev——'ry ſide the Char———

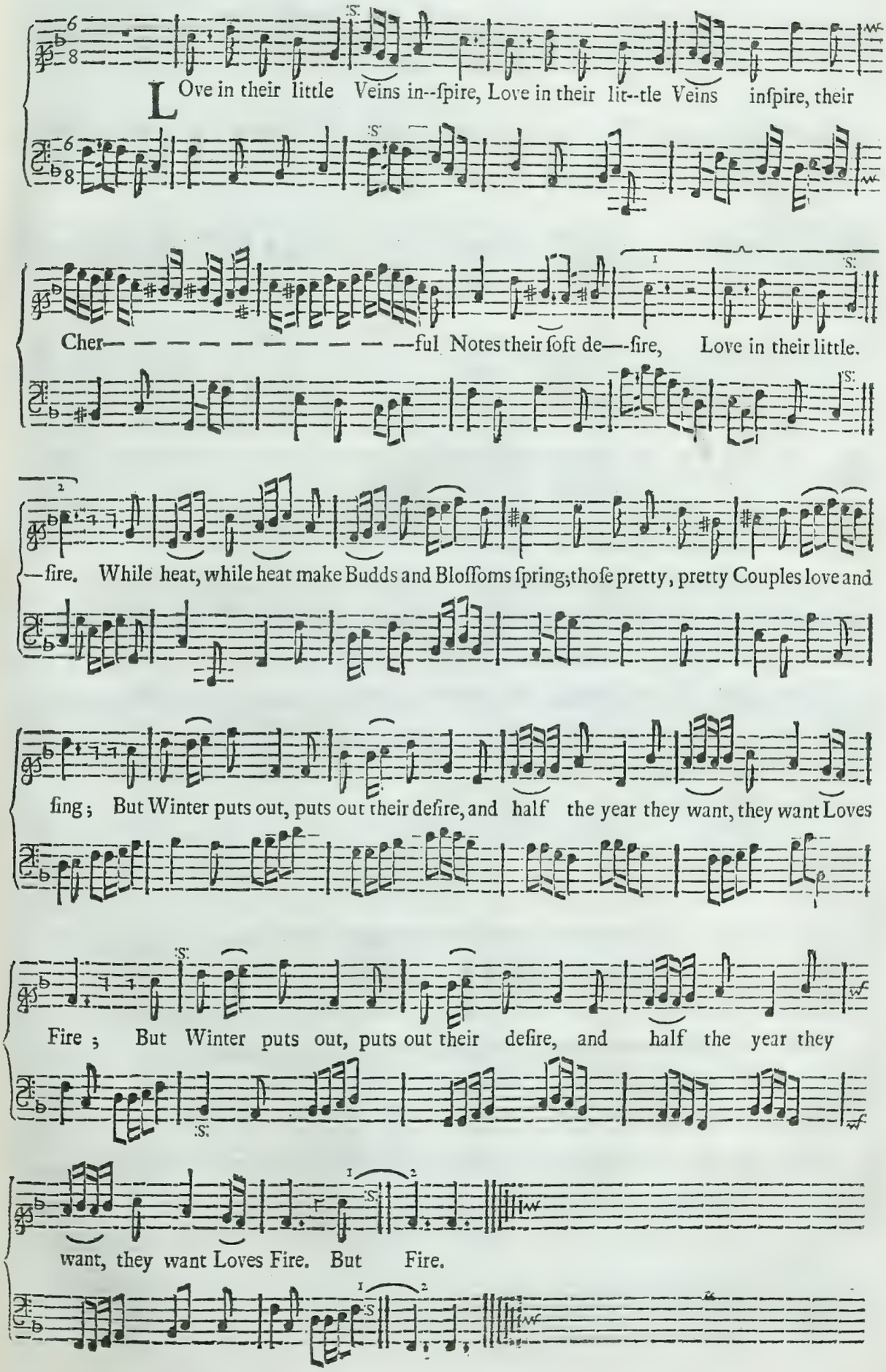
Charm- - - - - - -ing ſound does from the hollow Woods,does from the hollow Woods, the

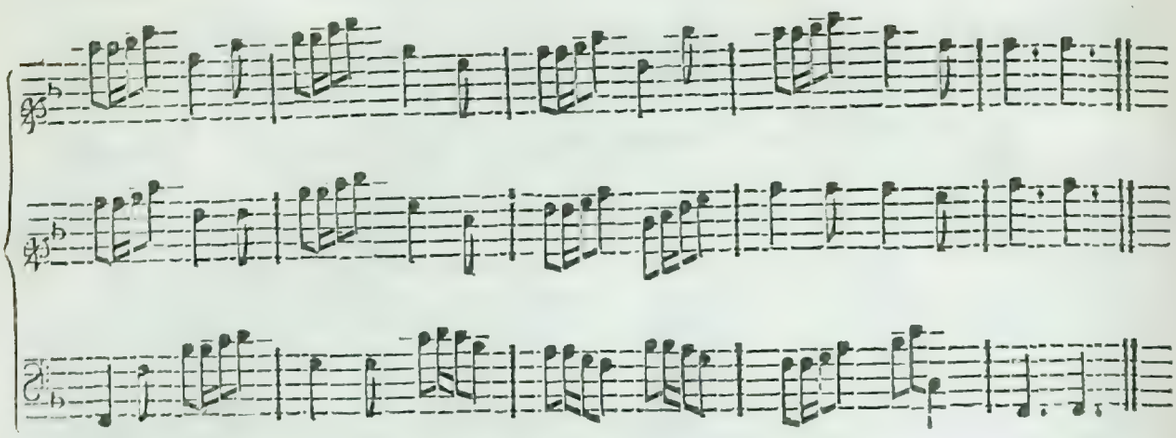
- - - - - - - - - - -ing ſound does from the hollow Woods, does from the hollow

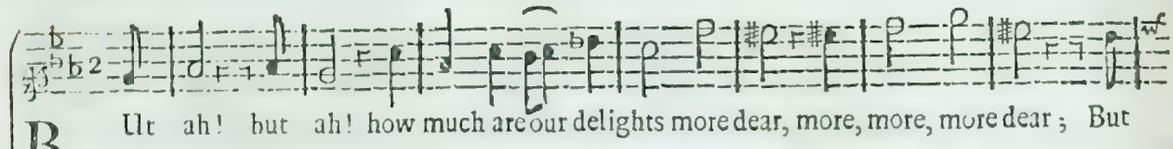
Charming ſound does from the hallow, hallow, hallow Woods re—boun- - - - - - - -

Woods, the Charming ſound does from the hollow Woods reboun- - - - - - - -


d; Does from the hollow, hol——low Woods re—bound,
d; does from the hollow, hollow, hollow, hol——low Woods rebound, re—
re—bound.
—bound, re—bound.

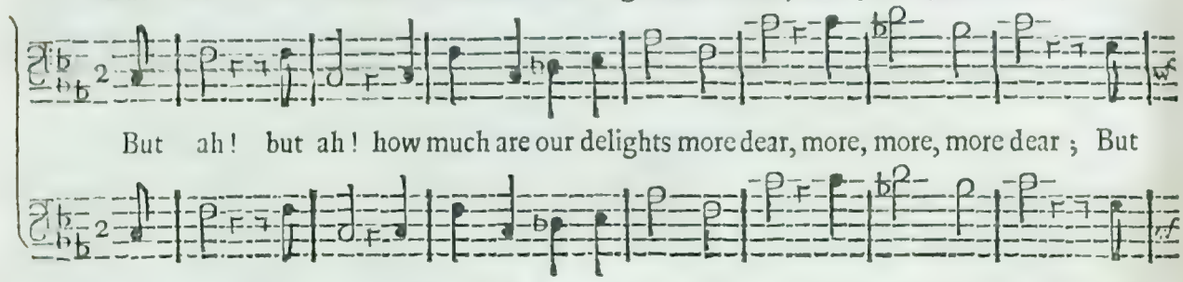

LOve in their little Veins in--ſpire, Love in their lit--tle Veins inſpire, their
Cher— — — — — — — — — — —ful Notes their ſoft de—-ſire, Love in their little.
—fire. While heat, while heat make Budds and Bloſſoms ſpring; thoſe pretty, pretty Couples love and
ſing; But Winter puts out, puts out their deſire, and half the year they want, they want Loves
Fire; But Winter puts out, puts out their deſire, and half the year they
want, they want Loves Fire. But Fire.



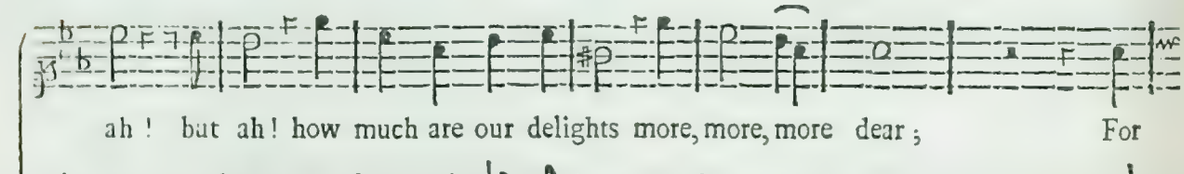


B Ut ah! but ah! how much are our delights more dear, more, more, more dear; But

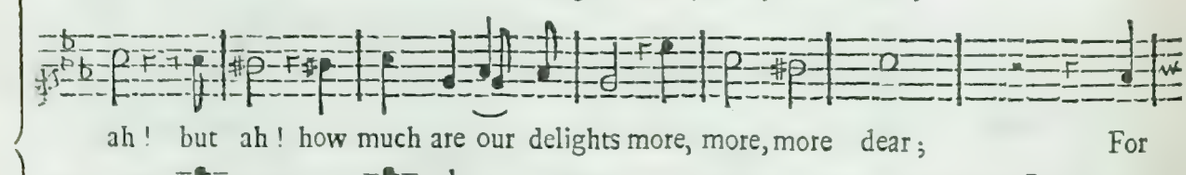
But ah! but ah! how much are our delights more dear, more, more, more dear; But



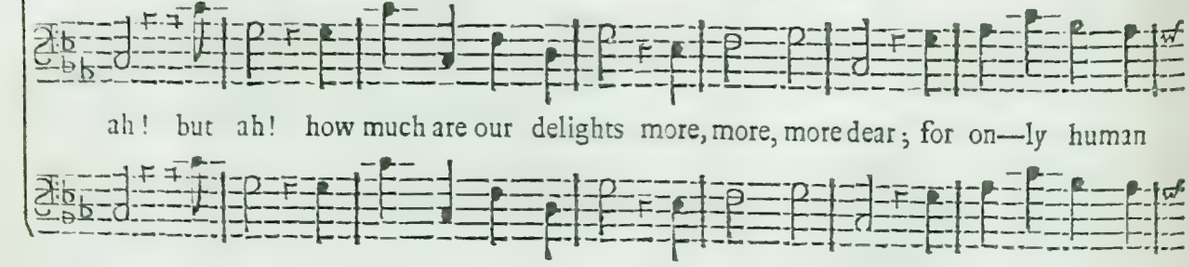
But ah! but ah! how much are our delights more dear, more, more, more dear; But



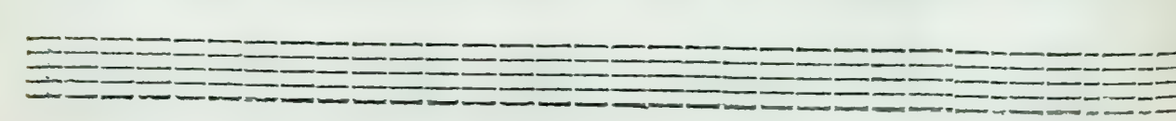
ah! but ah! how much are our delights more, more, more dear; For



ah! but ah! how much are our delights more, more, more dear; For



ah! but ah! how much are our delights more, more, more dear; for on—ly human



Only Human kind, for on—ly Human kind, For on--ly Human kind; love

On--ly Human kind, for on--ly Human kind, For on--ly Human kind; love

kind, for only Human kind, for only Human kind; Love,love,love

all the year, all, all, all, all, all, all the year; For only

all the year, all, all, all, all, all, all the year; For on—ly, only

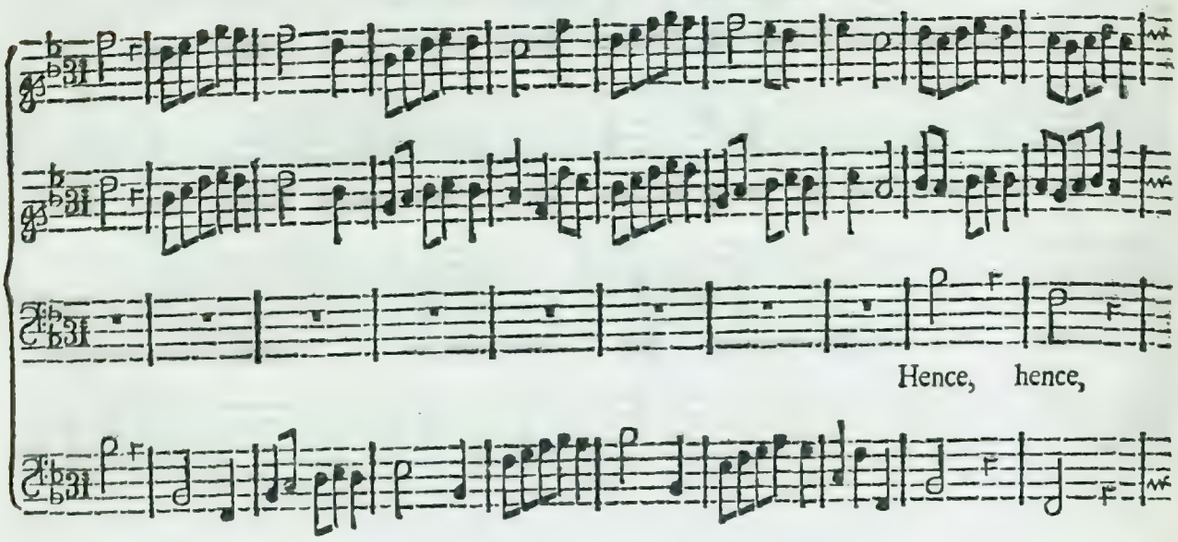
all the year, all, all, all, all, all, all the year; For only,

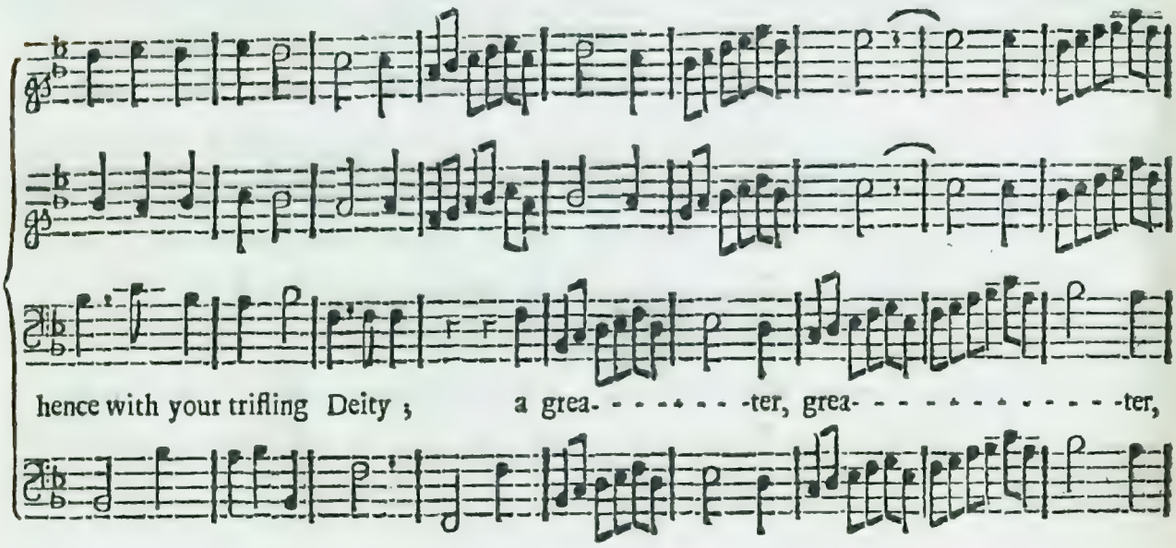
Human kind, love all the year.

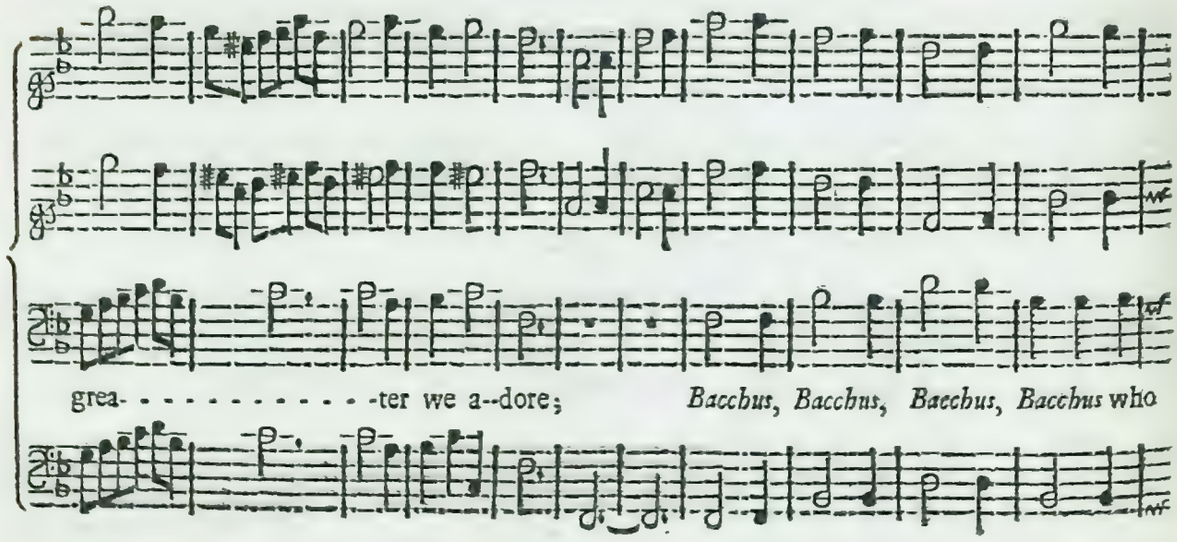
Human kind, love all— the year.

Human kind, love all the year.

HAUTBOYS.


Hence, hence,


hence with your trifling Deity ; a grea- - - - - - - -ter, grea- - - - - - - - - - - - -ter,


grea- - - - - - - - - - - -ter we a--dore; *Bacchus, Bacchus, Bacchus, Bacchus* who

allways, allways keeps us Free;- -from that blind Childish

Pow'r- - - - - - - - -that allways, allways keeps us free,— — — — — — — —

Slow.

from that blind Childish Pow'r : Love makes you languish and look pale, and sneak and

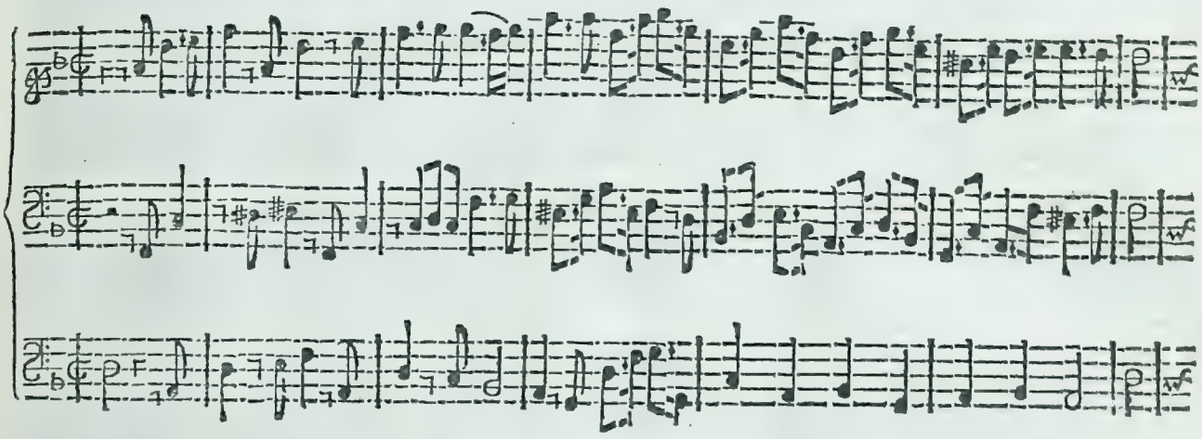
Brisk.

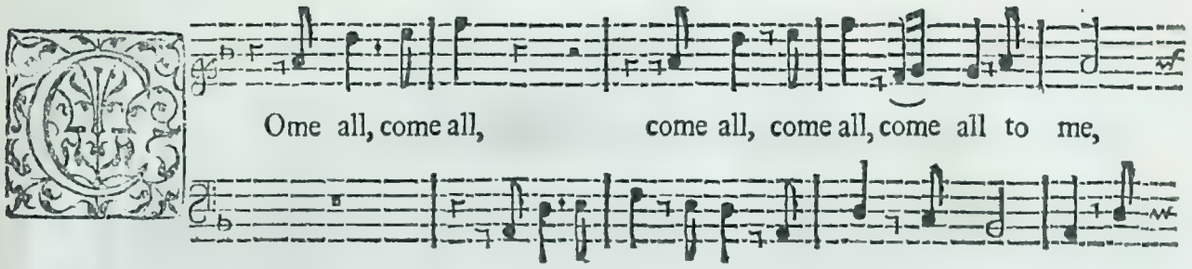
Sigh, ſigh, ſigh and whine, but over us no griefs prevail, No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

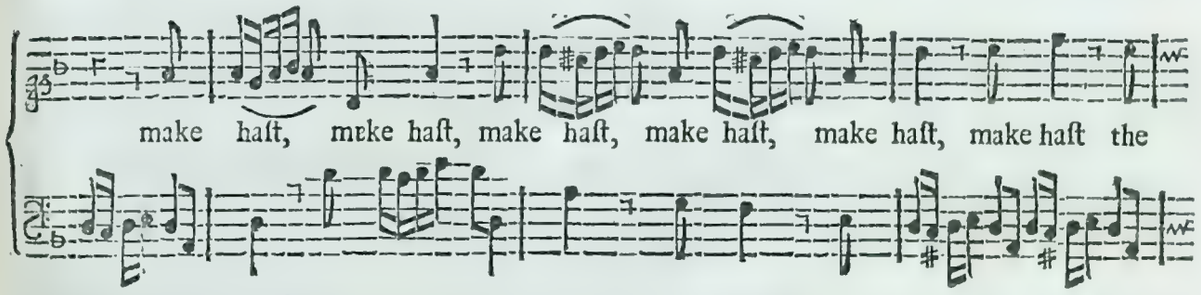
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no griefs prevail, while we have lu—ſty Wine; no, no, no, no, no, no, no

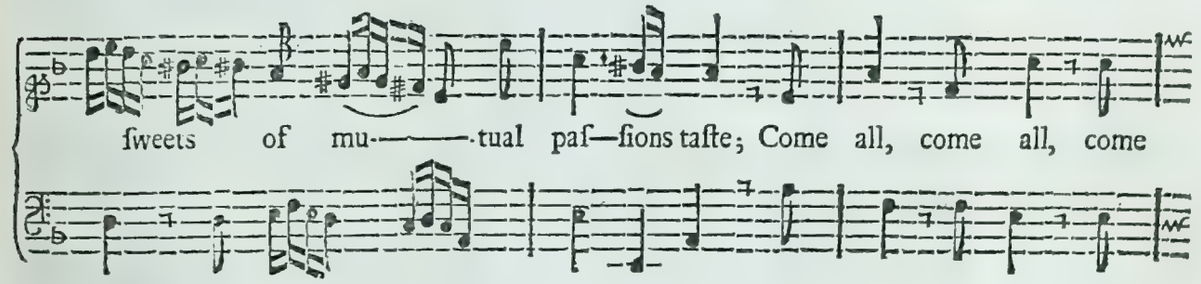
griefs prevail, while we have lu—ſty Wine, while we have lu—ſty Wine.

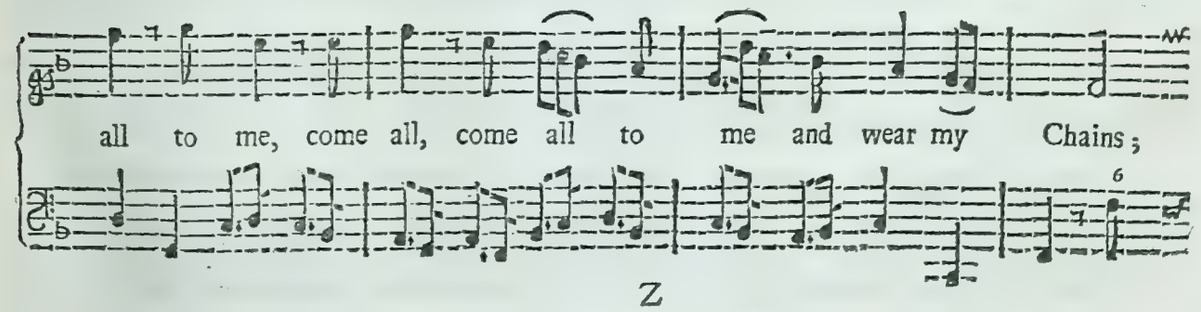
A ſingle SONG *with a* SIMPHONY.











the joys of Love, the joys——— of Love without its pains; the joys of

Love, the joy——-s of Love without its pains.

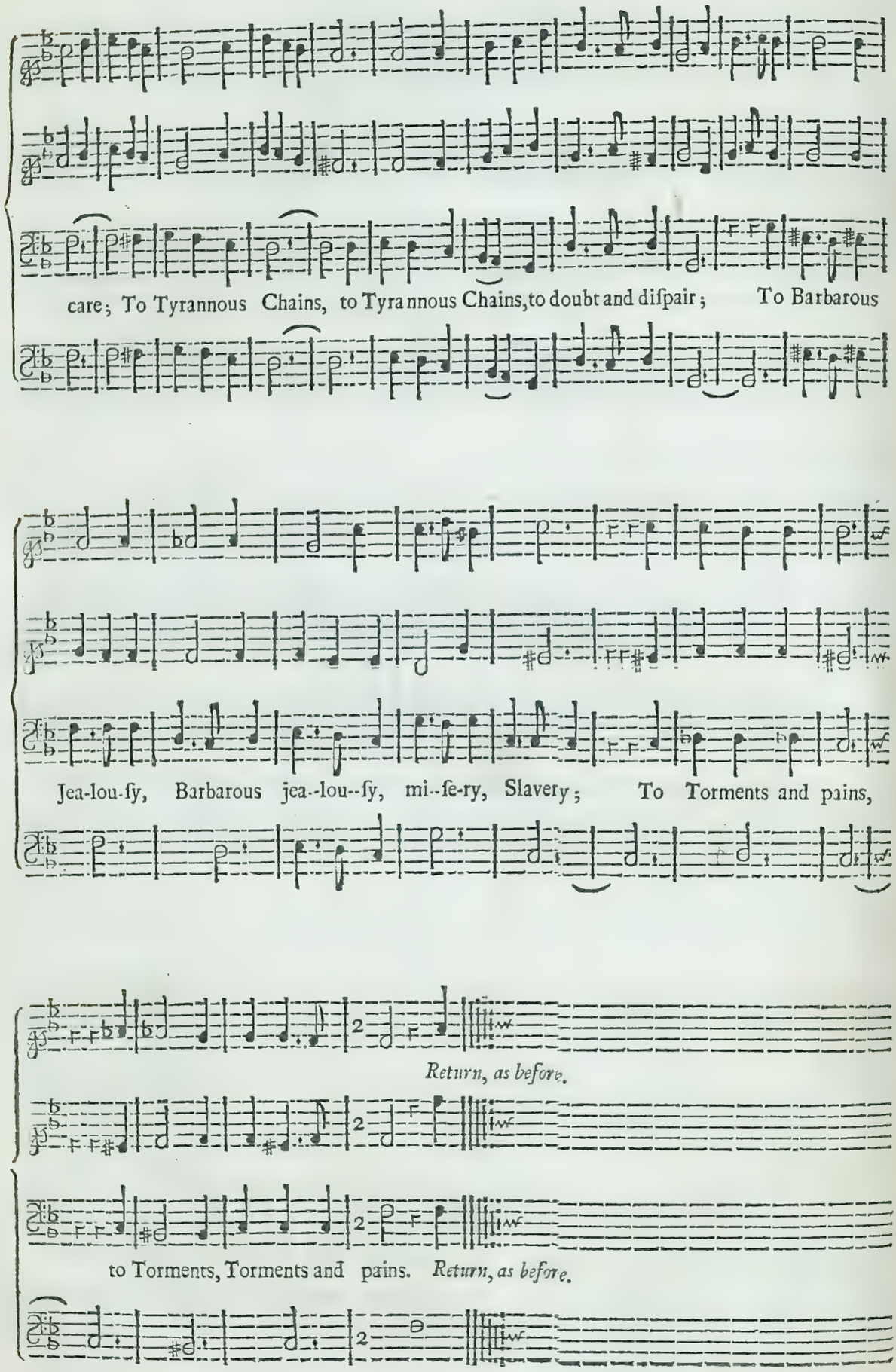
A SONG. *with Instruments.*

Return, return, revolting Rebels; return, where d'yè go, where d'ye go, where d'ye go, d'ye

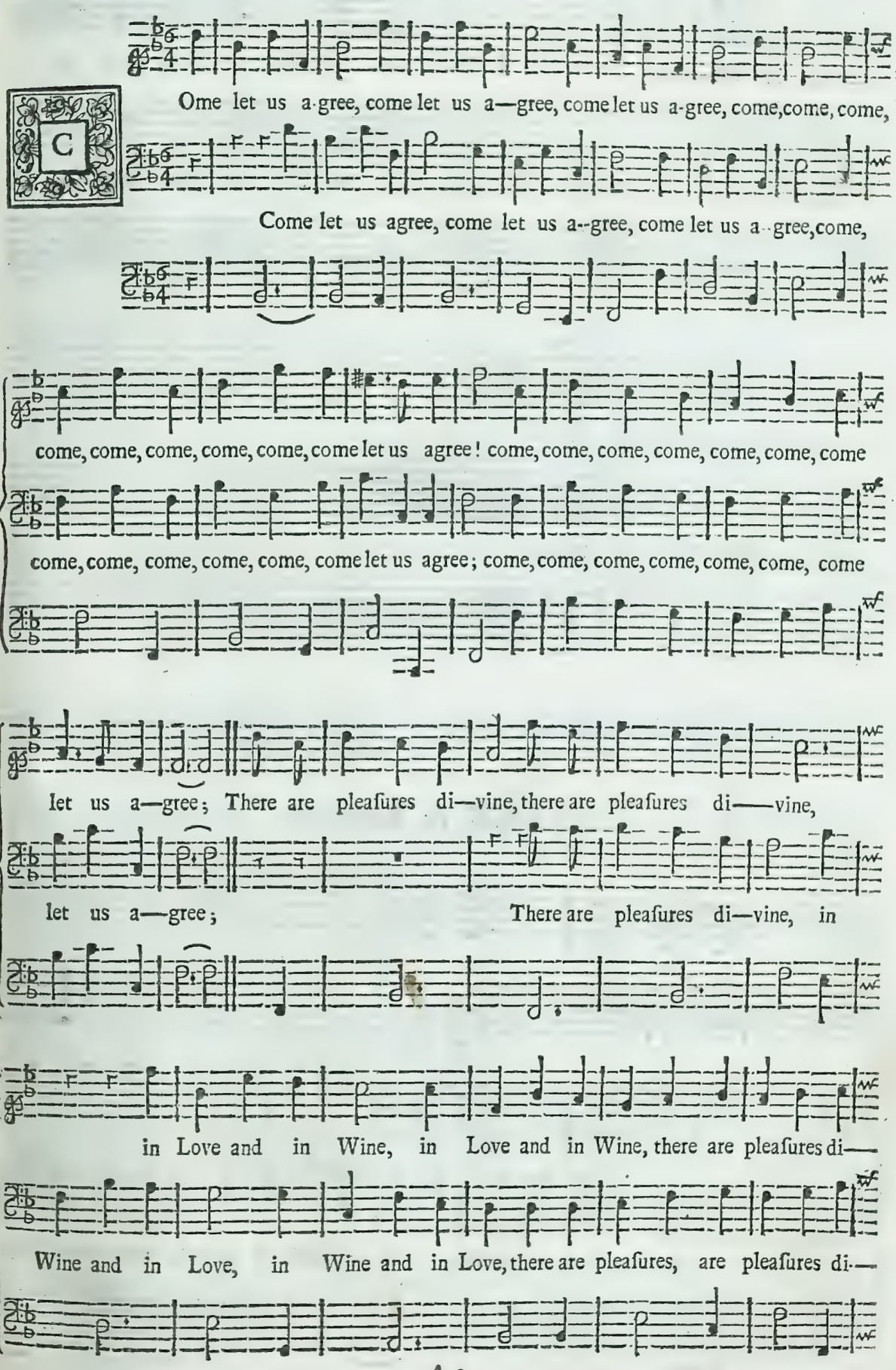
know? D'ye know, d'ye know, what Phantiſm 'tis miſleads you ſo: Return, return, re-—

—volting Rebels return; Where d'ye go, where d'ye go, where d'ye go, d'ye know? D'ye know, d'ye

know what Phantiſm 'tis miſleads you ſo, to grieve and to care, to grieve and to


care; To Tyrannous Chains, to Tyrannous Chains, to doubt and dispair; To Barbarous
Jea-lou-sy, Barbarous jea--lou--sy, mi--se-ry, Slavery; To Torments and pains,
Return, as before.
to Torments, Torments and pains. Return, as before.

A Two part SONG *between* Cupid *and* Bacchus.



—vine, in Wine and in Love, in Love and in Wine, in Wine and in

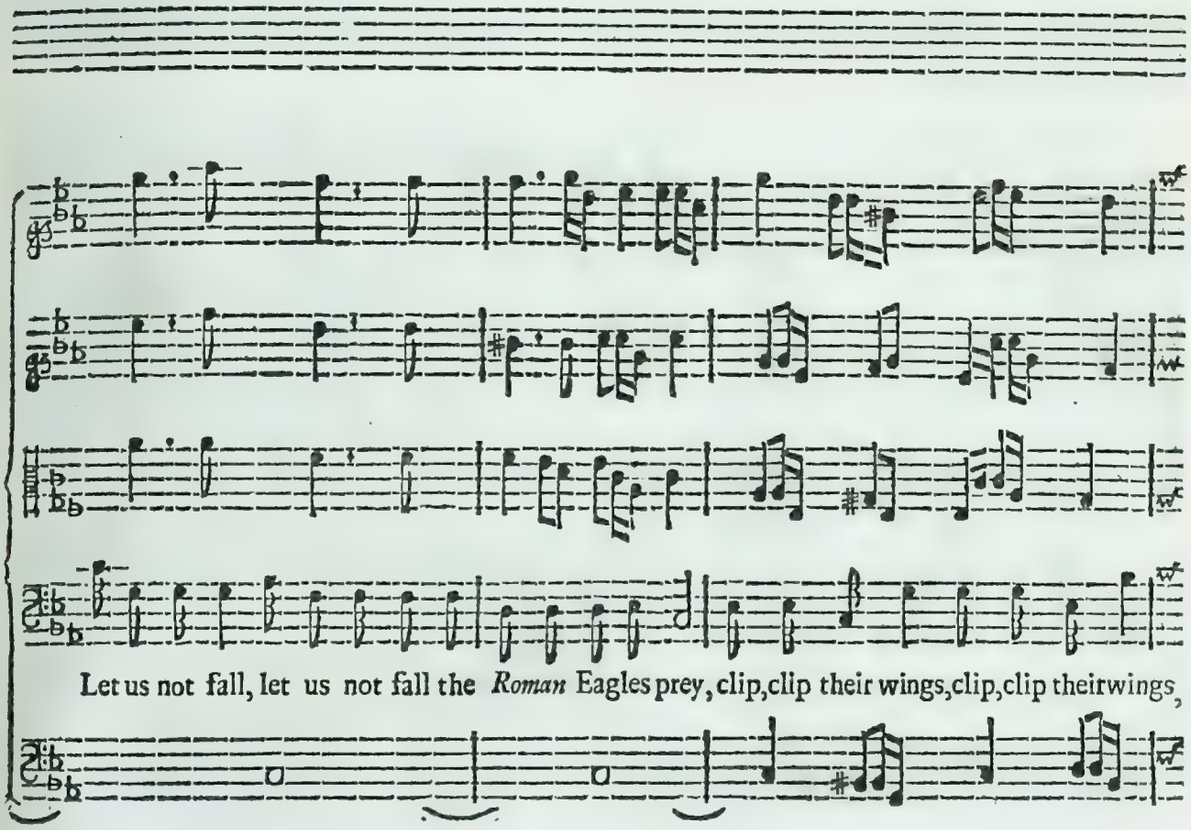
—vine, in Wine and in Love, in Love and in Wine, in Wine and in

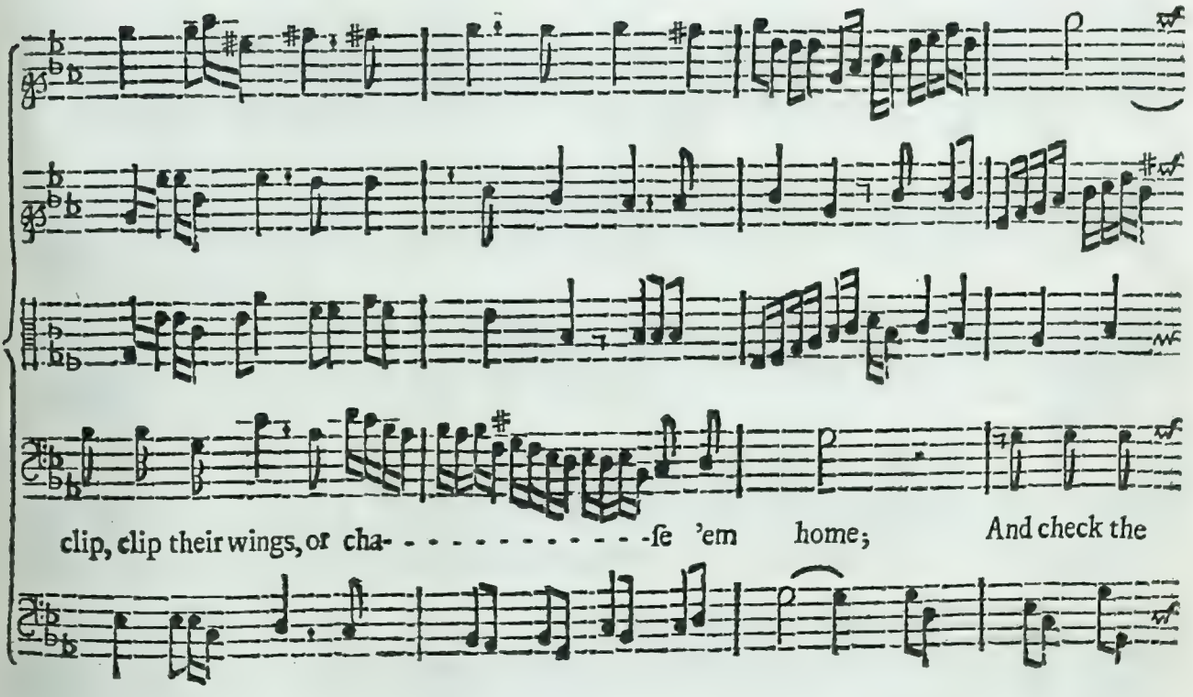
Love, in Love and in Wine.

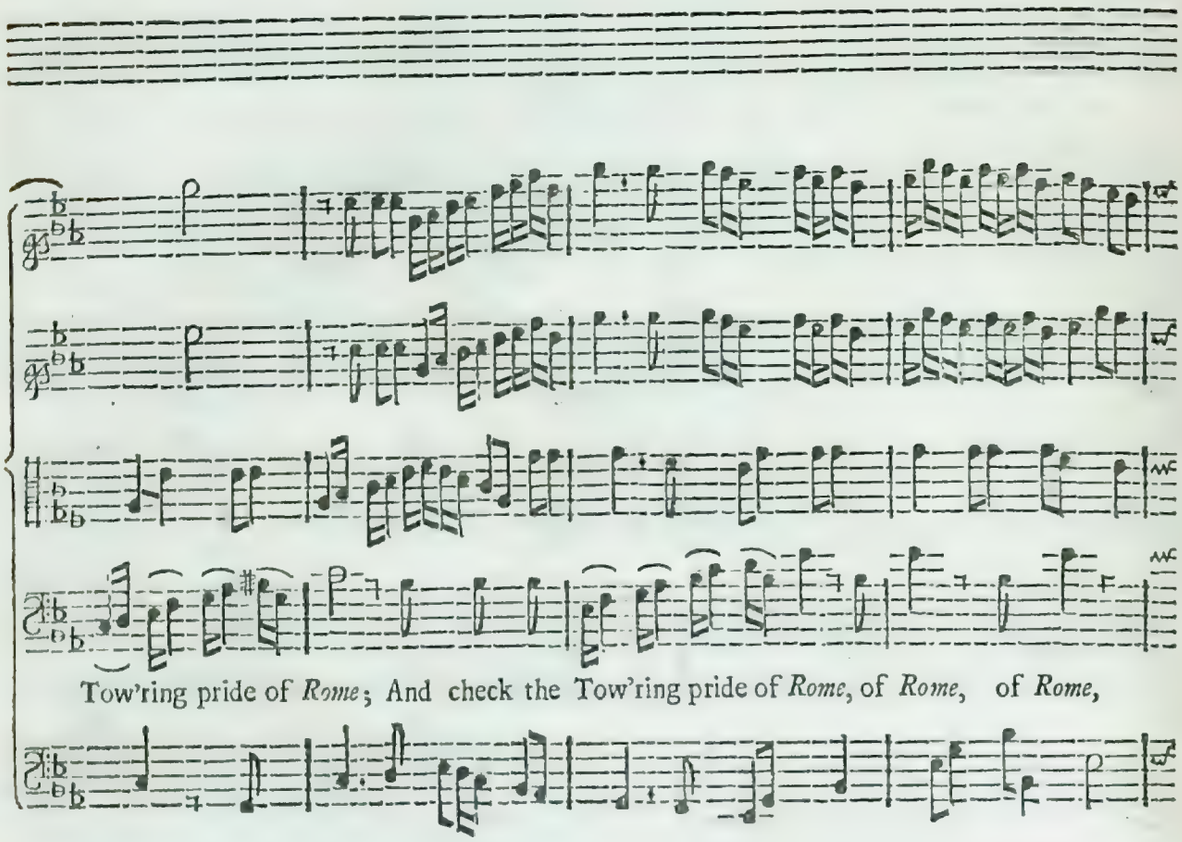
Love, in Love and in Wine.

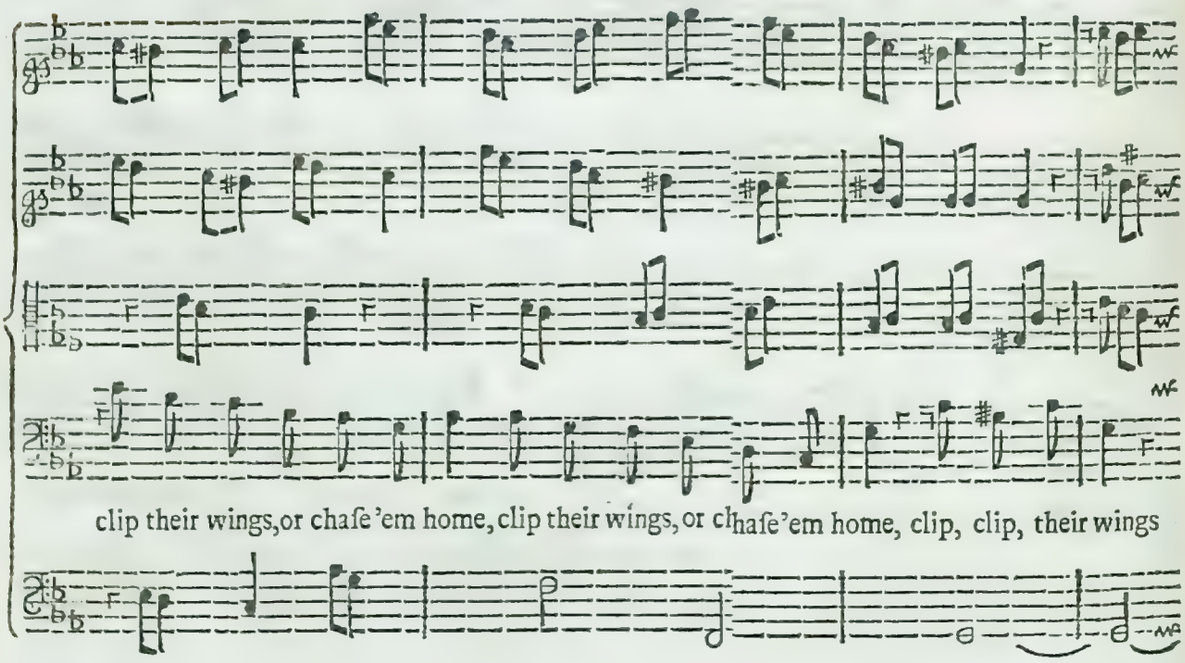
SONGS *in* Bonduca.

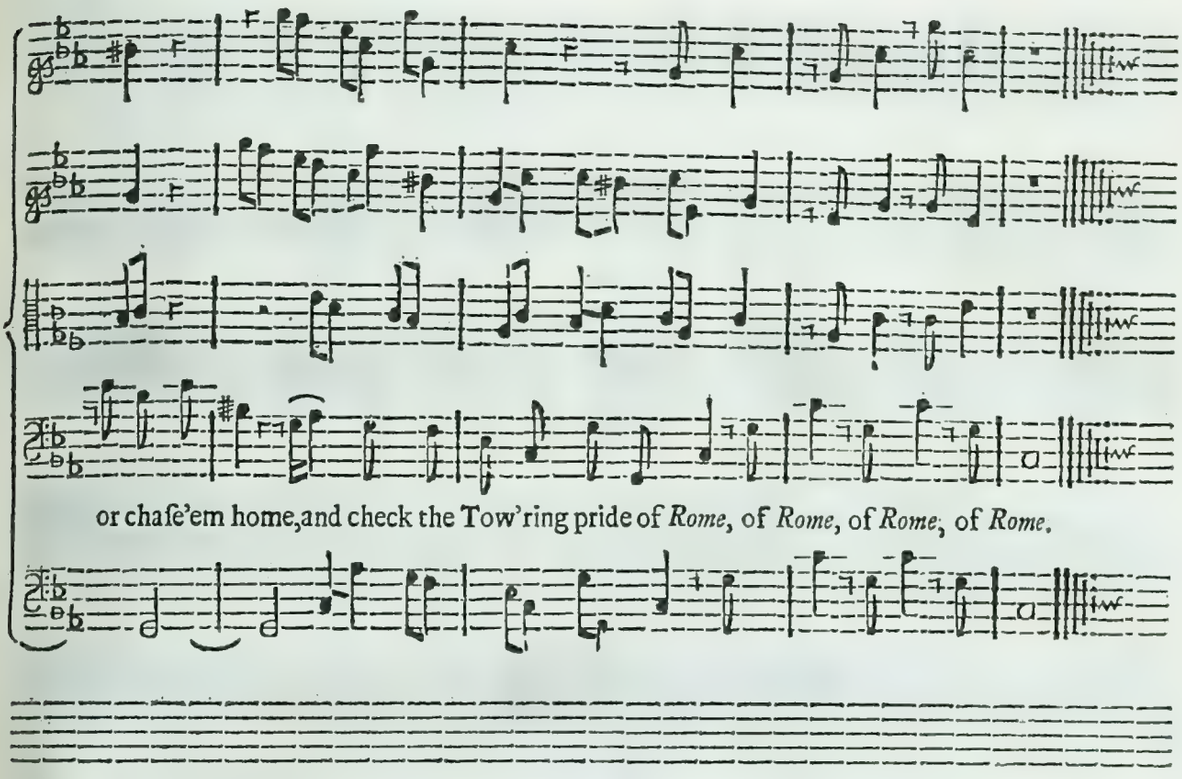
Here ye Gods of *Britain*, here ye Gods of *Britain*; Here us this day;


Let us not fall, let us not fall the *Roman* Eagles prey, clip, clip their wings, clip, clip theirwings,

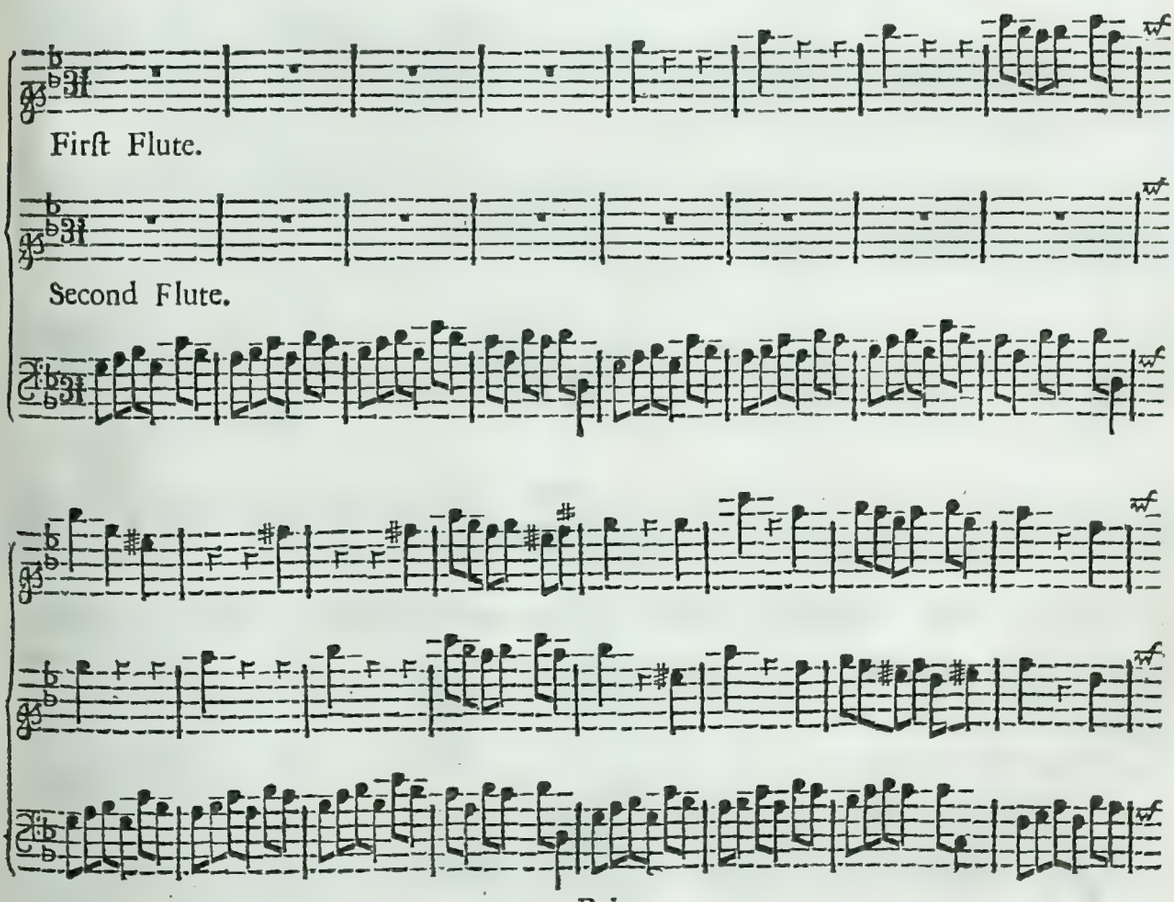

clip, clip their wings, or cha- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ſe 'em home; And check the

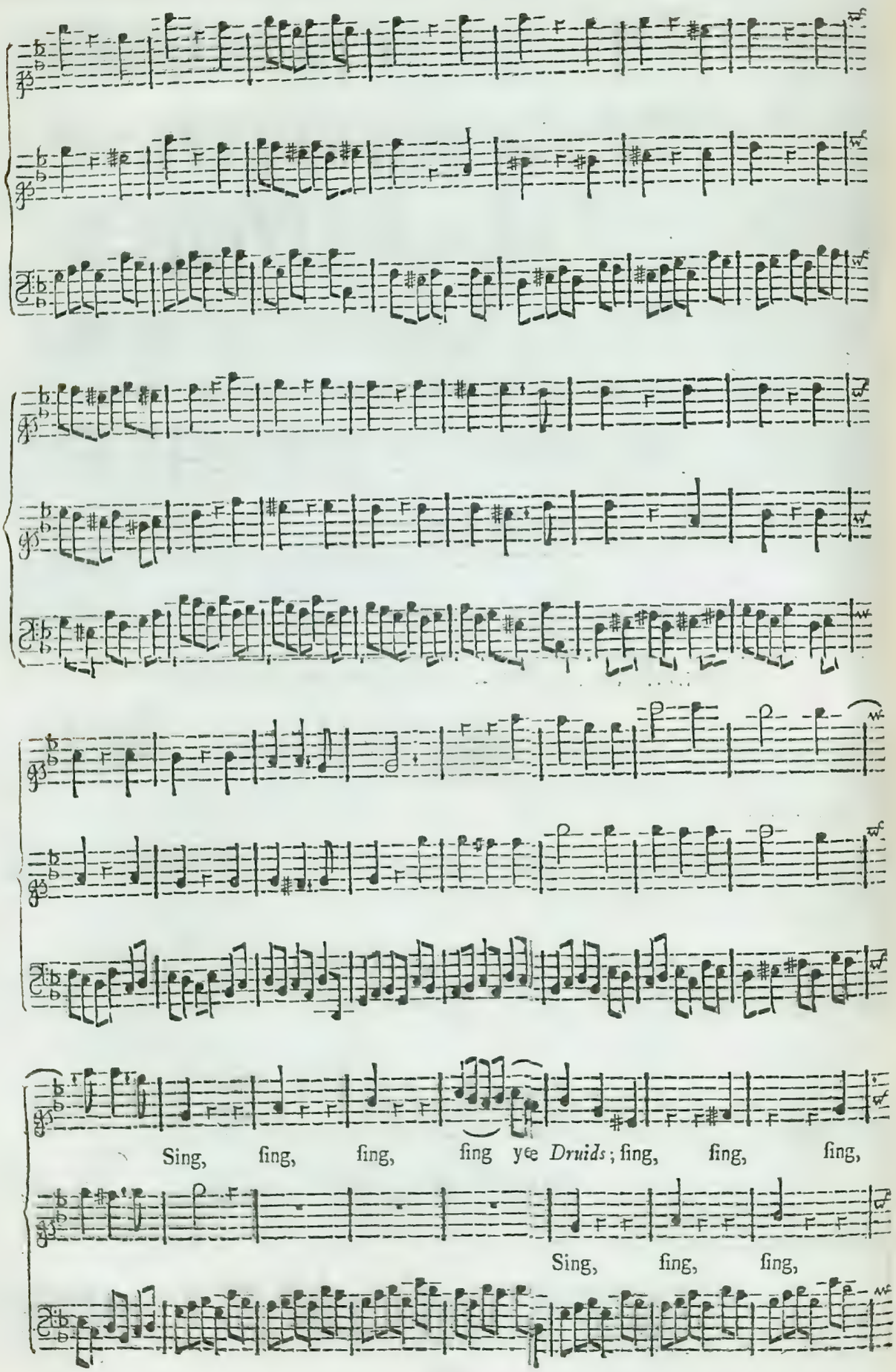

Tow'ring pride of *Rome*; And check the Tow'ring pride of *Rome*, of *Rome*, of *Rome*,


clip their wings, or chaſe 'em home, clip their wings, or chaſe 'em home, clip, clip, their wings



A Symphony *for* Flutes *to the following* SONG.




Sing, ſing, ſing, ſing ye *Druids*; ſing, ſing, ſing,
Sing, ſing, ſing,

ſing, ye *Druids*; All, all, all, all your Voi—ces raiſe; All, all, all, all your

ſing, ye *Druids*; All, all, all, all your Voi—ces raiſe; All, all, all, all your

Voi—ces raiſe; Sing, ſing, ſing, ſing, all, all your Voi——ces raiſe- - - - - - - - to

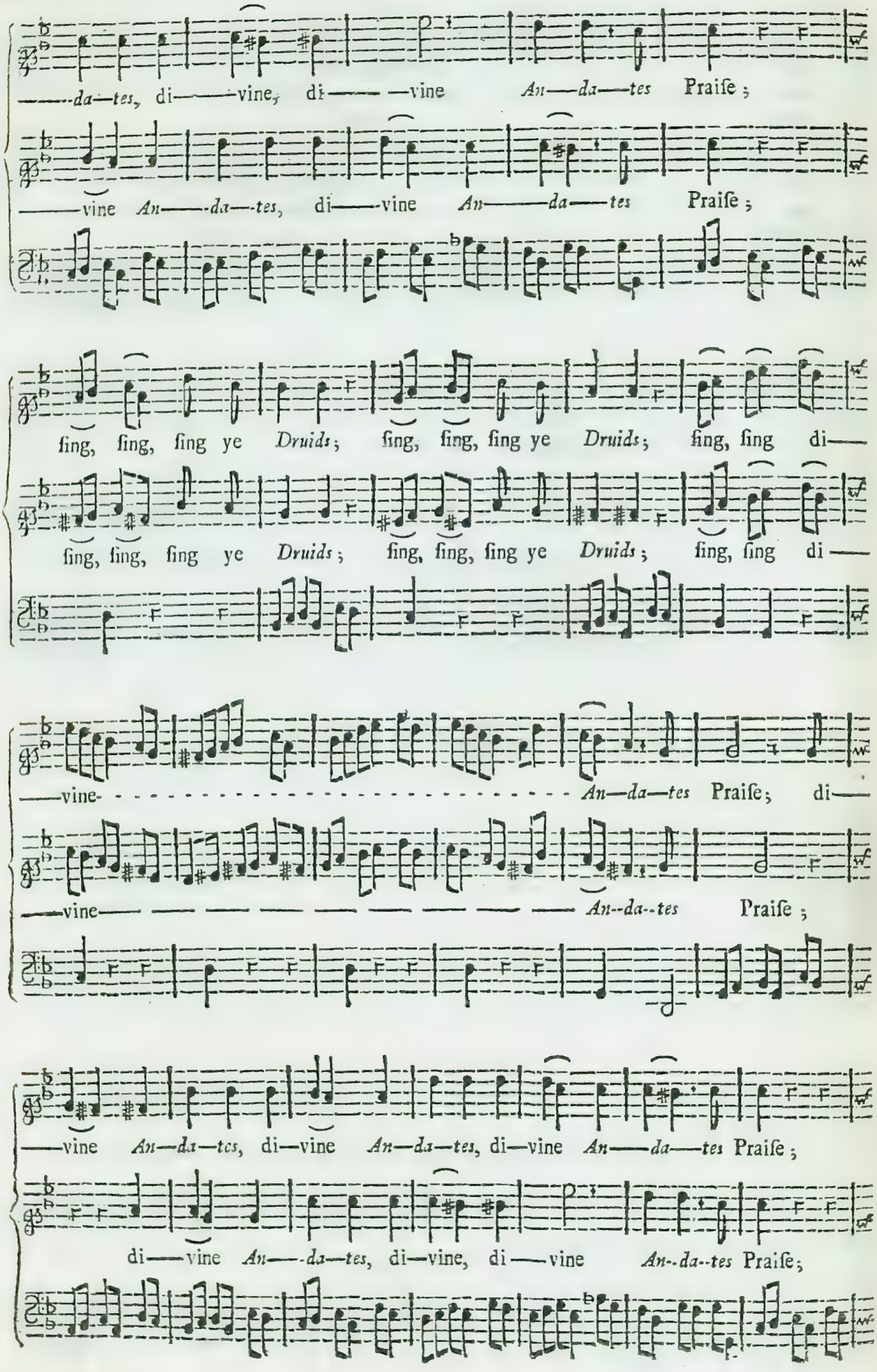
Voi—ces raiſe; Sing, ſing, ſing, ſing, ſing all your Voi—— ces raiſe- - - - - - - - to

Celebrate, to Celebrate di--vine *An da- tes* Praiſe; To Celebrate, to Celebrate di——

Celebrate, to Celebrate di--vine *An-da--tes* Praiſe; To Celebrate, to Celebrate di——

—vine *An--da--tes* Praiſe; Sing, ſing, ſing, ſing, ſing, ſing, ſing, ſing di——vine *An*——

—vine *An-da--tes* Praiſe; Sing, ſing, ſing, ſing, ſing, ſing di—vine *An---da—tes*, di——


da—tes, di——vine, di——vine An—da—tes Praiſe;
vine An——da—tes, di——vine An——da——tes Praiſe;
ſing, ſing, ſing ye Druids; ſing, ſing, ſing ye Druids; ſing, ſing di—
ſing, ſing, ſing ye Druids; ſing, ſing, ſing ye Druids; ſing, ſing di—
vine- An—da—tes Praiſe; di—
vine— An--da--tes Praiſe;
vine An—da—tes, di—vine An—da—tes, di—vine An——da——tes Praiſe;
di——vine An——da—tes, di—vine, di——vine An--da--tes Praiſe;

Sing, ſing, ſing ye *Dru—ids*; Sing, ſing, ſing ye *Dru—ids*, ſing, ſing di—vine———

Sing, ſing, ſing ye *Dru—ids*; Sing, ſing, ſing ye *Dru—ids*, ſing, ſing di—vine———

——— ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— *An—da-tes* Praiſe.

——— ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— *An--da--tes* Praiſe.

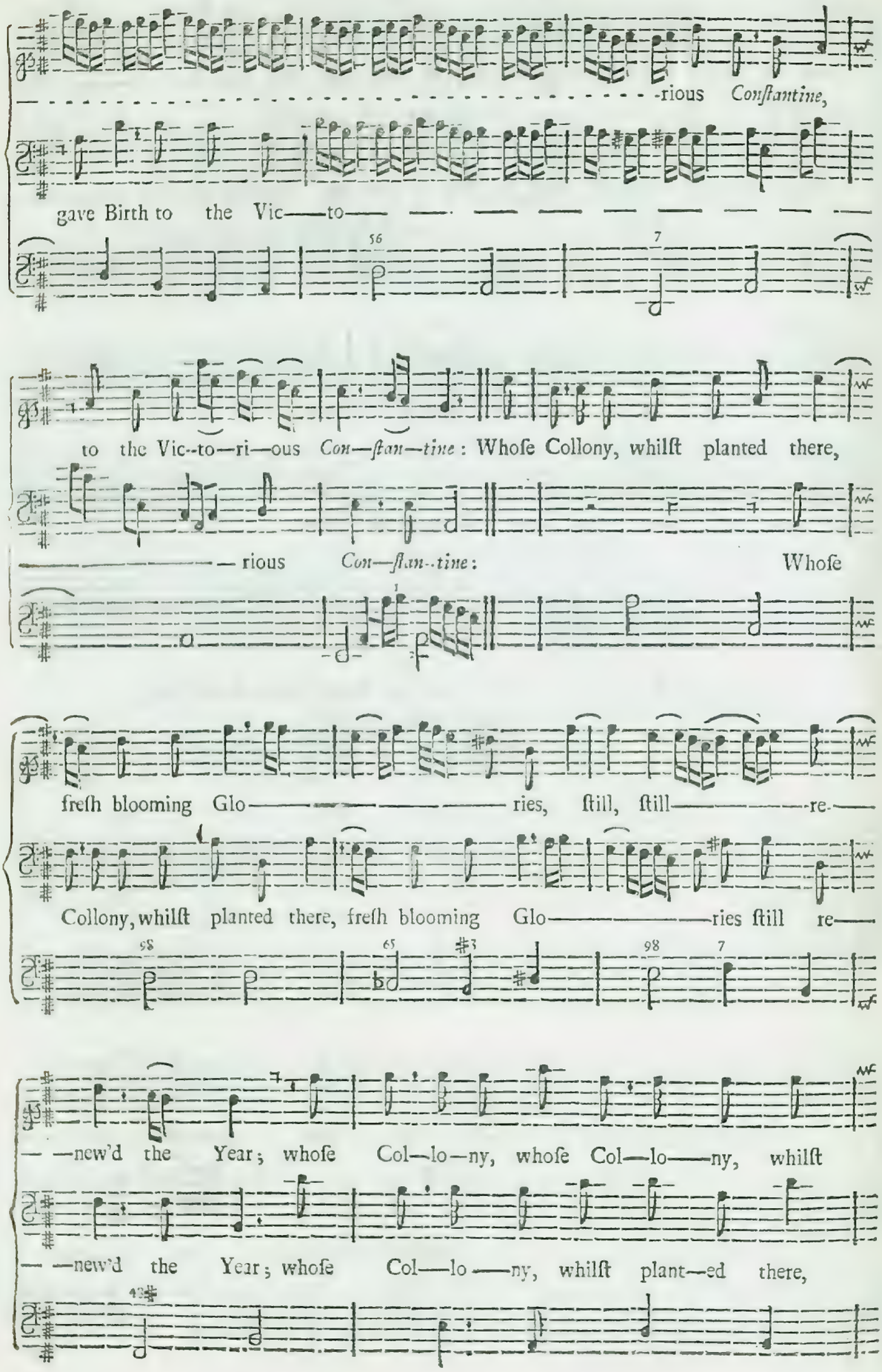
A VERSE for Two Voices in the Yorkſhire-*Feaſt-Song.*

Rigantium Honour'd with a Race di———vine,

Brigantium Honour'd with a

Bigantium Honour'd with a Race di——-vine; gave Birth to the Vic—

Race di———vine, *Brigantium* Honour'd with a Race di—vine;


-rious Constantine,
gave Birth to the Vic——to——
to the Vic--to—ri—ous Con—stan—tine: Whose Collony, whilst planted there,
——— rious Con—stan--tine: Whose
fresh blooming Glo——— ries, still, still——re-——
Collony, whilst planted there, fresh blooming Glo———ries still re——
— —new'd the Year; whose Col—lo—ny, whose Col—lo——ny, whilst
— —new'd the Year; whose Col—lo——ny, whilst plant—ed there,

plant—ed there, freſh Bloom—ing Glo—

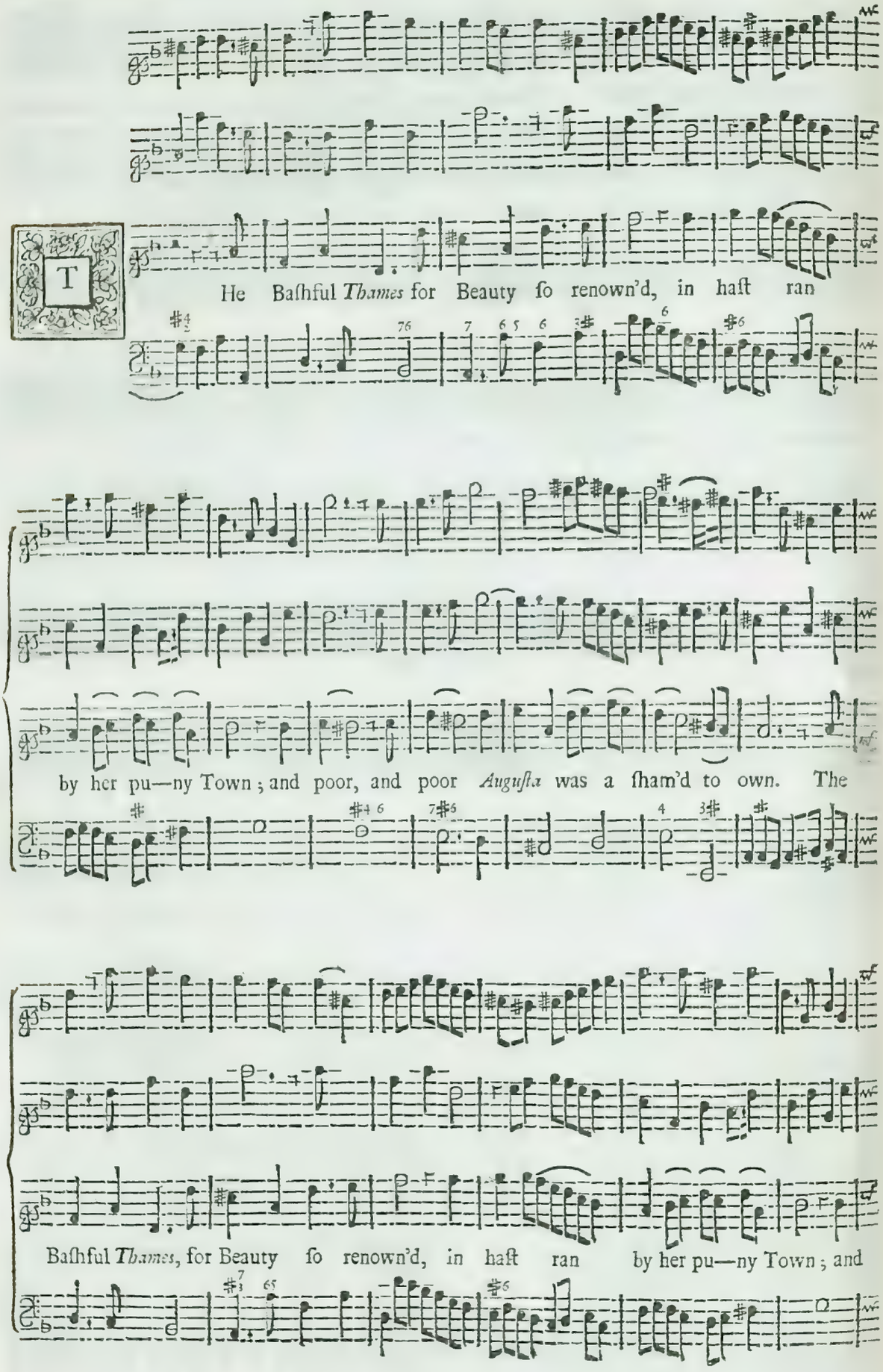
freſh Bloom— — — —ing Glo—

—ries ſtill re—new'd the Year.

—ries ſtill renew'd the Year.

A VERSE with Flutes *in the* Yorkſhire *Feaſt-Song.*

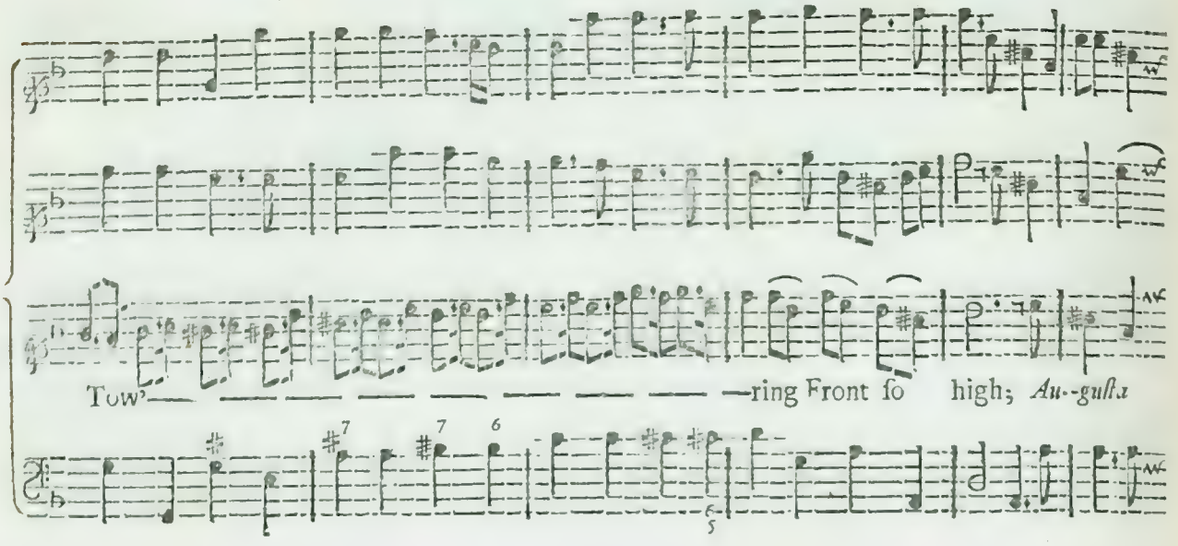
FLUTES.

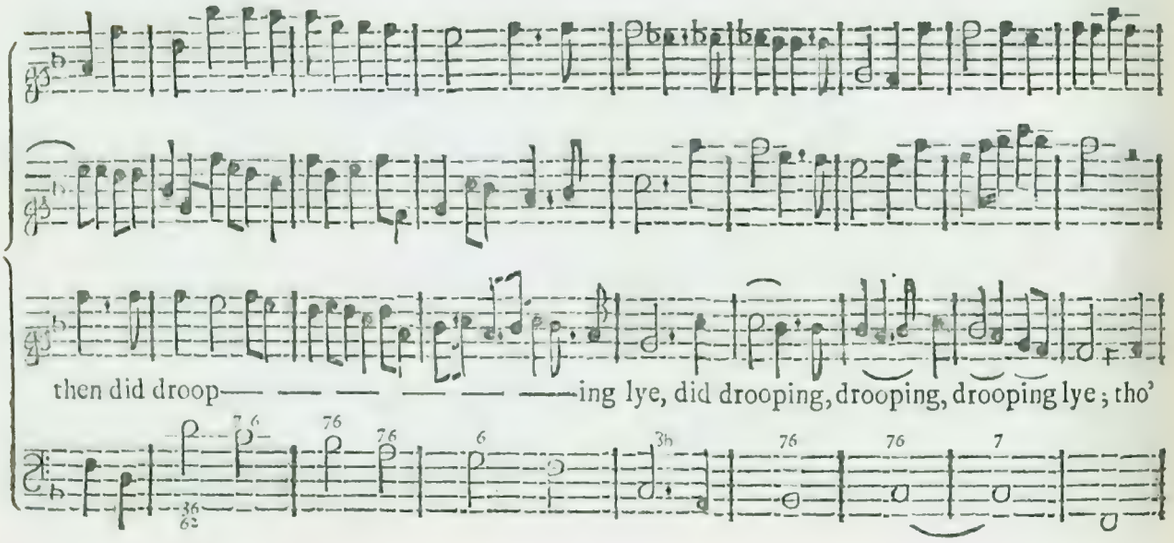

THe Baſhful *Thames* for Beauty ſo renown'd, in haſt ran
by her pu—ny Town; and poor, and poor *Auguſta* was a ſham'd to own. The
Baſhful *Thames*, for Beauty ſo renown'd, in haſt ran by her pu—ny Town; and

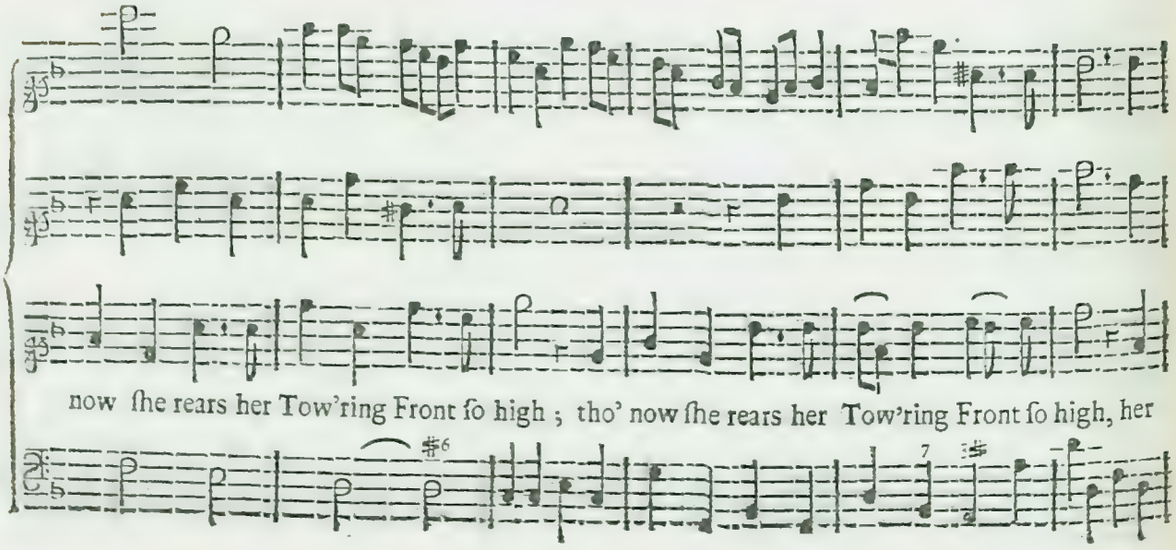
poor, and poor *Auguſta* was a—ſham'd to own; *Au--gu-ſta* then did droo———

———————-ping lye, did drooping, drooping, drooping lye; tho'

now ſhe rears her Tow'ring Front ſo high; tho' now ſhe rears her Tow'ring Front ſo high, her


Tow'— — — — — — — — —ring Front ſo high; *Au--guſta*


then did droop— — — — — —ing lye, did drooping, drooping, drooping lye; tho'

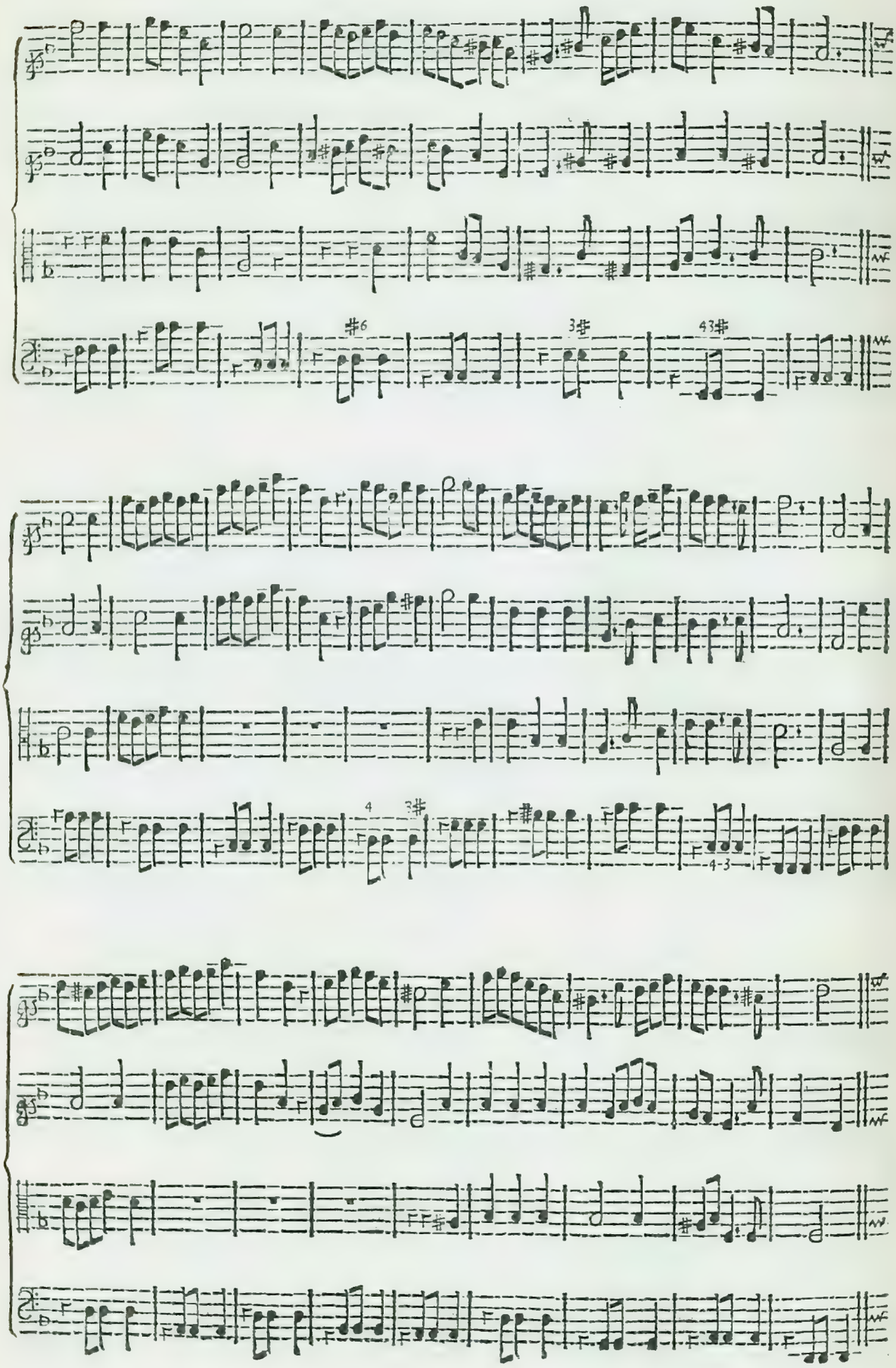

now ſhe rears her Tow'ring Front ſo high; tho' now ſhe rears her Tow'ring Front ſo high, her

Tow'— — — — — — — — — — — —ring Front ſo high, her Tow'—

— — — — — — — — — — —ring Front ſo high.

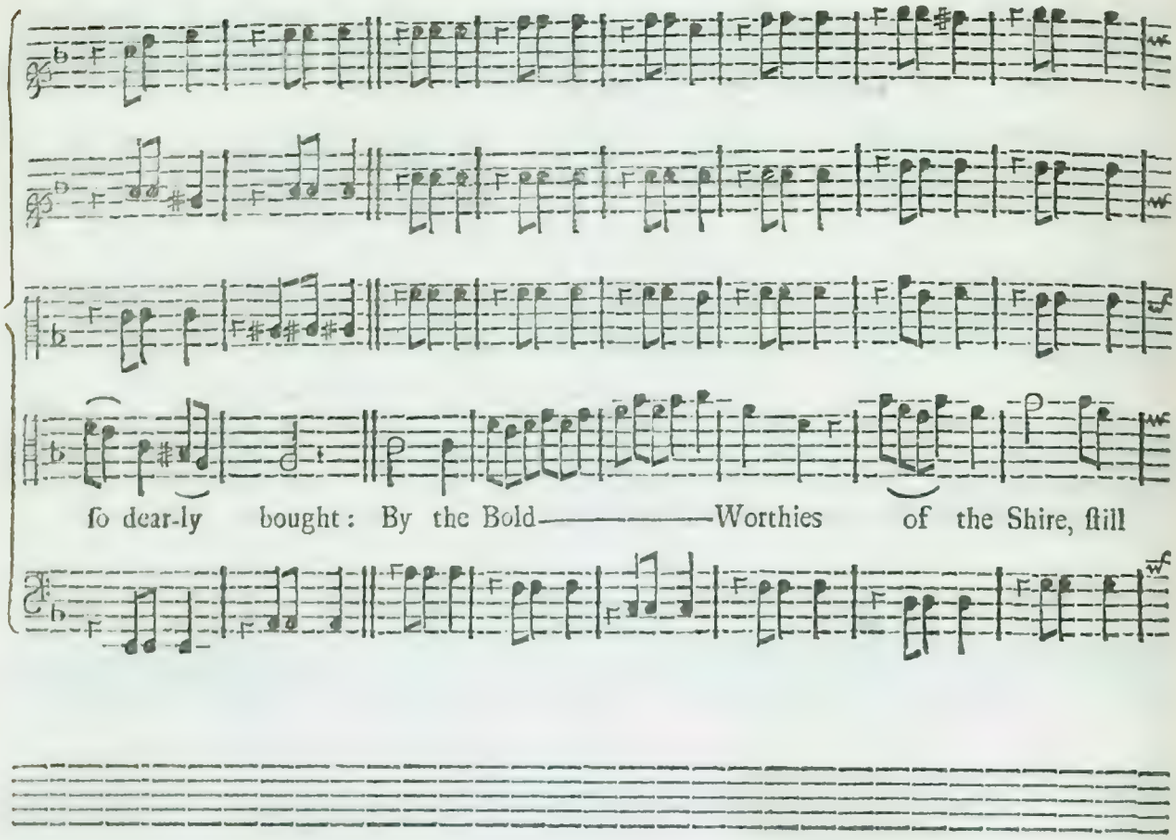
A VERSE with Violins *in the* Yorkſhire-*Feaſt-Song.*

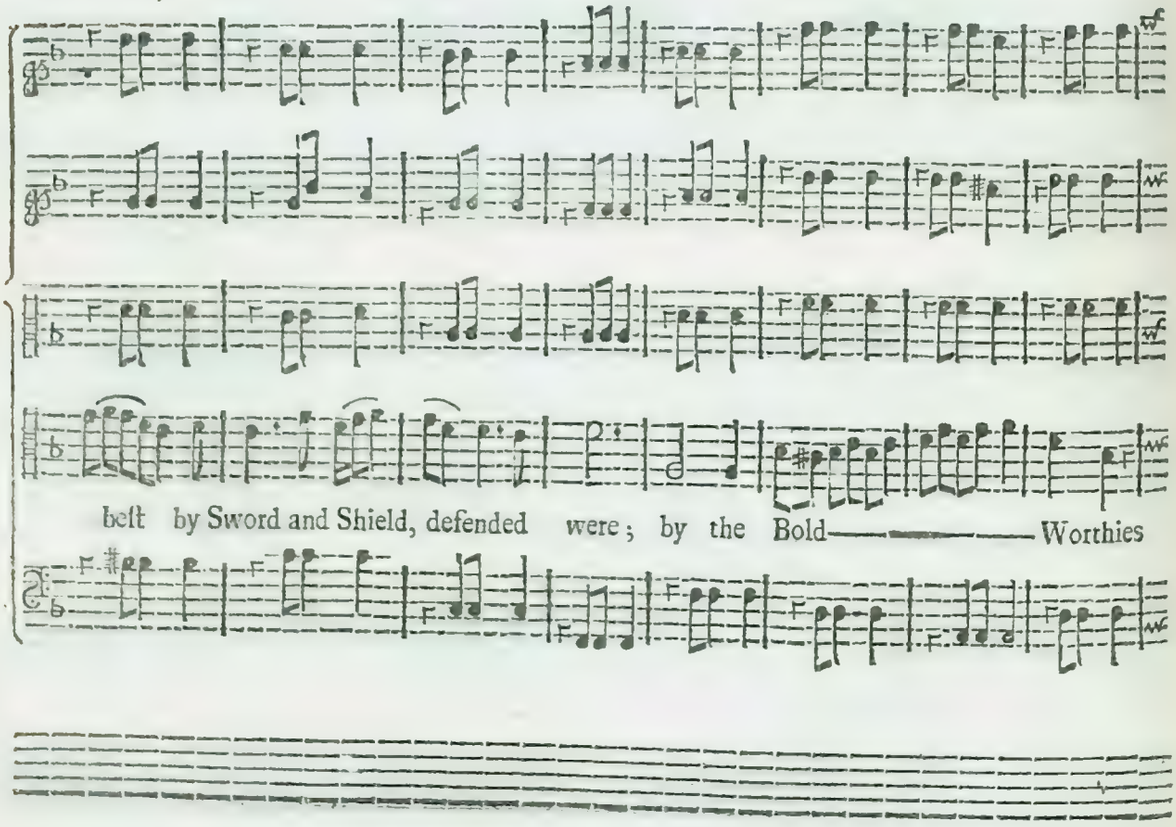
VIOLINS.



The pale and the pur—ple Roſe, that af——ter coſt ſo many, ma--ny Blows, ſo

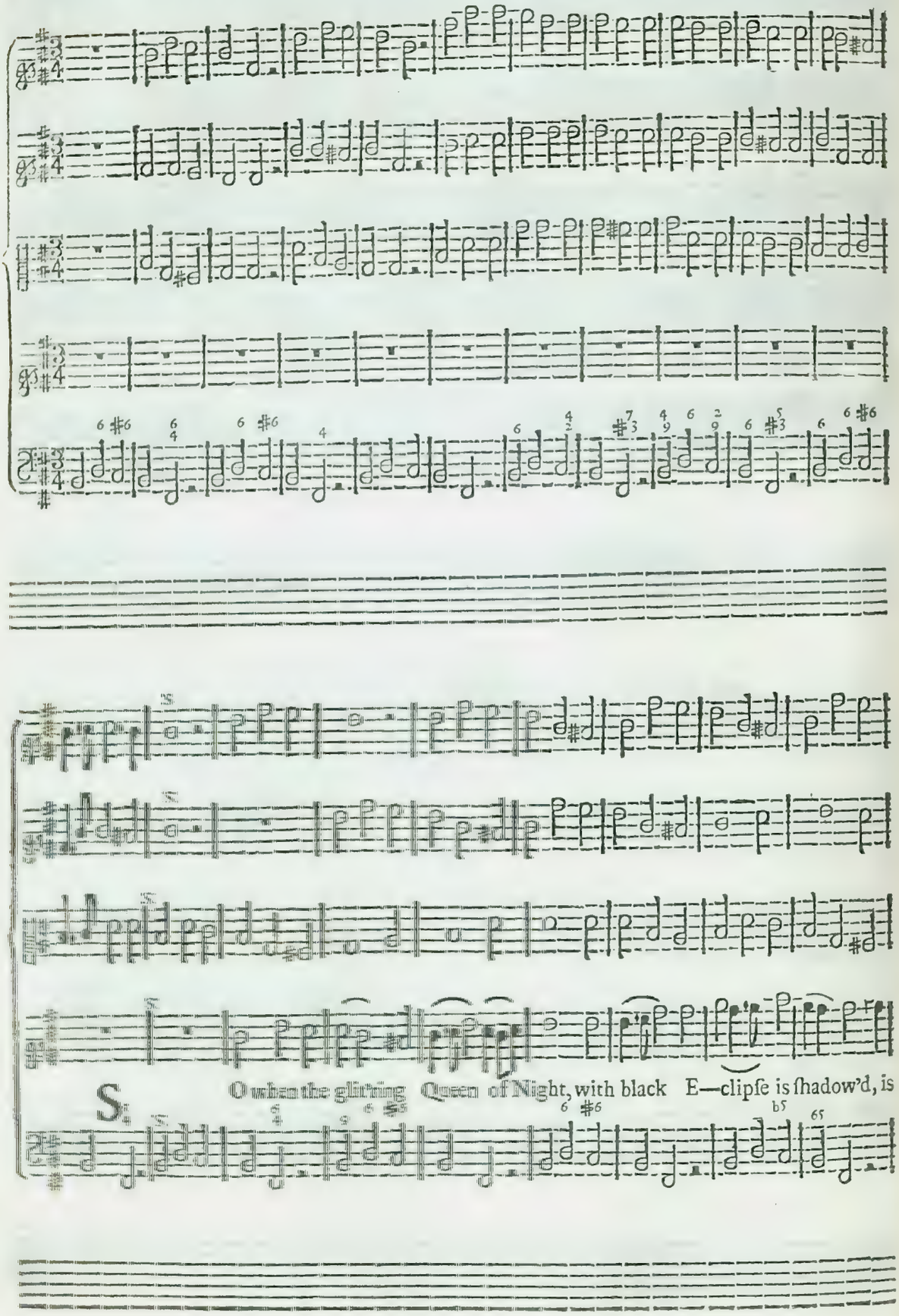
many, many Blows, ſo many, many Blows, when *Eng—liſh* Ba—rons ſought a Price


ſo dear-ly bought: By the Bold——————Worthies of the Shire, ſtill


beſt by Sword and Shield, defended were; by the Bold——————Worthies

of that Shire, ſtill beſt by Sword and Shield, de-fend-ed were, were.

A VERSE with Violins *in the* Yorkſhire-*Feaſt-Song.*



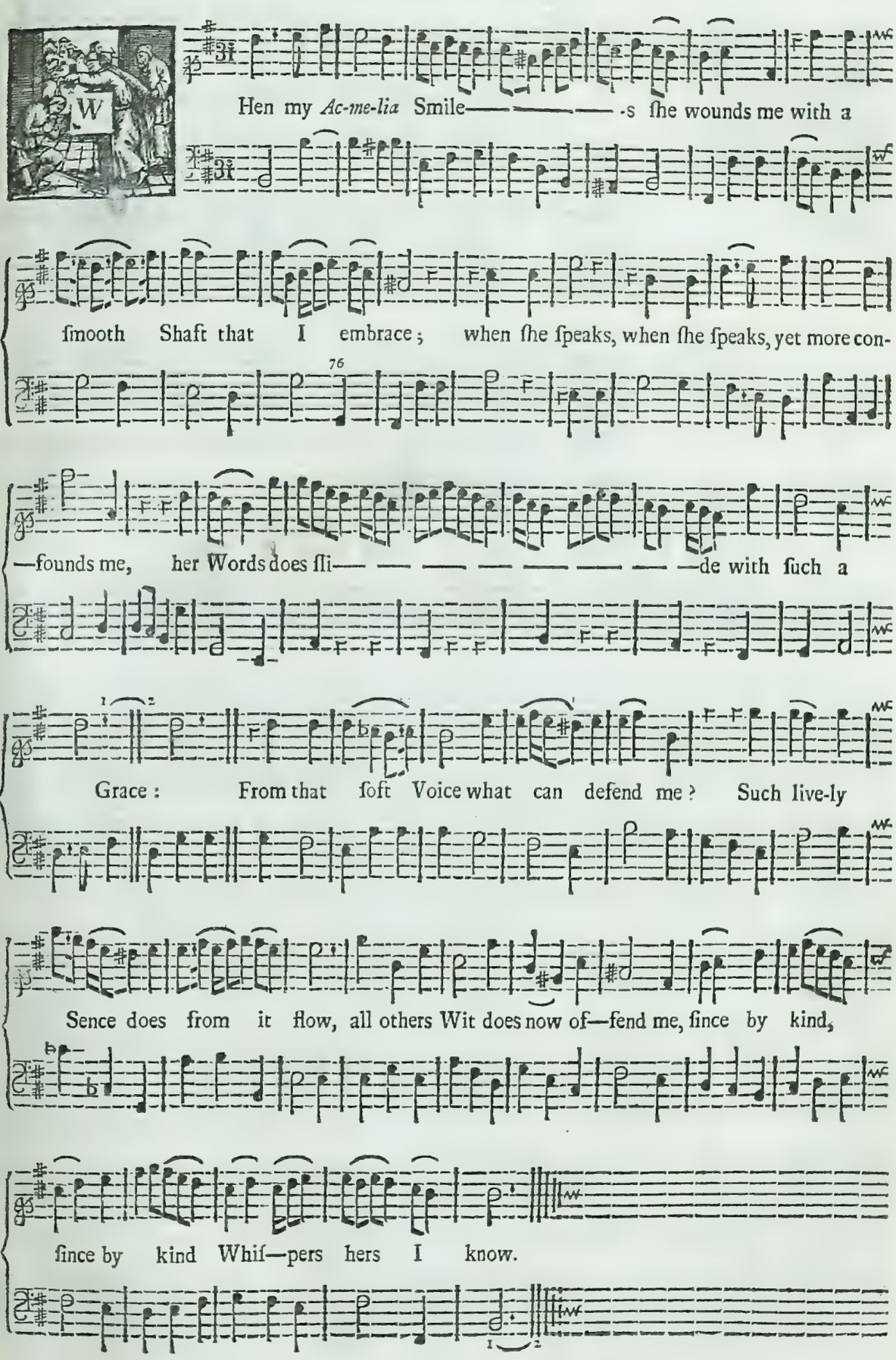
ſhadow'd o'er, o'er. The Globe that Swell——————s with Sullen

Pride, her Daz——————ling Beams to hide; does but a

little, a lit—tle, a little, a little time a-bide, and then each Ray, and then each Ray is

Bright- - - - - -er, is bright- - - - - - - - - - -er than be—fore, fore.

A ſingle SONG.



A SONG for Two Voices.

Hen love—ly *Phil--lis* thou art kind, nought but Raptures fill my Mind; 'tis

Hen love—ly *Phil--lis* thou art kind, nought but Raptures fill my Mind; 'tis

then I think thee ſo Divine, t'excell the migh--ty Pow'r of Wine: But when thou in—

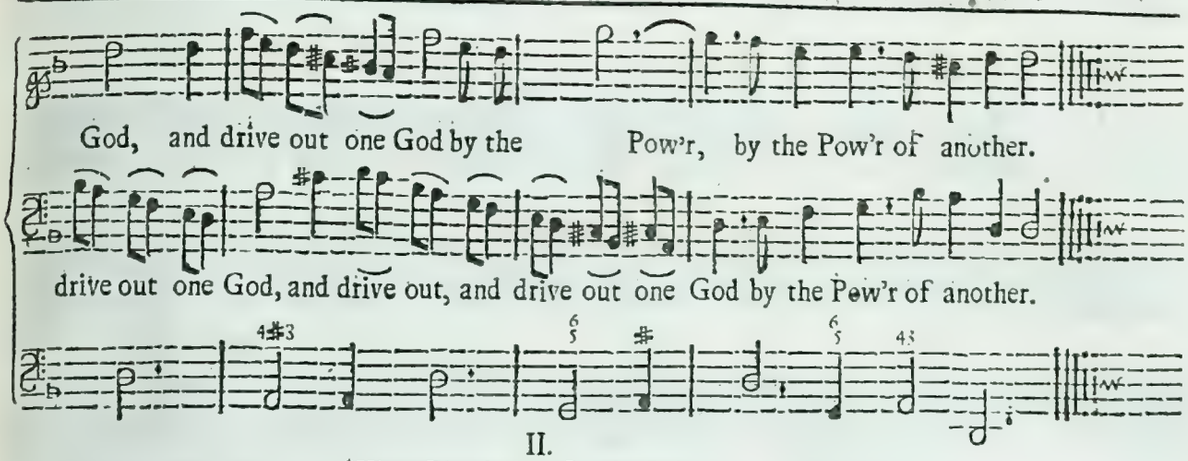
then I think thee ſo Divine, t'excell the mighty Pow'r of Wine: But

ſult'ſt, but when thou in—ſult'ſt, and lau———ghs at my Pain, I waſh thee a

when thou inſult'ſt, and lau———————ghs at my Pain, I waſh thee a

was with ſparkling Champaign; ſo bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mother, and drive out one

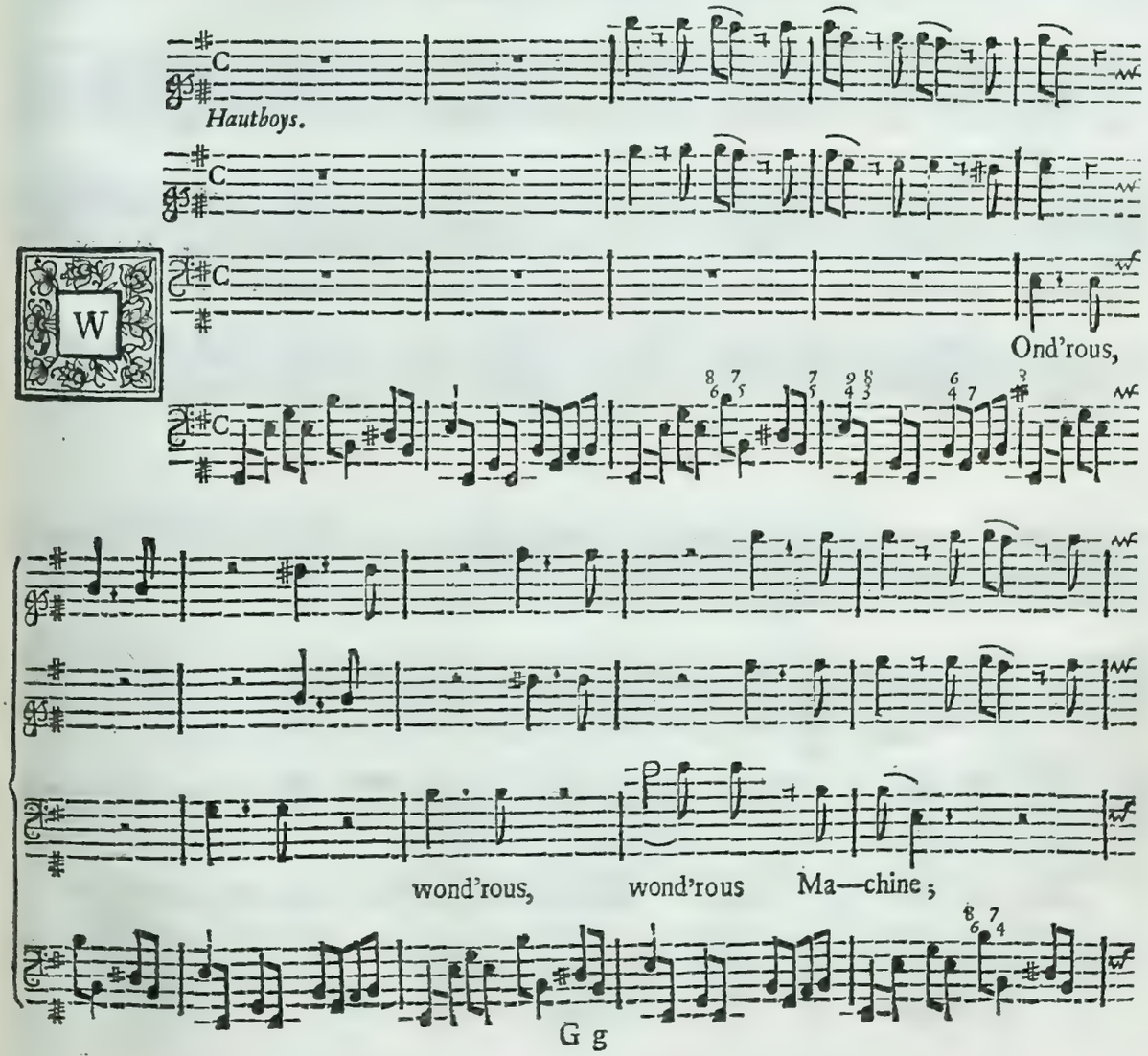
way with ſparkling Champaign; ſo bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mother, and



II.

When Pity in thy Looks I ſee,
I frailly quit my Friends for thee;
Perſwaſive Love ſo charms me then,
My Freedom I'de not wiſh again.
But when thou art cruel, and heeds not my Care,
Streight with a Bumper I baniſh Deſpair;
So bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mother,
And drive out one God by the Pow'r of another.

A SONG with Hautboys, *on St.* Cecilia's *day* 1692.



Wond'rous, wond'rous, wond'rous, wond'rous Ma—

—chine, to thee, the warb— — — — — — — — —ling

Lute, tho' us'd to Conquest must be forc'd, must be forc'd, must be forc'd to

yeild; muſt be forc'd, muſt be forc'd, muſt be forc'd to yeild, muſt be forc'd, muſt be forc'd to

yeild, muſt be forc'd, muſt be forc'd, muſt be forc'd to yeild:

With thee una—ble, with thee un-a—ble, with thee un—a— — — —

—ble to di—ſpute;

Tho' us'd to Con—queſt, tho' us'd to

Conqueſt, is with thee un——a——ble to diſ—pute.

Wond'rous, wond'rous, wond'rous, wond'rous Ma—

—chine, to thee, the warb— — — — — — — — — —ling

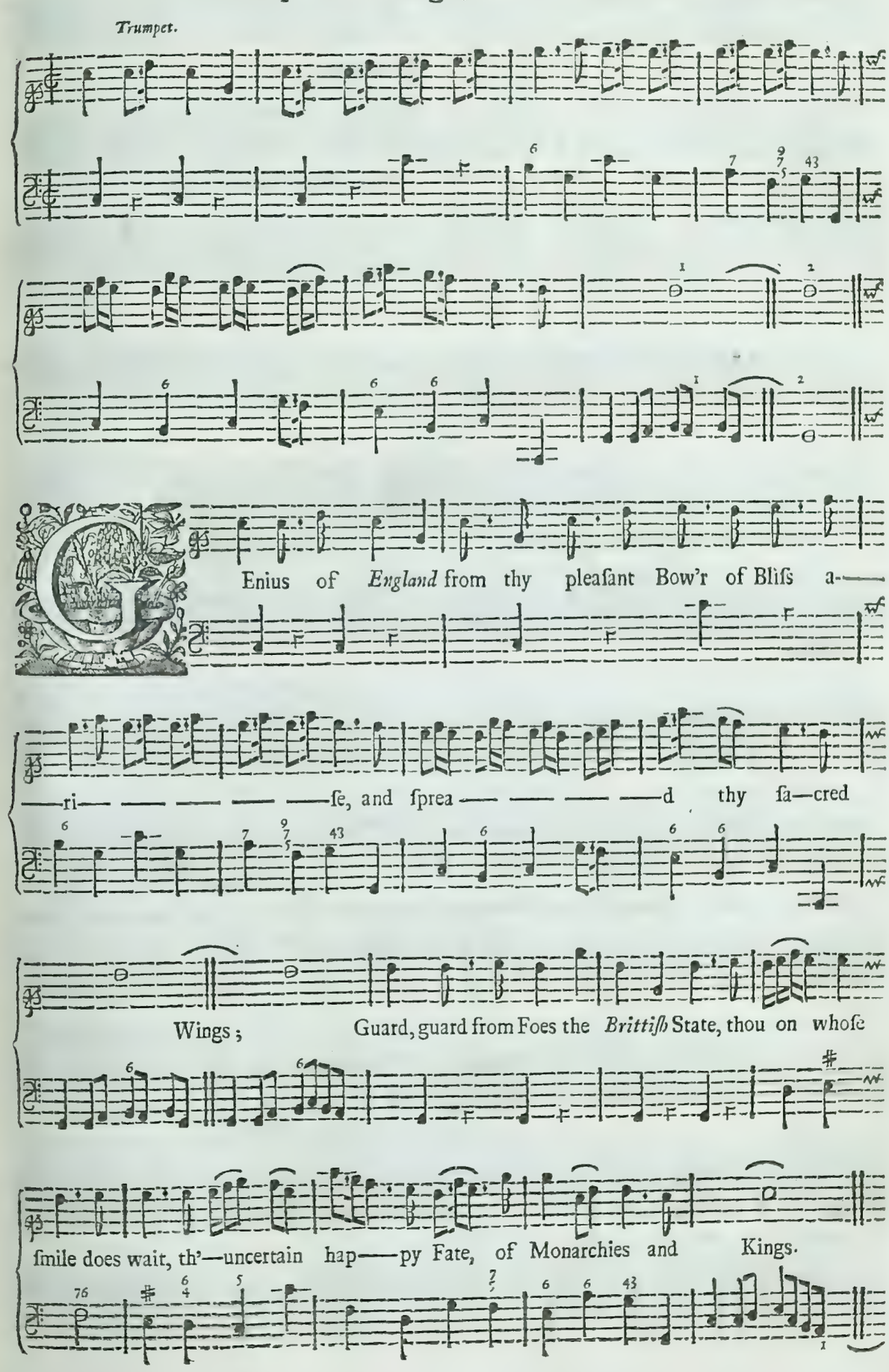
Lute, tho' us'd to Conquest must be forc'd, must be forc'd, must be forc'd to

yeild ; muſt be forc'd, muſt be forc'd, muſt be forc'd to yeild, muſt be forc'd, muſt be forc'd to

yeild, muſt be forc'd, muſt be forc'd, muſt be forc'd to yeild.

A SONG in Donquixote, *Sung by Mr.* Freeman *and Mrs.* Cibber.

Trumpet.



Mrs. *Cibber.*

Then follow brave Boys,

then follow brave Boys to the Wars, follow, follow, follow, follow,

follow, follow, follow, follow, follow brave Boys to the War— — — — —

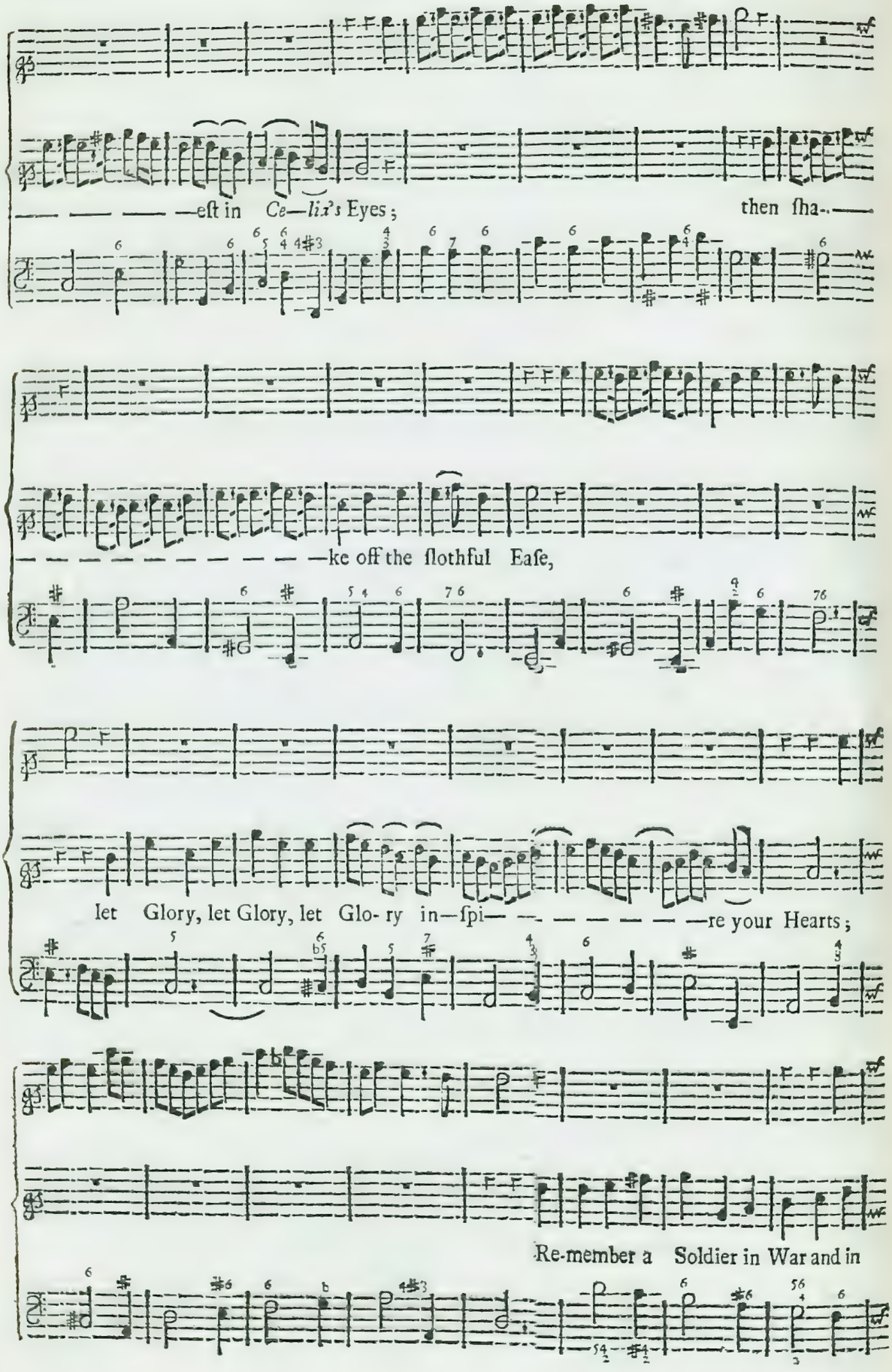
— — — — — —s,

follow, follow, follow brave Boys to the War— — — — — — — —

— — — —s, the Lawrel you know 's the prize, the Lawrel you

know's the prize: Who brings home the nobleſt, the no— — — bleſt,

the no— — — — —bleſt Scars, looks fine— — — —

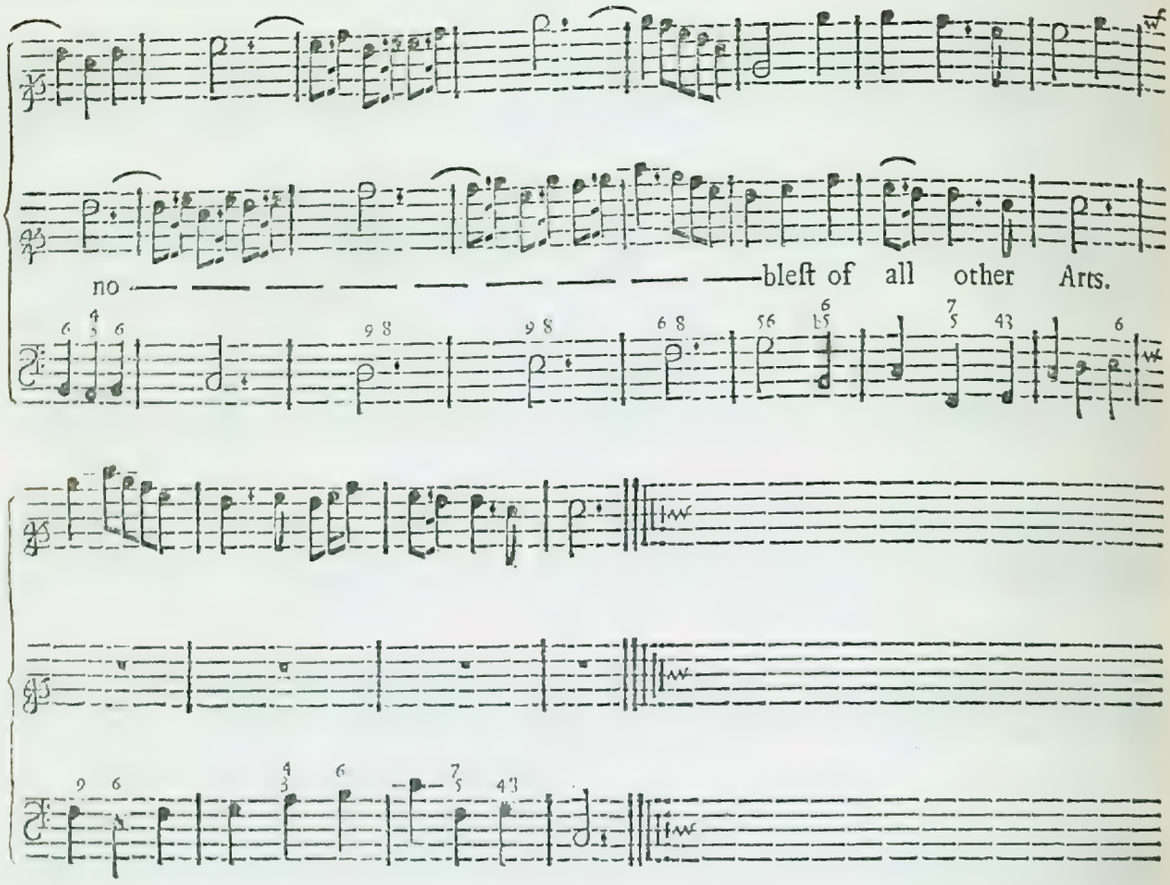

—eſt in Ce—lia's Eyes; then ſha—
—ke off the ſlothful Eaſe,
let Glory, let Glory, let Glo- ry in—ſpi— —re your Hearts;
Re-member a Soldier in War and in

Peace, remember a Soldier in War, in War and in Peace, is the

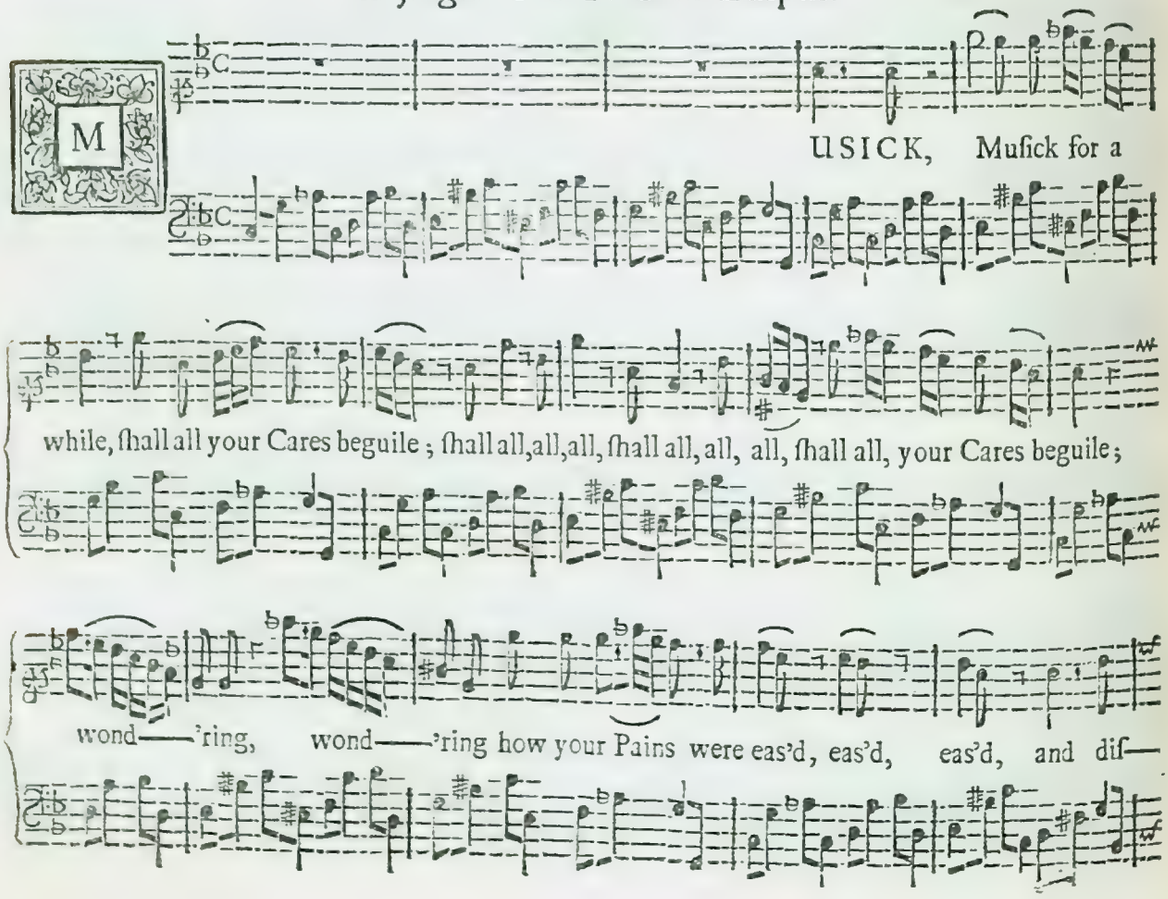
no——————————bleſt of all other

Arts: Remember a Soldier in

War and in Peace, re--member a Soldier in War, in War and in Peace, is the



A ſingle SONG *in* Edipus.



—dain—ing to be pleas'd, till *A—lec--to* free the Dead, till *A—-lec—to* free the Dead, from

their E—ter— — — — —nal, E—ter— — — — —nal Band;

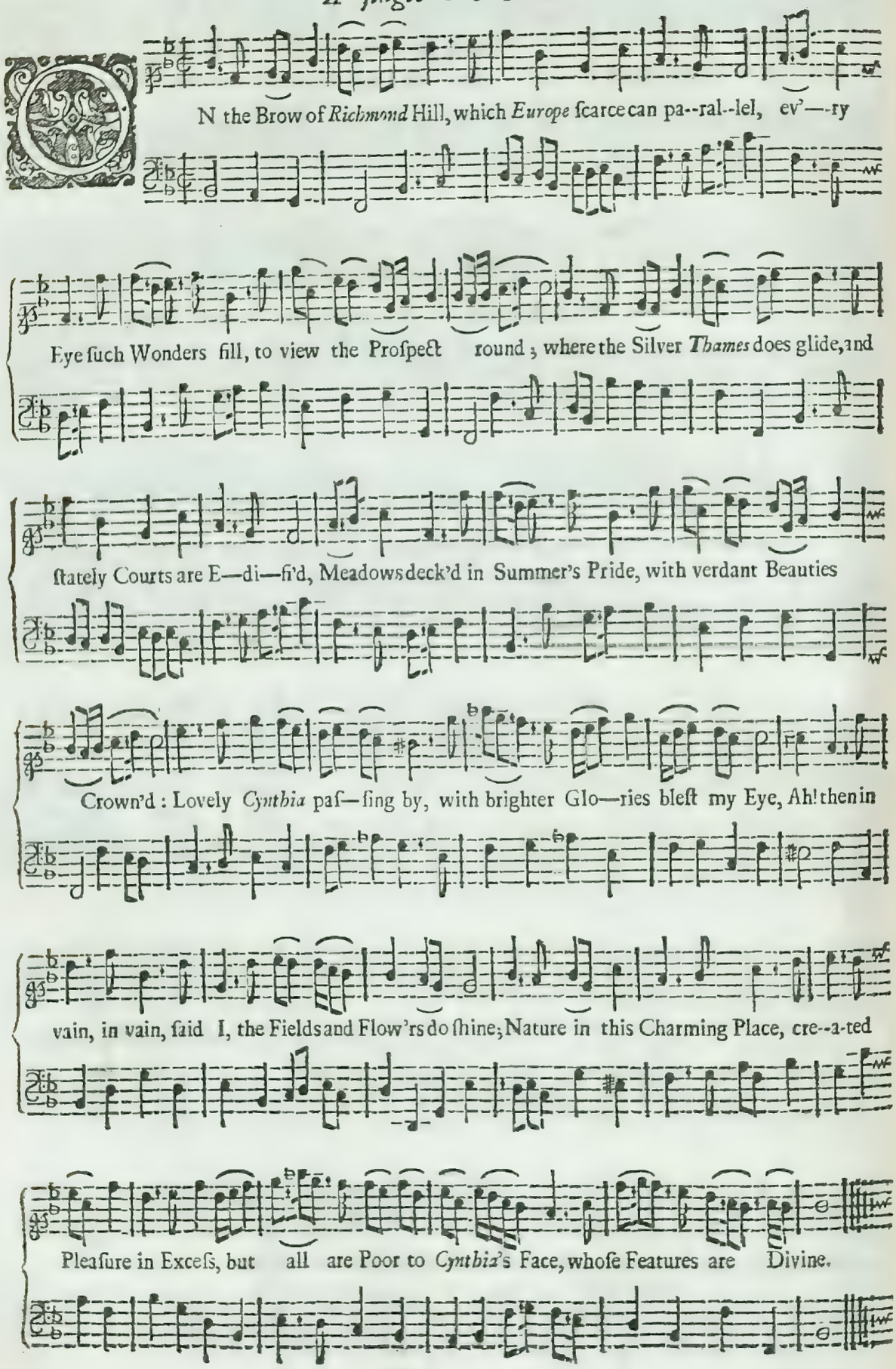
till the *Snakes* drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop from her Head; and the

Whip, and the Whip from out her Hand; Muſick, Muſick for a while ſhall

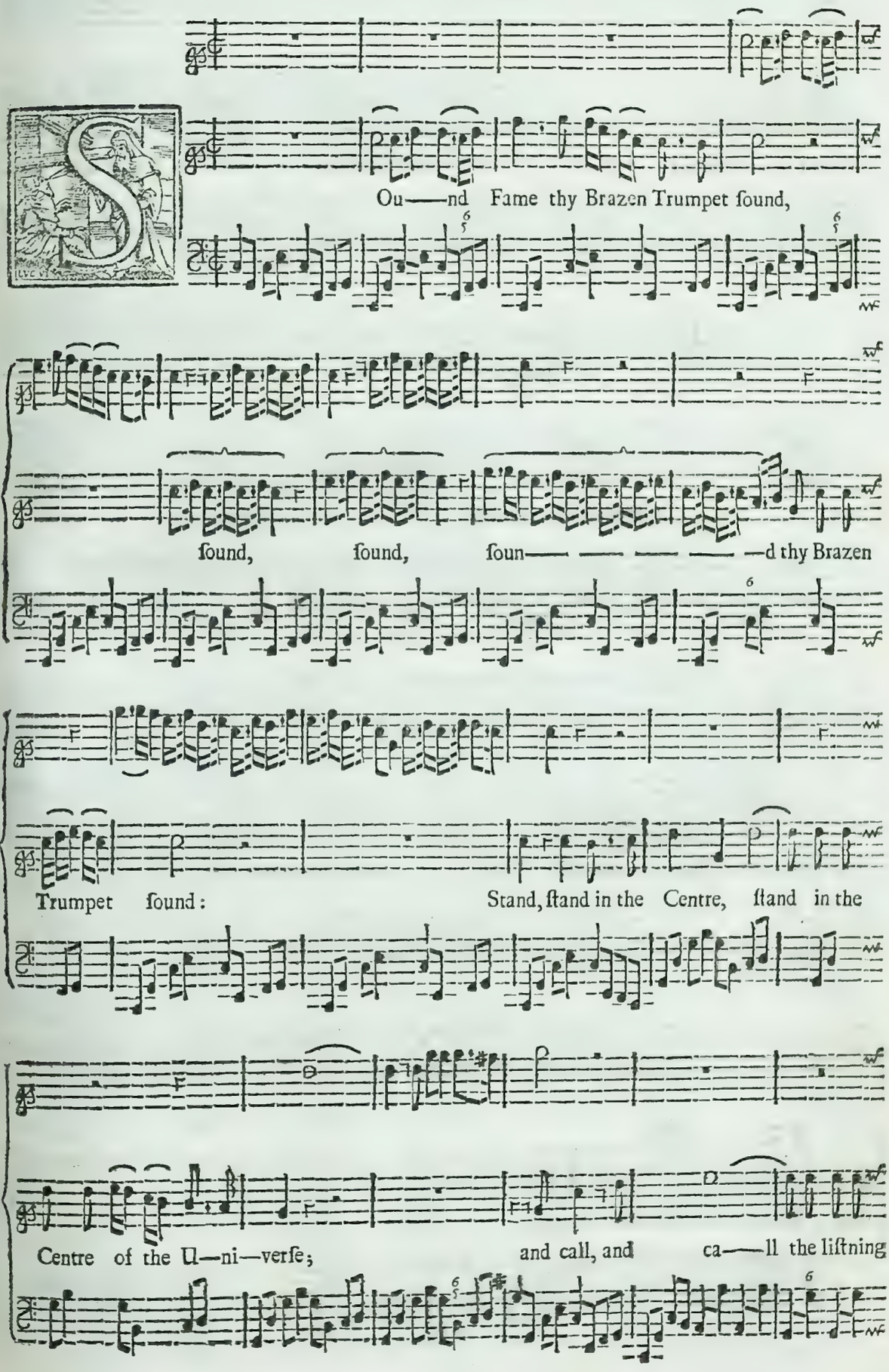
all your cares beguile; ſhall all, all, all, all, all, all, all, ſhall all your cares be-—

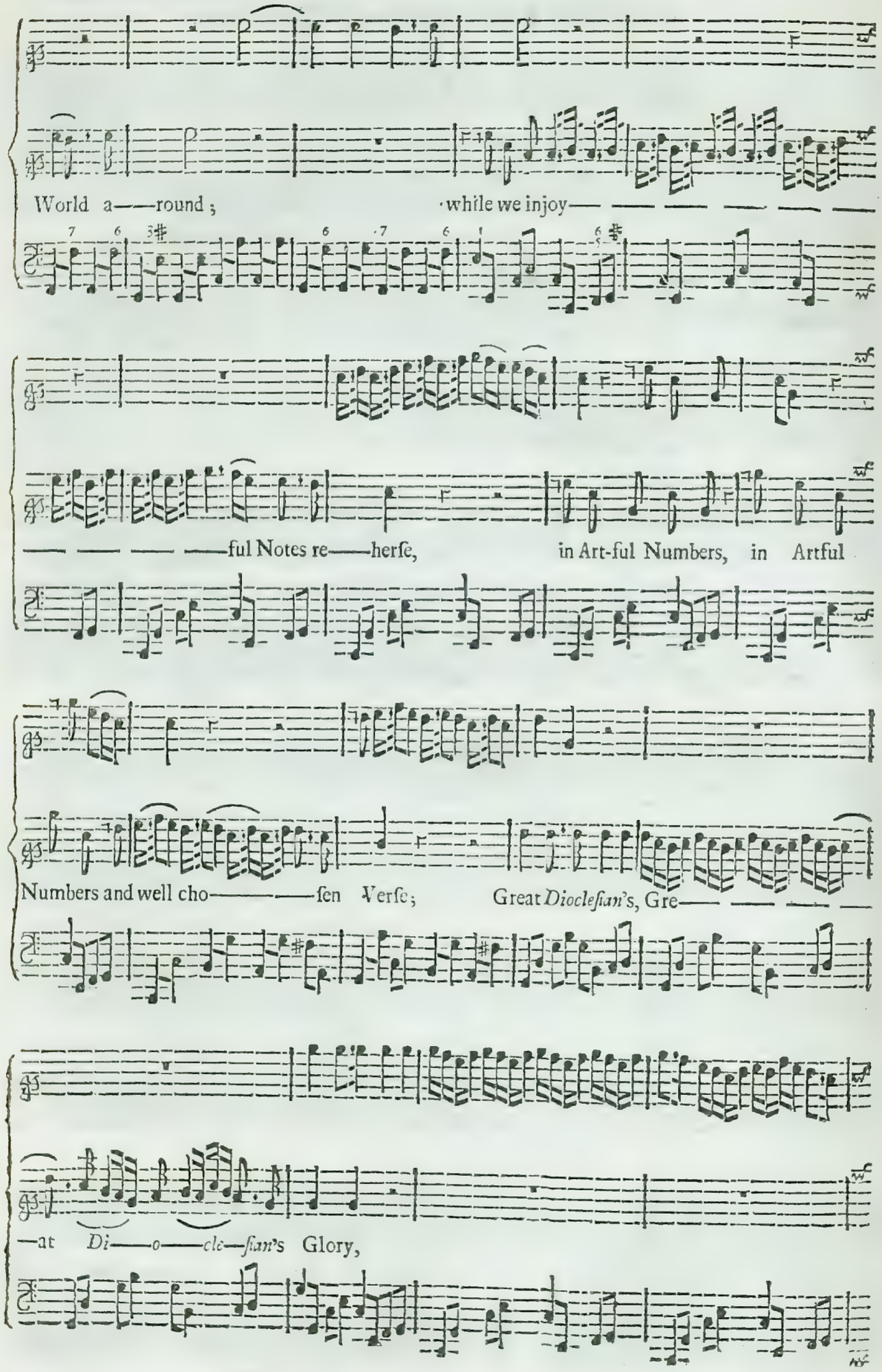
—guile; all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, ſhall all, your cares be—guile.

A ſingle S O N G.



A SONG with a Trumpet in Dioclesion.




World a——round; while we injoy——
——ful Notes re——herſe, in Art-ful Numbers, in Artful
Numbers and well cho——ſen Verſe; Great *Dioclesian*'s, Gre——
—at *Di——o——cle—ſian*'s Glory,

Great *Dioclesian's*, Gre——————at *Di——o—cle—sian's* Glory,

Gre——————at *Di——o——cle——sian's* Glory.

A DIALOGUE *between* Thirsis, *and* Daphne.

Thirsis.

WHY my *Daphne*, why complaining, and my Sighs and Tears disdaining?

since not many hours are past; when with hands lift up to Heav'n, then our plighted Faith was giv'n

vowing they shou'd ever last, shou'd ever, e—ver, e—ver last, shou'd ever, e—ver, e--ver last.

Daphne.

Oh! ingrateful fly Deceiver, and I, ea—ſie, ea——ſie fond Believer, to

think, that Man could e're be true! This to *Eg--la* was a Token, witneſs all your

Thirſis.

Vows are broken, and I, poor I, and I, poo———r I'm undone by you. Could that

falſe ma—licious Creature, work up-on your ea—ſie Nature; could ſhe ſay, That Gift was

mine; No, that Garland *Eg--la* gave me, but her Arts could ne're enſlave me; No, no, my

Life, my All, is thine, my All, All, All, my All is thine.

Daphne.

Oh! how quick my Heart is beat—ing! Oh! how quick, how quick, my

Soft.

Heart is beat—ing, ev'—ry Pulſe the Joy re—peating, the Joy re--peating, the

Joy re—peat—ing; pleas'd to find my Swain ſo true, pleas'd to

find my Swain ſo true: *Thir—ſis* is my on—ly Treaſure, *Thir—ſis*

is my on—ly Treaſure, Oh! I Love, Oh! I Love be——

—yond all meaſure, and wou'd quit the World for you. *CHORUS.*

CHORUS.

Oh! how quick my Heart is beat—ing! Oh! how quick, how quick my

Oh! how quick my Heart is beat—ing! Oh! how quick my

Heart is beat—ing, ev'—ry Pulſe the Joy re—peating, the Joy re—peating, the

Heart is beating, ev'——ry Pulſe the Joy, the Joy re—peating, the Joy, the

Joy re——peat—ing; pleas'd to find my Swain ſo true, pleas'd to

Joy re—peat—ing; pleas'd to find my Nymph ſo true, pleas'd to find, to

find my Swain ſo true: *Thirſis* is my on——ly Treaſure, *Thirſis* is my

find, my Nymph ſo true: *Daphne* is my on——ly Treaſure, my on--ly, on——ly

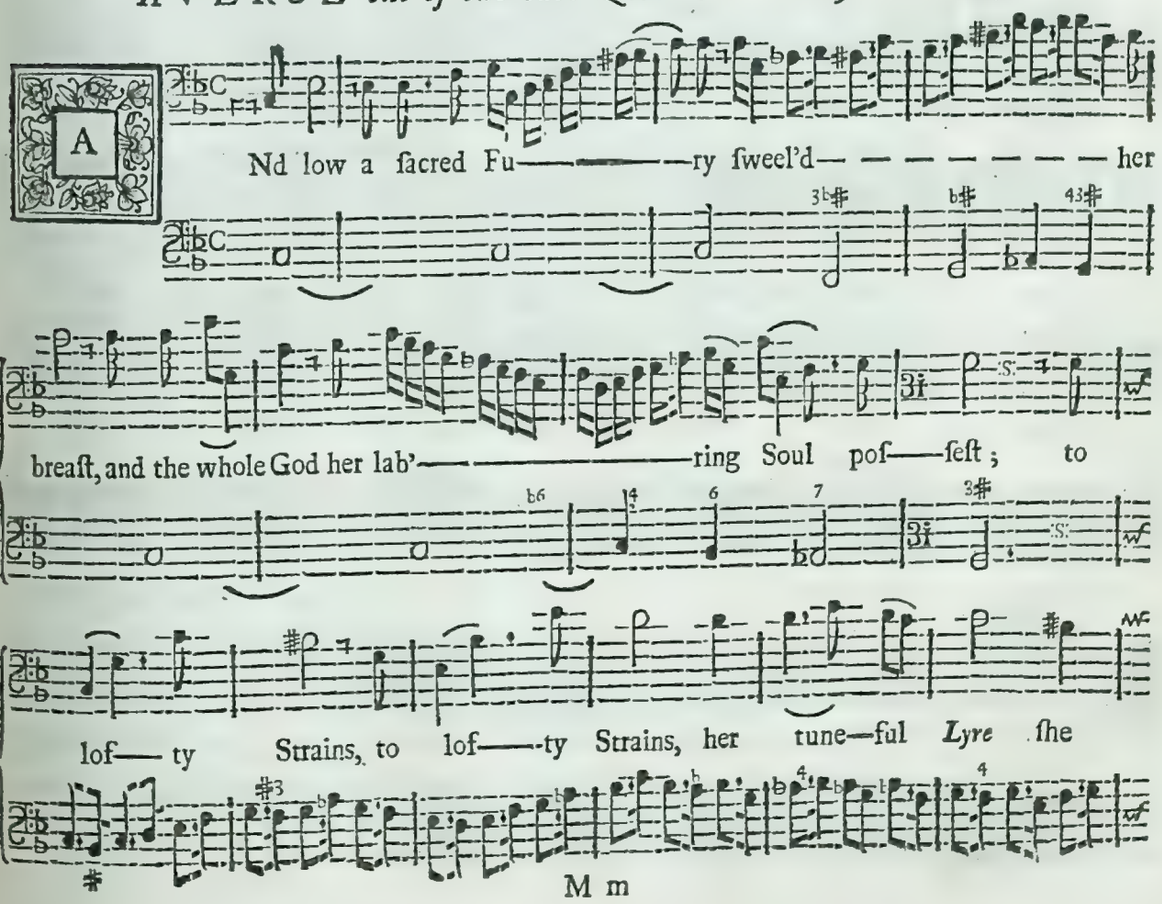
on——ly Treaſure, Oh! I love, Oh! I love, beyond all meaſure,

Treaſure, Oh! I love, Oh! I love, I love, beyond all meaſure,

and wou'd quit the World for you.

and wou'd quit the World for you.

A VERSE out of the late Queen's Birthday-SONG.



Strung, thus, thus, thus, thus, thus the Goddeſs Play'd, and

thus ſhe Sung: To loſ—ty Strains, to loſ—ty Strains her

tuneful *Lyre* ſhe Strung; and thus, thus, thus the God——deſs Play'd,

and thus ſhe Sung; to loſ——ty Strains her tuneful *Lyre* ſhe

Strung; and thus, thus, thus, the God———deſs Play'd, and

thus ſhe Sung.

A VERSE out of the late Queen's Birthday-SONG.

A--ny, many

many ſuch Days may ſhe be——hold; many, many,

Many, many, many ſuch Days may ſhe be——hold;

many ſuch Days may ſhe behold; many, many, many, many, many, many, many ſuch

many, many, many ſuch Days may ſhe behold; many, many, many, many, many, many

Days may ſhe be—hold; like the gla——d

ſuch may ſhe behold; like the gla——d Sun without de—cay;

Sun without de—cay; without, with—out de—cay. Many, many,

like the gla——————d Sun without de--cay.

many ſuch Days may ſhe be———hold; many, many,

Many, many, many ſuch Days may ſhe be———hold;

many ſuch Days may ſhe behold; many, many, many, many, many, many, many ſuch

many, many, many ſuch Days may ſhe behold; many, many, many, many, many, many

Days may ſhe be--hold; like the gla——————d

ſuch may ſhe behold; like the gla——————d Sun without de—cay;

Sun with—out de——cay; with——out, with——out de——cay:

Like the gla——————————d Sun with—out de--cay;

May Time that tear————s, may Time that tear————

May Time that tear———s, may Time that tear————

——s, where he lays hold; On—ly Sa—lute her, on——ly Sa——lute her,

——s, where he lays hold; On—ly Sa—lute her, on—ly Sa——lute her, on—ly Sa—

on——ly Sa——lute her in his way; May Time that tear————s,

——lute her, Sa——lute her in his way; May Time that

may Time that tear———s, where he lays hold;

tear———s, may Time that tear———s, where be lays hold; On—ly Sa—

On—ly Sa—lute her, on—ly Sa—lute her, on---ly Sa—lute her in his way; Sa—

—lute her, on--ly Sa--lute her, only Sa--lute her, Sa—lute her in his way; Sa—

—lute——— her in his way.

—lute——— her in his way.

The EPICURE.

N—der-neath this Myrtle Shade, on Flow'—ry Beds Su--pinely

N—der—neath this Myrtle Shade, on Flow'—ry Beds Su—pinely

laid; with Od'rous Oyls my Head o'erflowing, and a—rou———nd it Roſes

laid; with Od'rous Oyls my Head o'erflow—ing, and a—rou———nd it Roſes

growing: What ſhould I do but drink a—way, what ſhould I do but drink a——

growing: What ſhould I do but drink, drink, what ſhould I do but

way, drink, drink a—way, the Heat and Trou—bles of the day, the Heat and

drink, drink, drink a—way, the Heat and Trou—bles of the day, the Heat and

Troubles of the day? In this more than Kingly State, Love himſelf ſhall on me wait;

Troubles of the day? In this more than Kingly State, Love himſelf ſhall on me wait;

Fill to me, Love, nay fill it up, and mingled, ca——ſt, caſt in—to the

Fill to me, Love, nay fill it up, and mingled ca——ſt in—to the

Cup, Wit and Mirth Vig'rous Health, Vig'rous Health, and Gay Deſires. The

Cup, and Noble Fires, Vig'rous Health, Vig'rous Health, and Gay Deſires. The

Wheel of Life no leſs will ſtay, in a ſmooth than rugged Way; ſince it

Wheel of Life no leſs will ſtay, in a ſmoo——th than rugged Way; ſince it

e—qually doth flee, let the Mo——tion pleaſant be, let the Mo——tion

e—qually doth flee, let the Mo——tion pleaſant be, let the

pleaſant be, let the Mo——tion plea——ſant be.

Mo——tion plea——ſant be, let it plea——ſant be.

Solus!

Why do we precious Ointments ſhow'r? Nobler Wines why do—— we pour?

Beauteous Flow'rs why do we ſpread, up—on the Mo—nu--ments of the Dead?

CHORUS.

Nothing they but Duſt can ſhow, or Bones that ha——ſten to be ſo.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Crown me with Ro—ſes whilſt I live, now, now your Wine and Ointments give:

Crown me with Ro—ſes whilſt I live, now, now your Wine and Ointments give:

Af—ter Death I nothing crave, I nothing crave, let me a—live my Pleaſure have;

Af—ter Deeth I nothing, nothing crave, let me a—live my Pleaſure have;

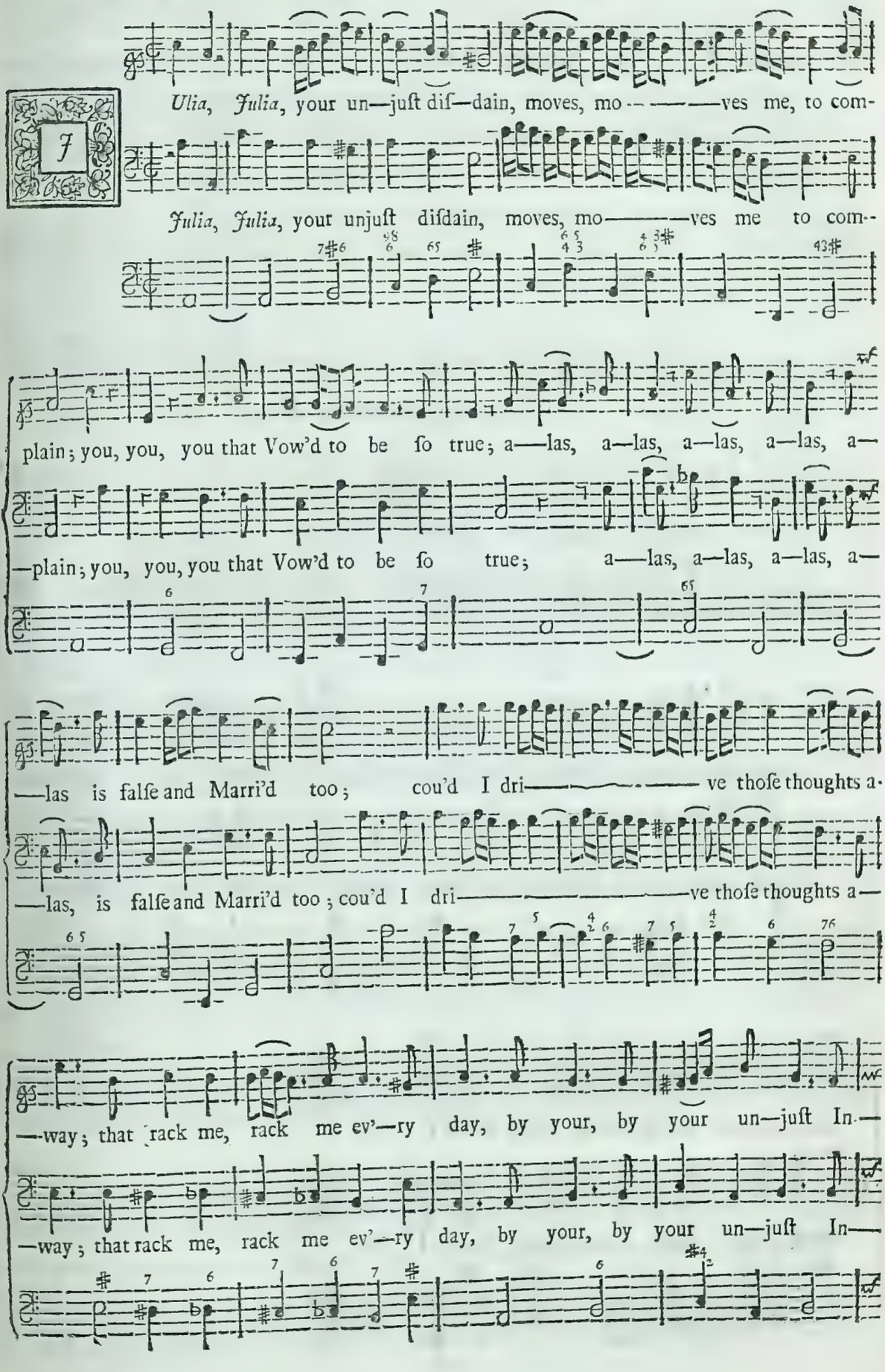
all, all are Sto—icks, all, all are Sto—icks in the Grave; all, all are

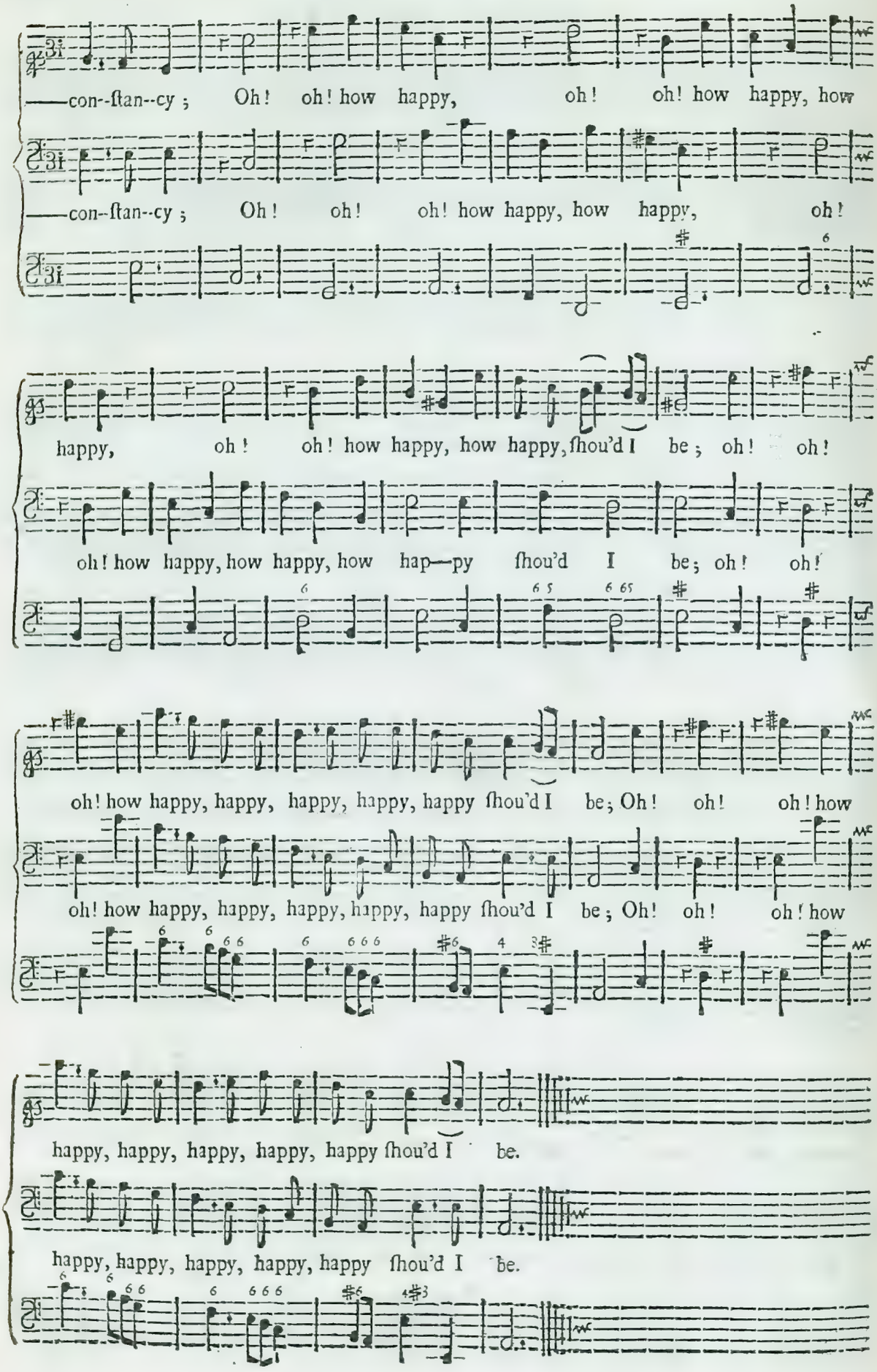
all, all are Stoicks, all, all are Stoicks in the Grave; all, all are

Sto—icks in the Grave.

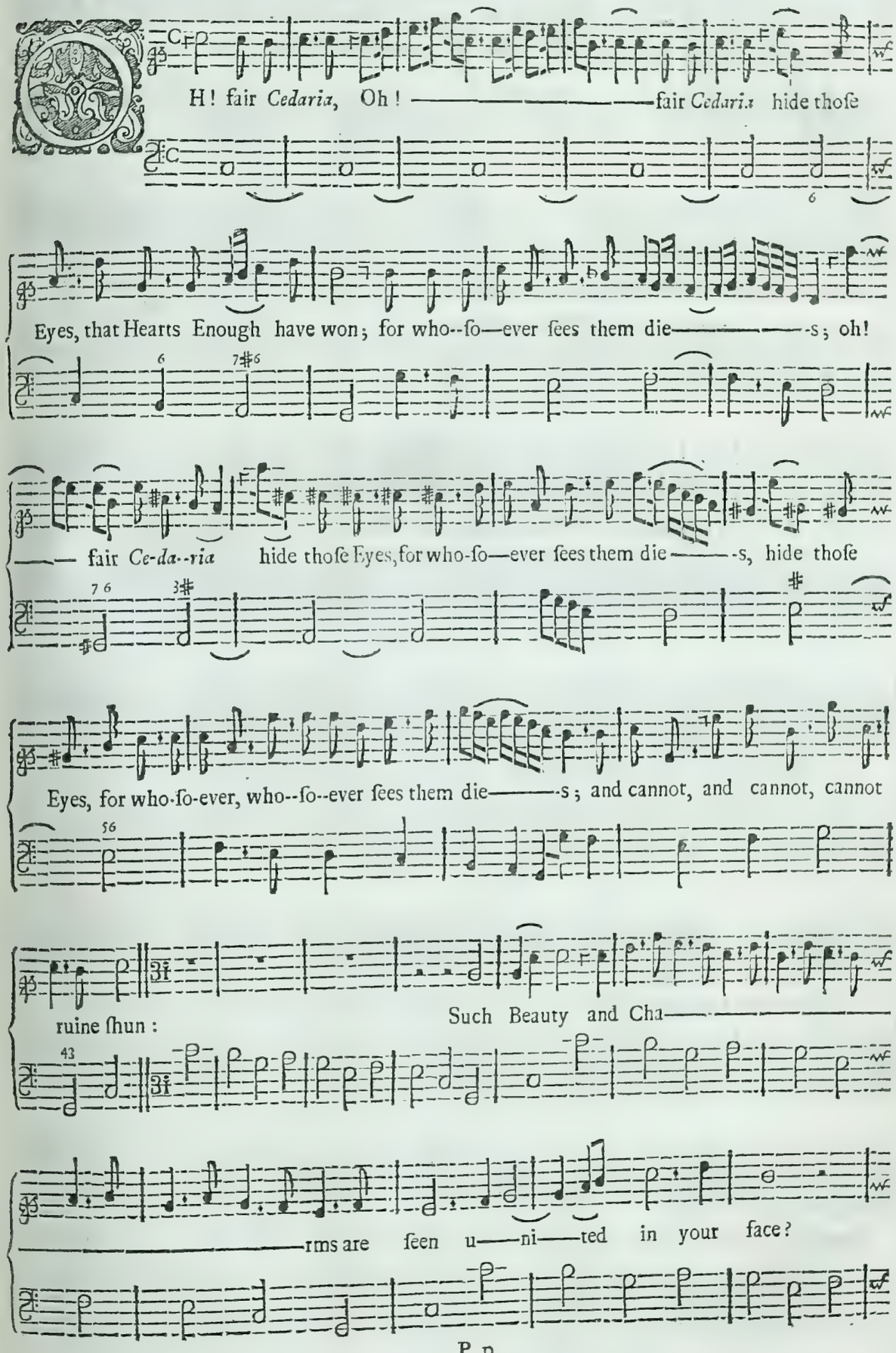
Stoicks in the Grave.

A SONG for Two VOICES.




——con--ſtan--cy ; Oh! oh! how happy, oh! oh! how happy, how
——con--ſtan--cy ; Oh! oh! oh! how happy, how happy, oh!
happy, oh! oh! how happy, how happy, ſhou'd I be ; oh! oh!
oh! how happy, how happy, how hap—py ſhou'd I be ; oh! oh!
oh! how happy, happy, happy, happy, happy ſhou'd I be ; Oh! oh! oh! how
oh! how happy, happy, happy, happy, happy ſhou'd I be ; Oh! oh! oh! how
happy, happy, happy, happy, happy ſhou'd I be.
happy, happy, happy, happy, happy ſhou'd I be.

A ſingle SONG.



Such Beauty and Cha———————————rms are ſeen u—ni-ted in your

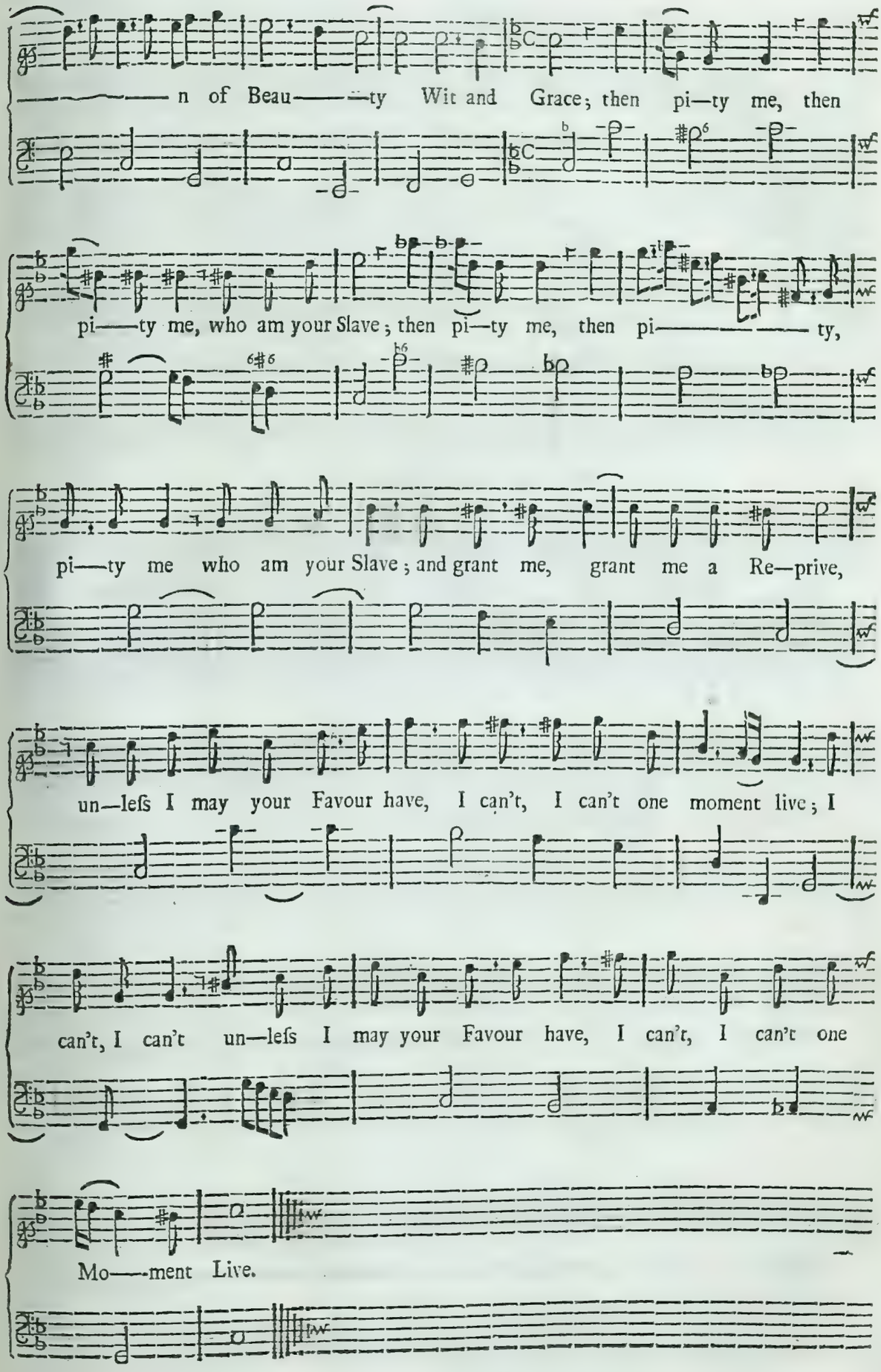
face, the prou————deſt, the prou————deſt can't but own you, can't but

own you Queen of Beauty; of Beauty, Wit and Grace; Such Beauty and Cha—rms are

ſeen u—ni—ted in your face; the Proudeſt, the Prou————————deſt

can't but own you, the Prou————deſt can'd but own you, can't but own you

Queen of Beau——ty, Wit, and Grace; The Proudeſt can't but own you, Quee—


n of Beau——ty Wit and Grace; then pi—ty me, then
pi——ty me, who am your Slave; then pi—ty me, then pi———— ty,
pi——ty me who am your Slave; and grant me, grant me a Re—prive,
un—less I may your Favour have, I can't, I can't one moment live; I
can't, I can't un—less I may your Favour have, I can't, I can't one
Mo——ment Live.

A single S O N G.

Lov'd fair *Ce—lia*, I Lov'd fair *Ce—lia*, many, many, many

years before ſhe ſhew——'d her Art,——————————————————— her

Art; Her Beauty firſt, her Humor next, by tu————ns; her

Beauty firſt, her Humor next, by tur————————————ns

engag'd my Heart. And when to theſe, when to theſe ſhe Friendſhip joyn'd, her

Char————ms, her Char————————ms were ſo intire, that with—

—out being Dull, and Blind, I cou'd none elſe, none, none, none, none, I cou'd none elſe,

no, none, no, none, no, none, none elſe ad—mire.

A SONG *on the late Queen.*

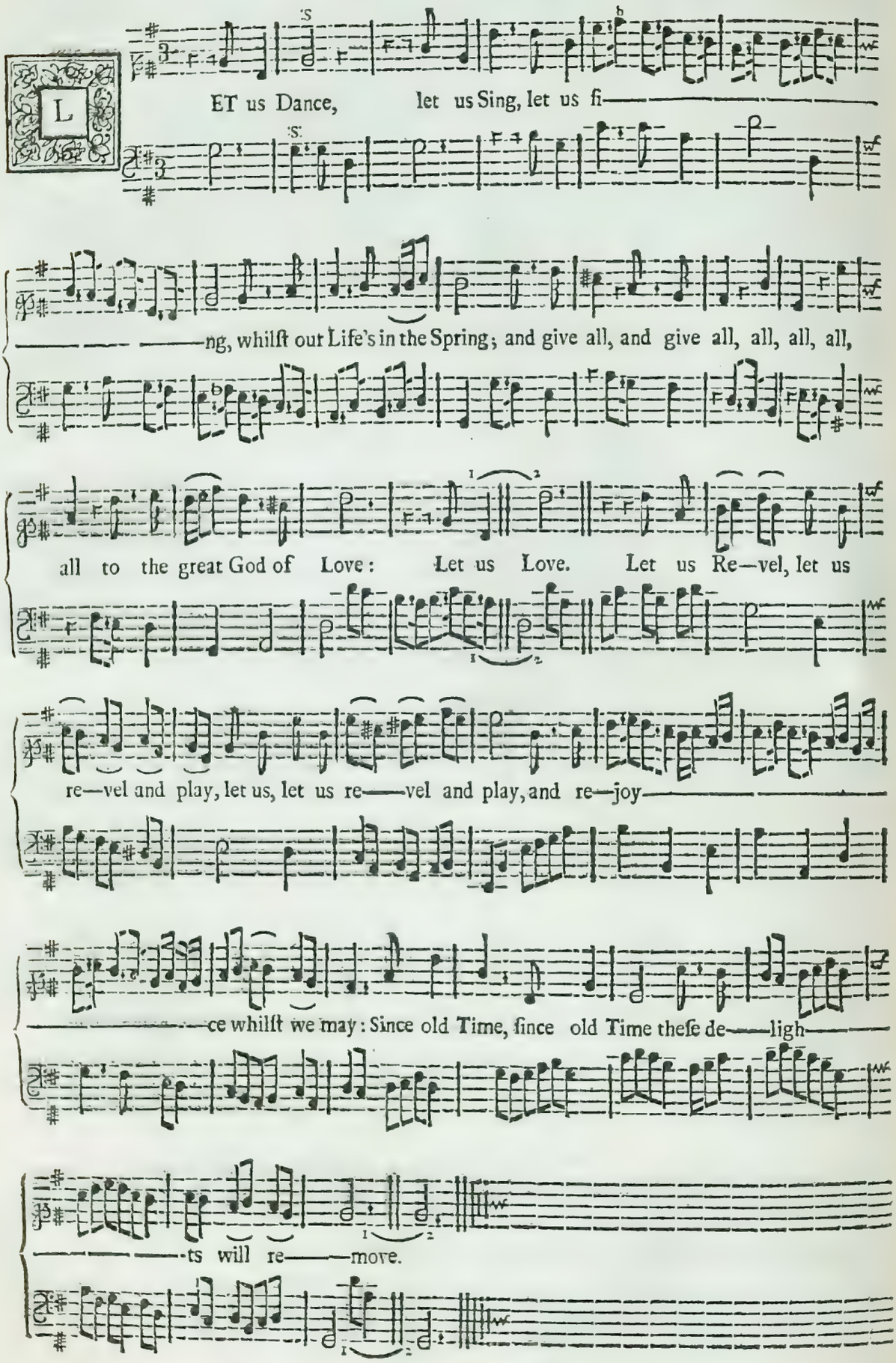
Ay her Bleſt ex—ample, chaſe Vice in troops out of the Land;

Fly—ing from her aw—ful Face, like trembling Ghoſts when day's at hand: May her

He—ro bring us Peace, won with Ho—nour in the Field: And our home—bred

Factions ceaſe, He ſtill our Sword, and She our Shield.

A single SONG.



A DIALOGUE *between* Thyrſis, *and* Iris.

Air *I—ris* and her Swain, were in a ſhady Bow'r, where *Thyrſis* long in

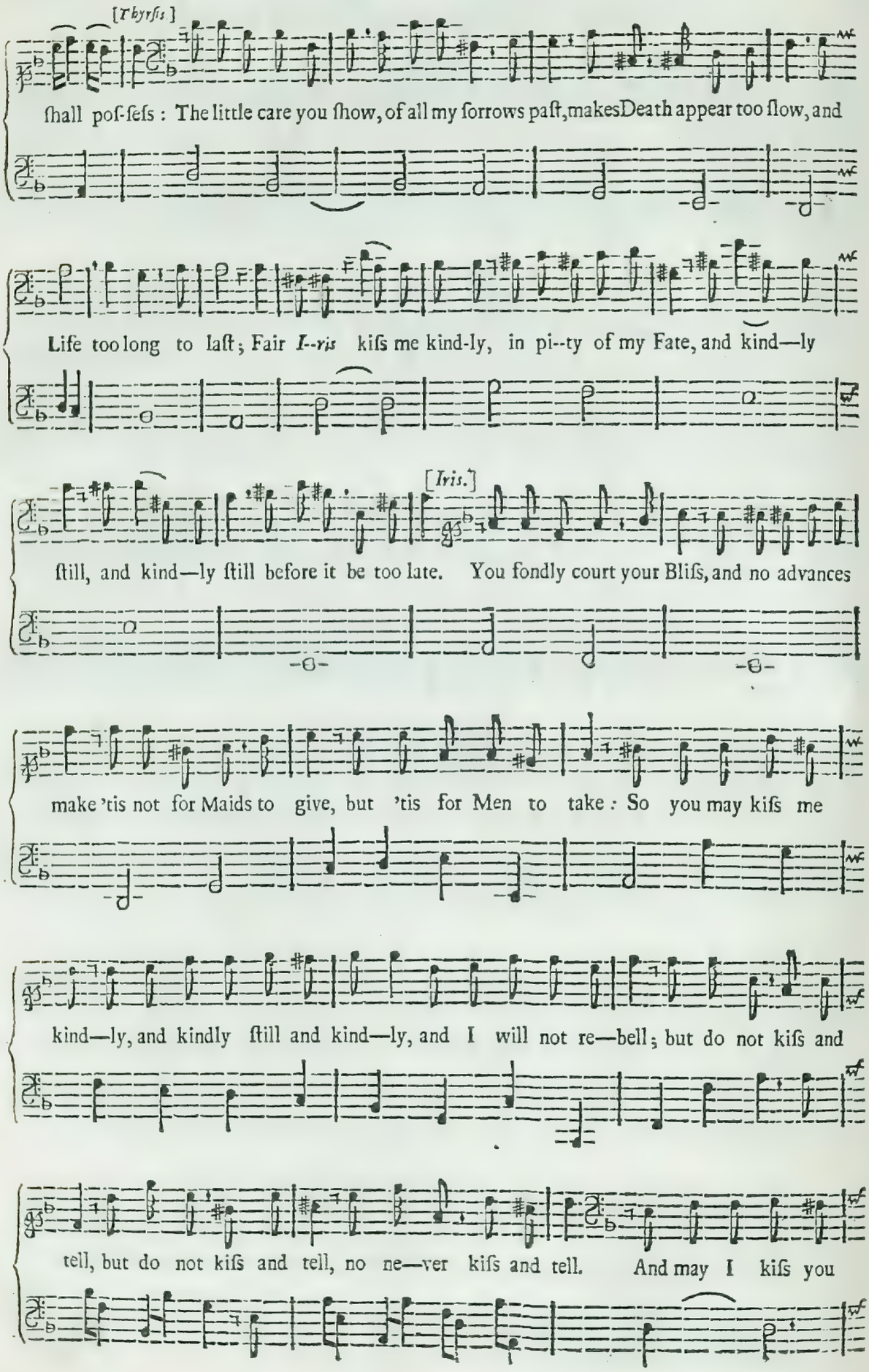
vain had ſought the hap—py hour; at length his hand advancing upon her Snowy Breaſt, he

ſaid; O kiſs me lon—ger, and lon——ger yet, and lon——ger if you will

make me bleſt. An ea-ſy yeilding Maid, by truſting is undone; our Sex is oft betray'd by

grant——ing Love too ſoon; if you deſire to gain me, your ſuff'rings to redreſs, pre—

—pare to Love me longer, and lon——ger yet and lon——ger, before you


[Thyrsis]
ſhall poſ-ſeſs : The little care you ſhow, of all my ſorrows paſt, makes Death appear too ſlow, and
Life too long to laſt; Fair *I--ris* kiſs me kind-ly, in pi--ty of my Fate, and kind—ly
[Iris.]
ſtill, and kind—ly ſtill before it be too late. You fondly court your Bliſs, and no advances
make 'tis not for Maids to give, but 'tis for Men to take : So you may kiſs me
kind—ly, and kindly ſtill and kind—ly, and I will not re—bell; but do not kiſs and
tell, but do not kiſs and tell, no ne—ver kiſs and tell. And may I kiſs you

Yes you may kiſs me kindly, and kindly ſtill, and kindly ſtill, and kindly, and

kind—ly, and kindly ſtill, and kindly, and will you not re—bell?

I will not rebell. Yes you may kiſs me kindly ſtill, and kindly ſtill, and I will not re—

And may I kiſs you kindly, and kindly ſtill, and kindly ſtill, and you will not re—

—bell; but do not kiſs and tell, but do not kiſs and tell, no, no, no, no, no,

——bell? No, no, no, no, no, no, I'll never kiſs and tell, no, no, I'll

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, I'll never, never, never, no, never, never, never, no, never kiſs and tell.

never kiſs and tell, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, I'll never, never, never, I'll never, never, never kiſs and tell.

CHORUS.

Thus at the height we Love and live and fear not, fear not to be

Thus at the height we Love and live and fear not, fear not to be

poor: We give, and we give, we give and we give, we give and we

poor: We give and we give, we give and we give, and

give, till we can give no more: But what to day, will take a—way, to

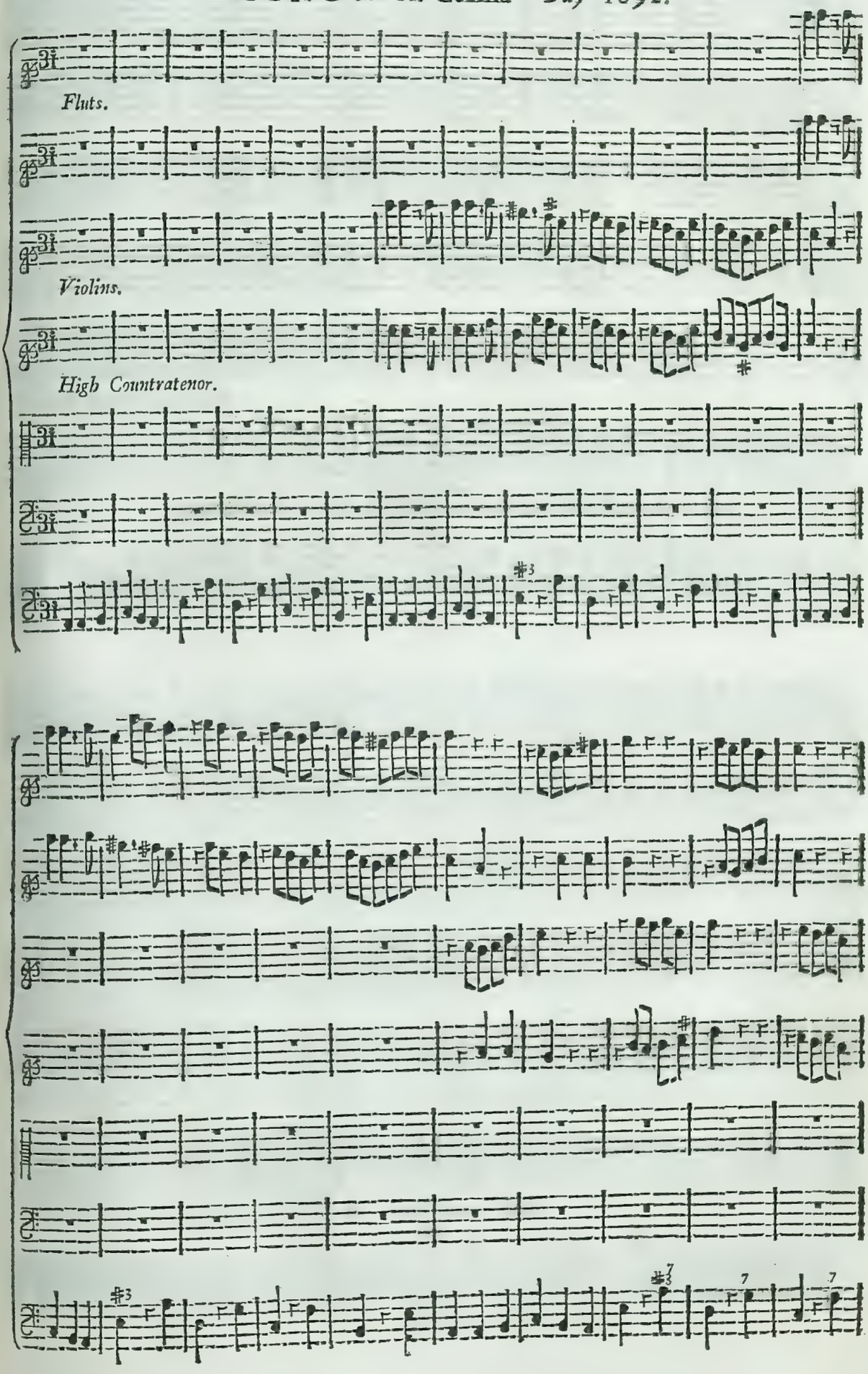
give, till we can give no more: But what to day, will take a—way, to

morrow, to mor—row will re——ſtore.

End with the firſt Strain.

morrow, to mor—row will re——ſtore.

A SONG *on St.* Cecilia's *Day* 1692.

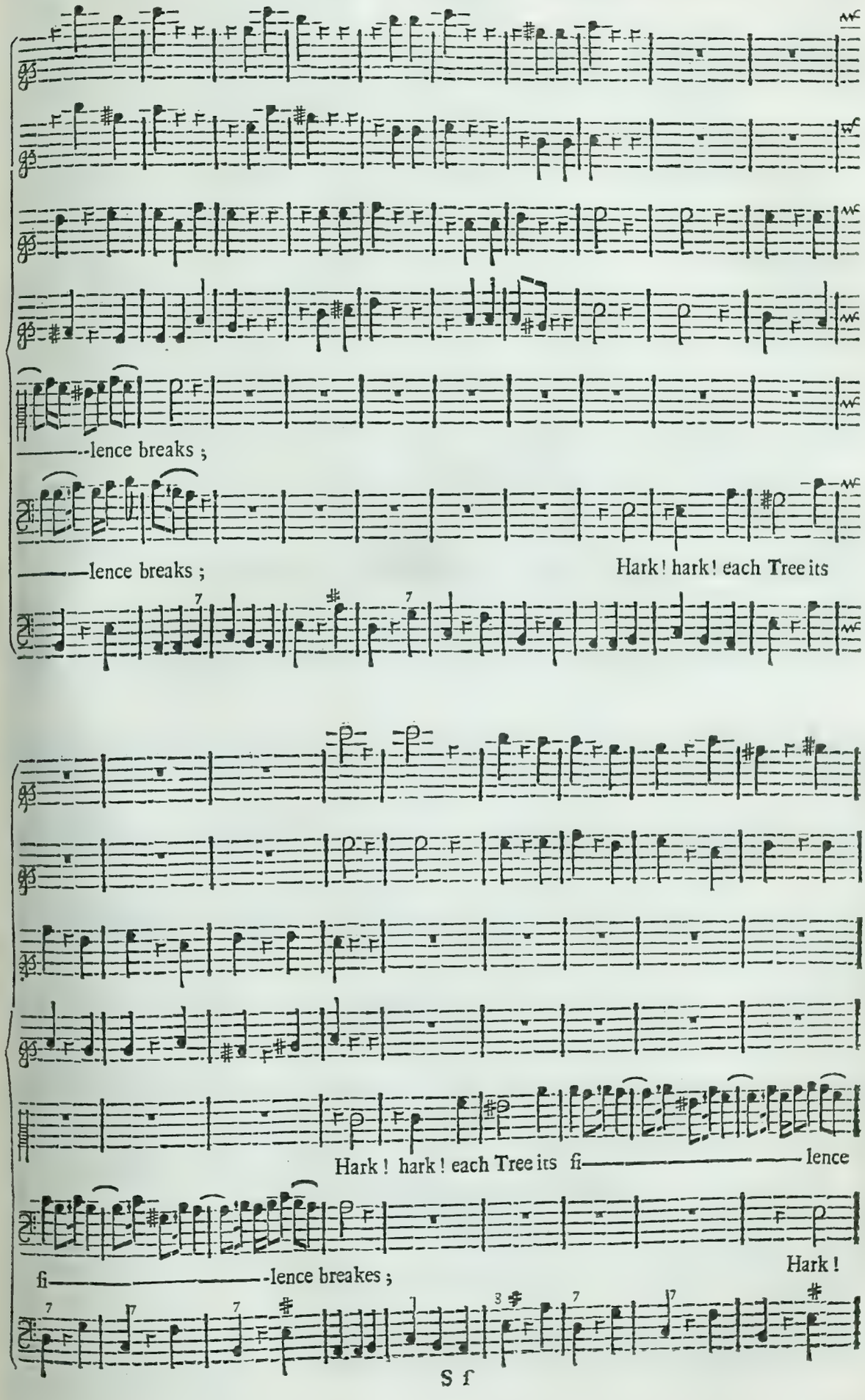


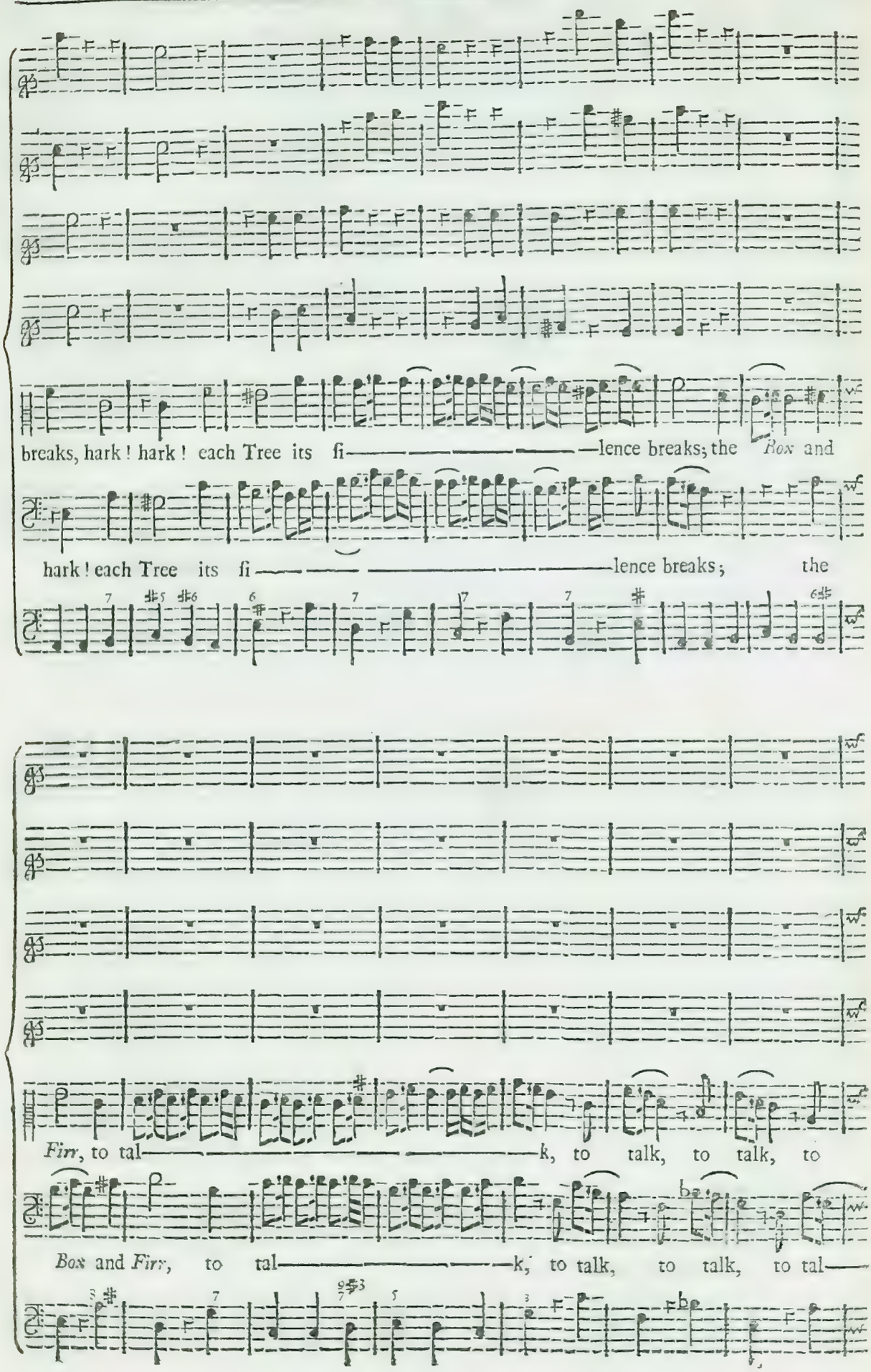
Hark! hark! each Tree its

Hark! hark! each Tree its si——————————lence breaks;

si——————————lence breaks; Hark! hark! each Tree its si——————————

Hark! each Tree its si——————————


--lence breaks ;
——lence breaks ;
Hark! hark! each Tree its
Hark ! hark ! each Tree its fi——————lence
fi——————-lence breakes ;
Hark !


breaks, hark! hark! each Tree its si——lence breaks; the *Box* and
hark! each Tree its si——lence breaks; the
Firr, to tal——k, to talk, to talk, to
Box and *Firr*, to tal——k, to talk, to talk, to tal——

talk be—gin; Hark! hark! hark! hark!

——k be—gin; Hark! hark! hark! hark! hark!

hark!

hark! this in the ſpright——————————ly *Vi—o-lin,*

That in the *Flute* diſtinctly, di——ſtinct—ly ſpeaks, diſtinctly, di——ſtinct—ly ſpeaks;

This in the Spright——————————————ly *Vi--o-lin*; That in the

Flute di——ſtinct--ly, diſtinct—ly, di——ſtinct—ly ſpeaks;

This in the ſpright—— ——ly *Violin*, di—ſtinct—— ly ſpeaks;

Inſtruments Reſt.

'Twas

'Twas Sympathy, 'twas

Sympathy their lift'ning Brethren drew, 'twas Sym——————pathy their

Sympathy, 'twas Sympathy, 'twas Sym——————pa--thy their lift'——

lift'——————ning Brethren drew; when to the *Thracian* Lyre with lea-fy wings they

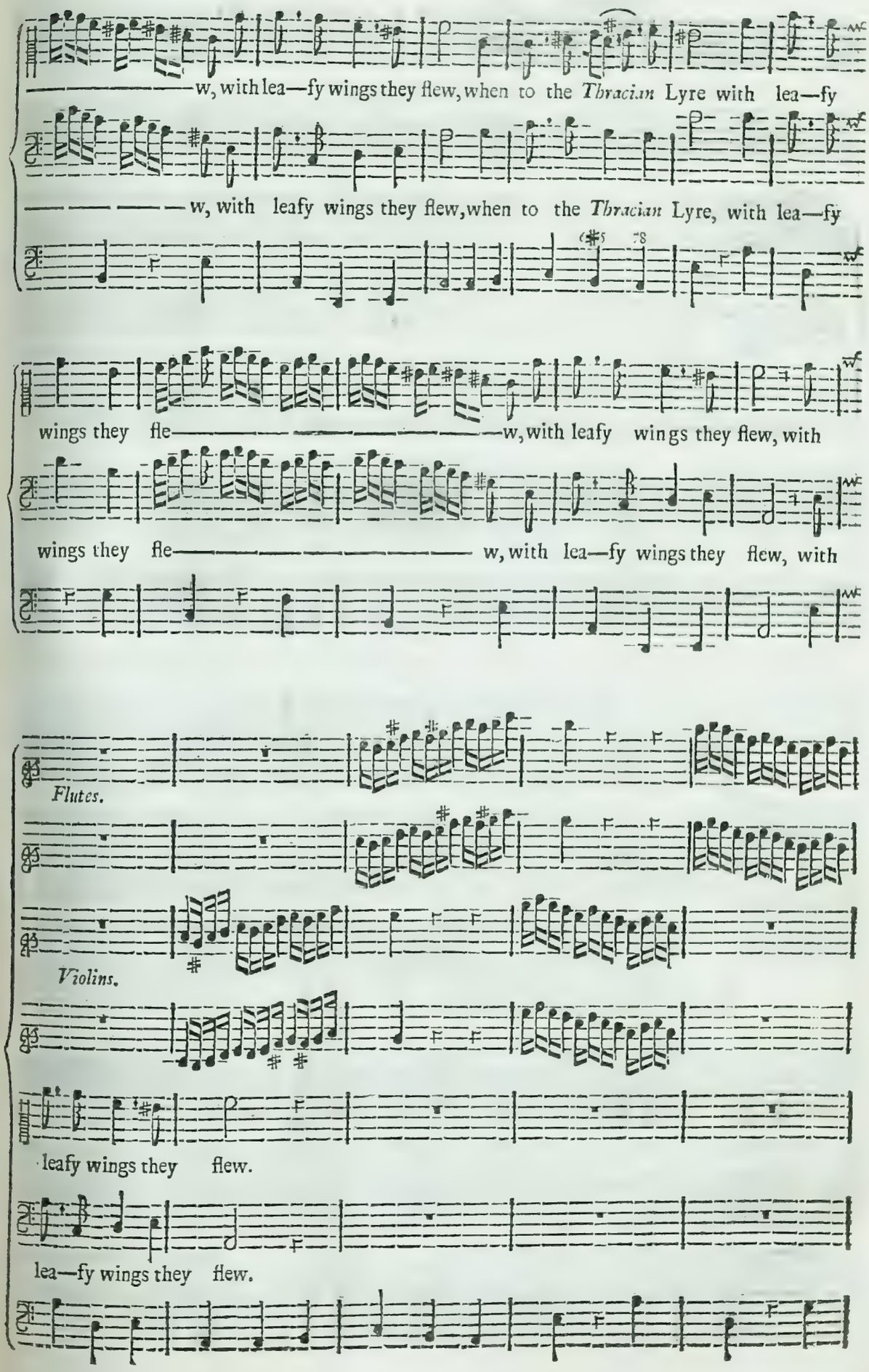
——————ning Brethren drew;

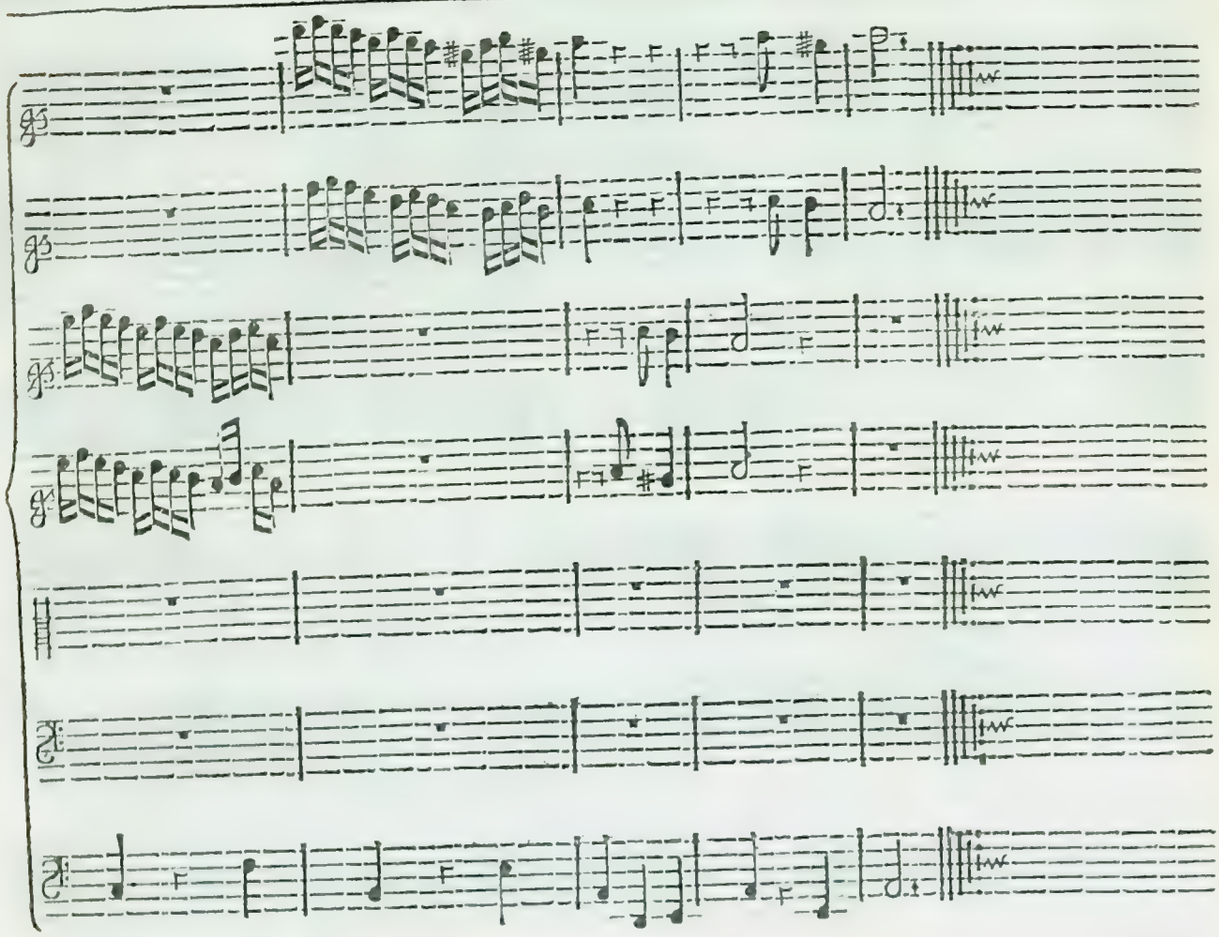
fle——————w;

when to the *Thracian* Lyre, when to the *Thracian* Lyre with lea--fy wings they

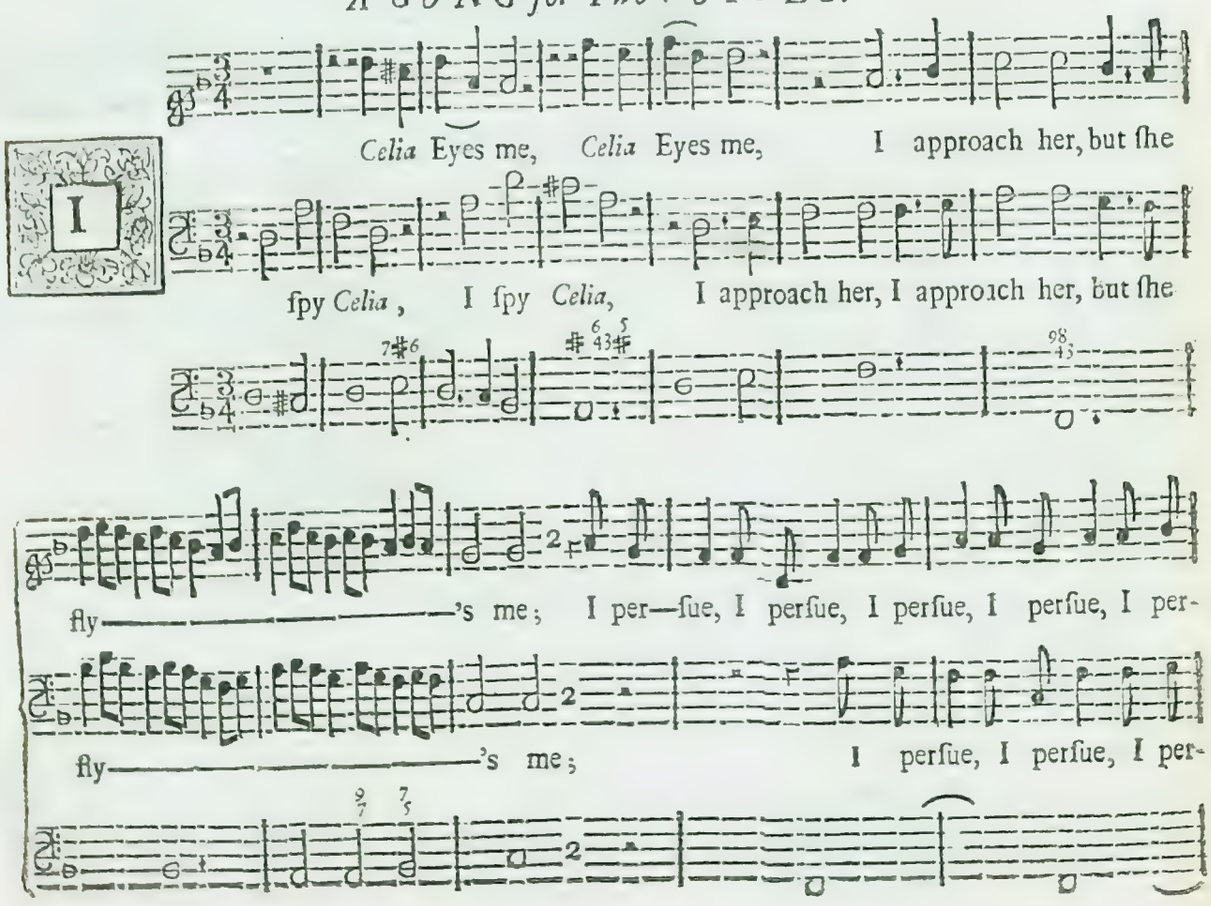
When to the *Thra—cian* Lyre with lea--fy wings they fle——————

fle——————w, with lea-fy wings they fle——————


w, with lea—fy wings they flew, when to the *Thracian* Lyre with lea—fy
w, with leafy wings they flew, when to the *Thracian* Lyre, with lea—fy
wings they fle w, with leafy wings they flew, with
wings they fle w, with lea—fy wings they flew, with
Flutes.
Violins.
leafy wings they flew.
lea—fy wings they flew.



A SONG for Two VOICES.



—ſue; I perſue, I perſue; More coy, more coy, more, more coy I find her; I ſeem

—ſue; I perſue, I perſue; More coy, more coy, more, more coy I find her; I ſeem

Colder, colder, colder, then, then, then ſhe's kinder, ſhe's kinder; then, then, then ſhe's

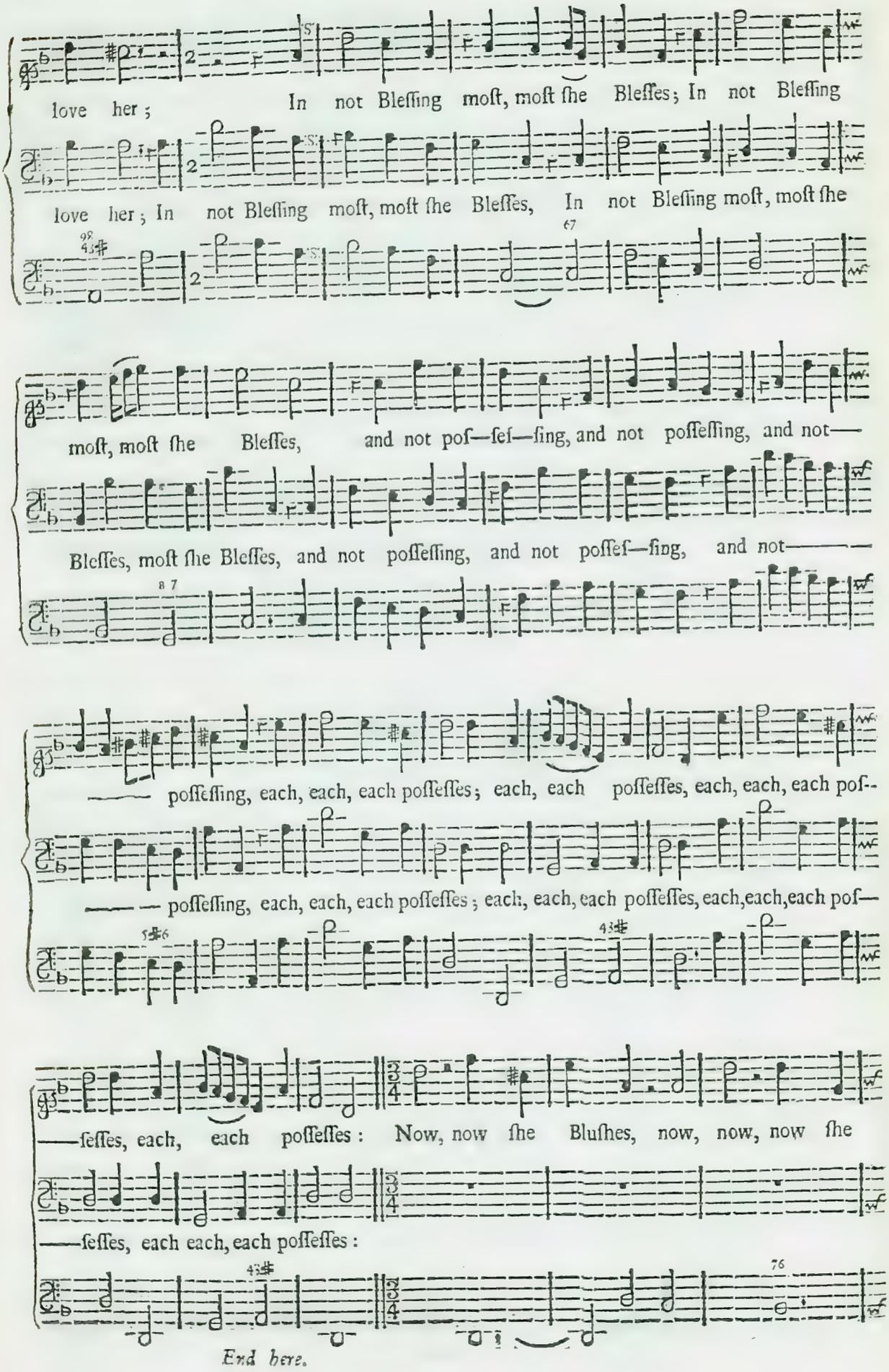
Colder, colder, colder, then, then, then ſhe's kinder, ſhe's kinder; then, then, then ſhe's

kinder, ſhe's kinder, then, then, then, then ſhe's kinder: My words

kinder, ſhe's kinder, then, then, then, then ſhe's kinder: Her Eyes Charme me,

mov———————e her, and I love her, and I love her, I love her, I

ſhe Eſteems me, and I love her, I love her, I


love her; In not Bleſſing moſt, moſt ſhe Bleſſes; In not Bleſſing
love her; In not Bleſſing moſt, moſt ſhe Bleſſes, In not Bleſſing moſt, moſt ſhe
moſt, moſt ſhe Bleſſes, and not poſ—ſeſ—ſing, and not poſſeſſing, and not—
Bleſſes, moſt ſhe Bleſſes, and not poſſeſſing, and not poſſeſ—ſing, and not———
——— poſſeſſing, each, each, each poſſeſſes; each, each poſſeſſes, each, each, each poſ--
——— poſſeſſing, each, each, each poſſeſſes; each, each, each poſſeſſes, each, each, each poſ—
——ſeſſes, each, each poſſeſſes: Now, now ſhe Bluſhes, now, now, now ſhe
——ſeſſes, each each, each poſſeſſes:
End here.

Bluſhes; ſhe wou'd leave me, but I ho——ld her, I

I grow bol————————der, but I ho——ld her, I hold her, I

hold her, ho————————————————————ld her; She grows

ho————————————————————ld her, I hold her; She grows

an—gry, grows an—gry, grows an—gry, grows an—gry, grows an—gry;

an—gry, grows an—gry, grows an—gry, grows an—gry, grows an—gry;

I ap—peaſe her, I ap—peaſe her, I ap—peaſe her;

I ap—peaſe her, I ap—peaſe her, I ap—peaſe her; I am red————

Then, then, then I pleaſe her, then, then, then I pleaſe her, then, then,

——er, then, then, then I pleaſe her, then, then, then I pleaſe her,

then, then, then, then, then I pleaſe her, then, then, then I pleaſe her:

then, then, then, then, then I pleaſe her, then, then, then I pleaſe her: Her Eyes

My words mo——————ve her, and I love her, and I love her,

Charme me, ſhe Eſteems me, and I Love her,

I love her, I love her. In *&c.*

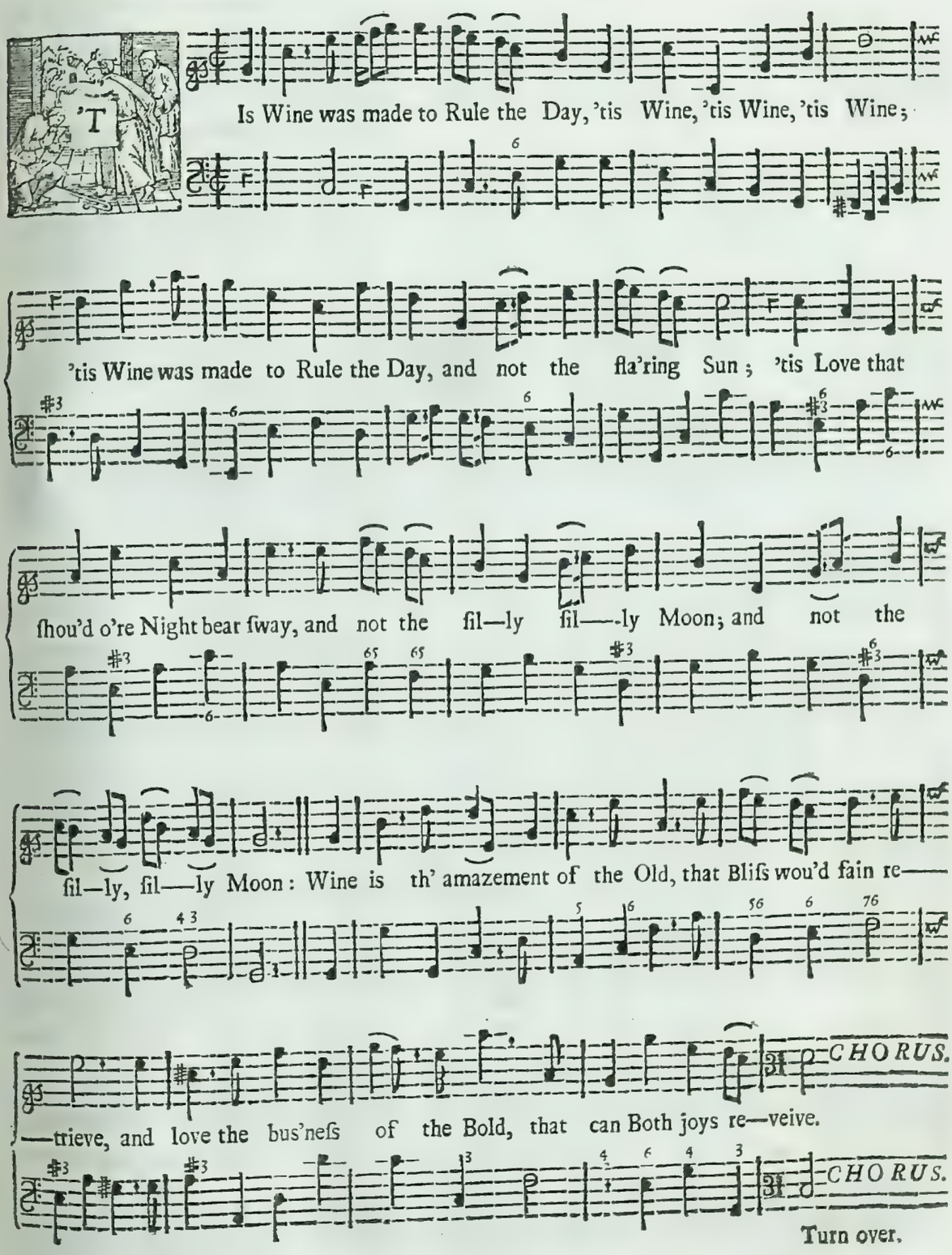
I love her, I love her. In not Bleſſing *&c.*

End with the part, (Each poſſeſſes *&c.*)

A Drinking

S O N G,

With a Chorus for Three Voices.



Turn over.

CHORUS.

Let my Queen live for e—ver, for e— — — — — — — — — — — —

Let my Queen live for e—ver, for e— — — — — — — — — — —

Let my Queen live for e—ver, for e— — — — — — — —

—ver, for e— — — ver, for e— — — — — — —ver, for

—ver, for e— — — — — —ver, for e— — —ver, for

— ver, for e— — — — — — — — — — —ver, for

e—ver, and let's ſtill drink, drink, and let's ſtill drink, drink *French* Wine; let my

e—ver, and let's ſtill drink, drink, and let's ſtill *&c.*

e—ver, and let's ſtill drink, drink, and let's ſtill drink, drink *French* Wine;

Rage be Im—mortal, let my Rage be Im—mortal, let my Rage be Im—

let my Rage be Im—mortal, let my Rage be Im—mortal, let my

let my Rage be Immortal, let my Rage be Im—

—mortal, let my Rage be Im—mortal, and my Li—quer di—vine; let my

Ra— — —ge be Im—mortal, and my Li—quer di—vine; let my

—mor—tal, let my Rage be Im—mortal, and my Li—quer di—vine;

Rage be Im— — — —mor— — — —tal, my Rage be Im—

Rage be Im—mortal, let my Rage be Im—mor—

let my Ra— — —ge be Im—mortal, let my Rage be Im—

—mortal and my Li—quer di—vine.

—tal, and my Li—quer di—vine.

—mor—tal, and my Li—quer di—vine.

Infus'd in Wine, let's sink to rest, and Dream of what we Love;

Infus'd in Wine, let's ſink to reſt, and dream of what we Love: And ſince ſhe may not

be poſſeſt, let's thus our wants improve; and ſince ſhe may not be poſſeſt, let's thus our

Chorus again.

wants improve. Oh! lull me, Oh! lull me, couch'd in ſoft re—poſe; Oh!

lull me, Oh! lull me, couch'd in ſoft re—poſe; and ſleep, ſleep

ne'er from me take; Ex—cept the God will in—ter—poſe, and let me en—

——jo—— ——y a—wake. *End with the Chorus.*

A SONG *for two Voices.*

O H! the ſweet delights of Love, oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! the

Oh! the ſweet delights of Love, oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! the

ſweet de—lights of Love, Who, who wou'd live, who, who wou'd live and

ſweet de—lights of Love, Who wou'd live, who, who wou'd live, wou'd live and

not enjoy 'em? I'd refuſe the Throne of *Jove*, ſhou'd power—— or Ma—jeſty, ſhou'd

not enjoy 'em? I'd refuſe the Throne of *Jove*, ſhou'd pow——

pow——er or Ma——je—ſty deſtroy 'em. *First ſtrain again.*

——er or Ma——je——ſty deſtroy 'em. *First ſtrain again.*

First ſtrain again.

Give me, give me, give me doubts, or give me, give me fears, give me, give me, give me jealou—

Give me, give me, give me doubts, or give me, give me fears, give me, give me, give me jealou—

—sies and Cares: But let Love, let Love remove 'em, but let Love remove 'em, I ap—

—sies and Cares: But let Love, but let Love—— remove 'em, I approve 'em,

—prove 'em, I approve 'em, I approve 'em.

End with the first Strain.

I approve 'em, I —— approve 'em.

End with the first Strain.

End with the first Strain.

A SONG for Two VOICES.

WE the Spirits of the Air, that of humane things take care; out of pi—ty now de—

We the Spirits of the Air, that of humane things take care; out of pi—ty now de—

—ſcend, to forewarn what does at—tend. Greatneſs clog'd with ſcorn de—cays,

—ſcend, to forewarn what does at—tend: Greatneſs clog'd with

Greatneſs clog'd with ſcorn decays, with the ſlave no Empire, no, no, no, no, no, no Empire

ſcorn decays, with ſcorn decays; with the ſlave no Empire, no, no, no, no, no, Empire

First Strain again.

ſtays. Ceaſe to languiſh then in vain, ſince

First Strain again.

ſtays. Ceaſe to languiſh, ceaſe to languiſh then in vain, ſince

First Strain again.

never, never, ne—ver, never, ne———ver to be lov'd a—gain.

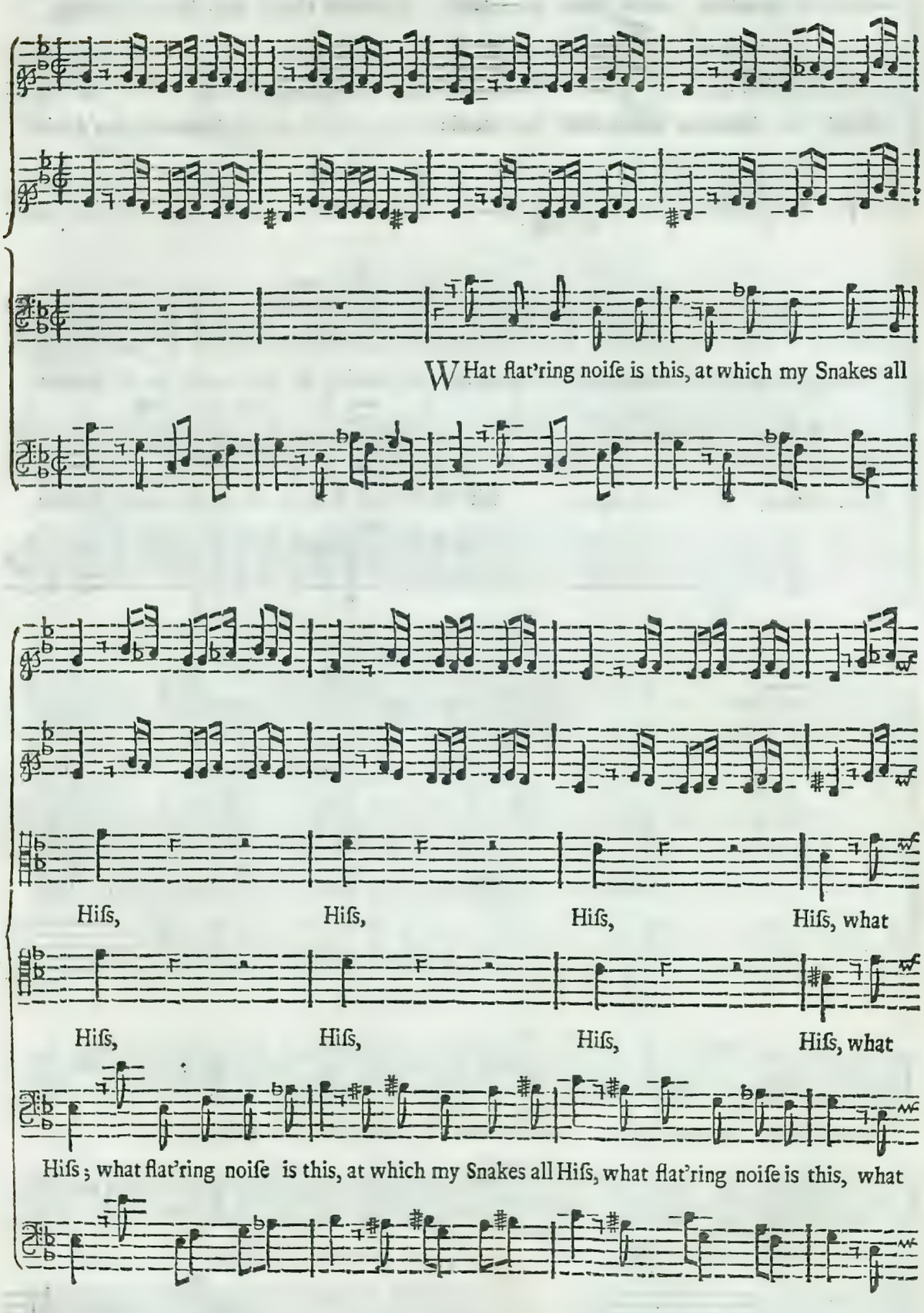
End with the first Strain.

never, never, never, never, ne———ver to be lov'd a—gain.

End with the first Strain.

End with the first Strain.

A SONG *in the* Indian *Queen.*



flat'ring noiſe is this?

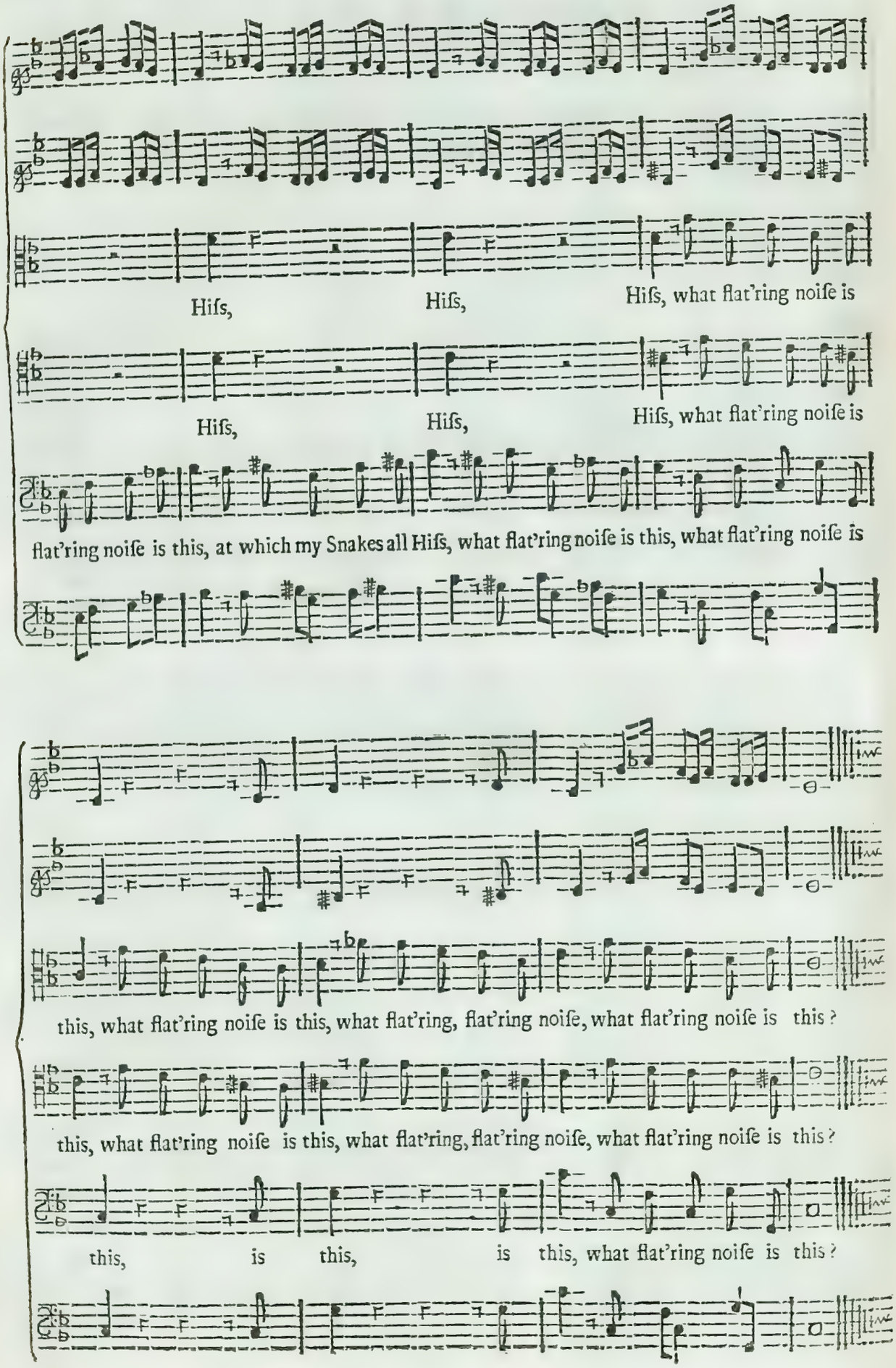
flat'ring noiſe is this?

flat'ring noiſe is this? I hate, I hate to ſee, I hate, I hate to ſee fond Tongues ad—vance, high

Hiſs,

Hiſs,

as the Gods, the ſlaves of chance. What flat'ring noiſe is this, at which my Snakes all Hiſs, what


Hiſs, Hiſs, Hiſs, what flat'ring noiſe is
Hiſs, Hiſs, Hiſs, what flat'ring noiſe is
flat'ring noiſe is this, at which my Snakes all Hiſs, what flat'ring noiſe is this, what flat'ring noiſe is
this, what flat'ring noiſe is this, what flat'ring, flat'ring noiſe, what flat'ring noiſe is this?
this, what flat'ring noiſe is this, what flat'ring, flat'ring noiſe, what flat'ring noiſe is this?
this, is this, is this, what flat'ring noiſe is this?

A SONG *for two Voices.*

TRipit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, in a ring, a—round, a—rou———

Tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, in a ring, a——round, a—round, a—rou——

———nd, this mortal Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing a—

———nd, this mortal Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing a-rou—

——round, a—round, a——rou—— ——nd, this mor—tal Dance and

——nd, a—round, a—rou——nd, a—rou———nd, this mor—tal Dance and

Sing, this mortal Dance and Sing.

Sing, this mor--tal Dance and Sing.

A SONG for Two VOICES.

TO *Woden* thanks we render, to *Woden* thanks we render, to *Woden* we have vow'd, to

To *Woden* thanks we render, to *Woden* thanks we render, to *Woden* we have

Woden, to *Woden* we have vow'd; thanks, thanks, thanks, to *Woden* thanks we

vow'd, to *Woden* we have vow'd, to *Woden* thanks we render, thanks,

render, to *Woden* our de—fender; thanks, thanks, thanks, thanks, to

thanks to *Woden* our de—fender; to *Woden* thanks we render, to *Woden* thanks we

Woden thanks we render, thanks, thanks, thanks, to *Woden* our de-fender, thanks,

render, to *Woden* thanks we render, thanks to *Woden* our de—fender,

thanks to *Woden* our defender, to *Woden* our defender.

thanks, to *Woden* our defender, to *Woden* our defender.

A Two Part SONG *in* Dioclesian.

LEt all Mankind the Pleasure share, and bless this happy, happy, happy day; let all Man—

Let all Mankind the Pleasure share, and bless this happy, happy, happy day; let all Man—

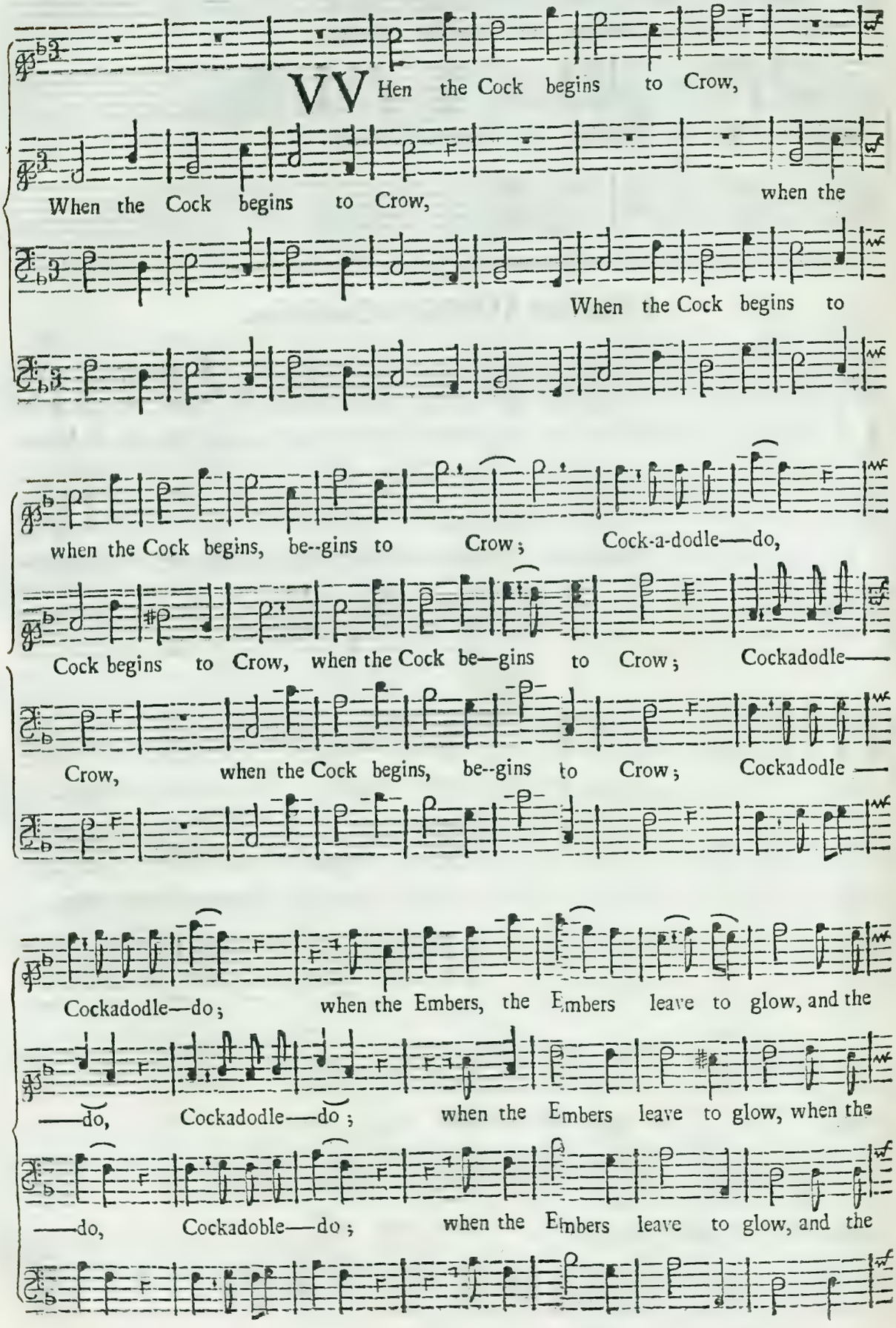
—kind the Pleasure share, and bless this happy, happy, happy day; this happy, happy,

—kind the Pleasure share, and bless this happy, happy, happy day; this happy, happy, happy,

happy day; this happy, happy, happy, happy day.

happy day; this happy, happy, happy, happy, happy day.

A SONG for Three VOICES.



Owl cries to whit to who, to whit to who, to whit to

Owl cries to whit to who, to whit to who, to who, to whit to who, to whit to

Owl cries to whit to who, to whit to who, to who, to whit to who, to whit to

who; When Crickets do ſing, and Mice roam about, when midnight Bells ring, ring,

who; When Crickers do ſing, and Mice roam about, when midnight Bells ring, ring, ring,

who; When Crickets do ſing, and Mice roam about, when midnight Bells ring, ring,

ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring to call the Devout; When the

ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring to call the Devout; When the La——

ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring to call the Devout; When the La——

La——zie lye ſtretching, and thinks 'tis no harm, their zeal is ſo cold, and their

——zie lye ſtretch——ing and thinks 'tis no harm, their zeal is ſo cold, and their

——zie lye ſtretch———ing, and thinks 'tis no harm, their zeal is ſo cold, and their

Beds are ſo warm; when the long la-zie ſlut has not made the Parlour clean, no

Beds are ſo warm; when the long la-zie ſlut has not made the Parlour clean, no

Beds are ſo warm; when the long la-zie ſlut has not made the Parlour clean, no

Water on the Hearth is put, but all, all, all, all things in diſ—or—der

Water on the Hearth is put, but all, all things in diſ—or—der ſeen,

Water on the Hearth is put, but all, all, all things in diſ—

ſeen, all things in diſ—or—der ſeen, all, all, all things in diſ—or—der ſeen;

all things in diſ—or—der ſeen, all things in diſ—or— — — — —der ſeen;

—or--der ſeen, all things in diſ—order ſeen, all things in diſ—order ſeen;

Then we Tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit,

Then we Tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit,

Then we Tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit,

tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit round the Room, and make like Bees a drowſie,

tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, trip-it, round the Room, and make like Bees a drowſie

tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, round the Room, and make like Bees a drowſie

drowſie, drowſie hum, hum, hum: Be ſhe *Betty*, *Nan* or *Sue*, we make her, make her

drowſie, drowſie hum, hum, hum: Be ſhe *Betty*, *Nan* or *Sue*, we make her, make her

drow——ſie hum, hum, hum: Be ſhe *Betty*, *Nan* or *Sue*, we make her, make her

of a——nother hue, and Pinch her, Pinch her, Pinch her black and blew, and Pince her,

of a——nother hue, and Pinch her, Pinch her, Pinch her black and blew, and Pinch her,

of a——nother hue, and Pinch her, Pinch her, Pinch her black and blew, and Pinch her,

Pinch her, Pinch her black and blew.

Pinch her, Pinch her black and blew.

Pinch her, Pinch her black and blew.

A SONG for Three VOICES.

THey ſhall be as happy, happy, as they're fair, love, love ſhall fill all, all, all the places of

They ſhall be as happy, happy as they're fair, love, love ſhall fill all, all, all the places of

They ſhall be as happy, happy as they're fair, love, love ſhall fill all, all, all the places of

care; and ev'ry time the Sun ſhall diſplay his riſ— — — — — ing

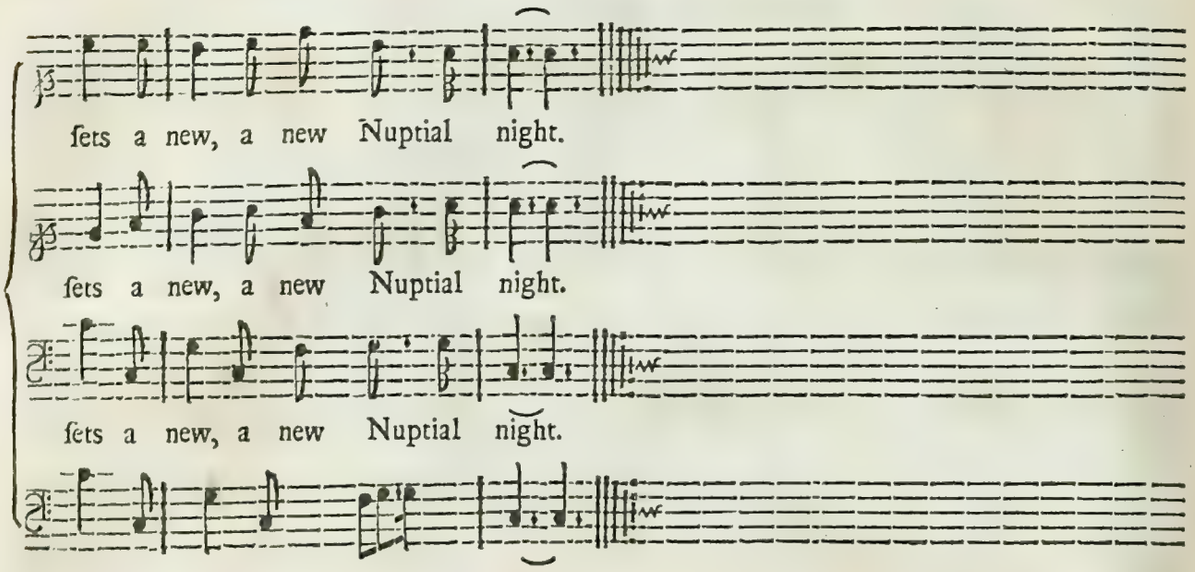
care; and ev'ry time the Sun ſhall diſplay his riſ— — — — ing

care; and ev'ry time the Sun ſhall diſplay his riſ— —ing, his riſ—ing, riſ—ing

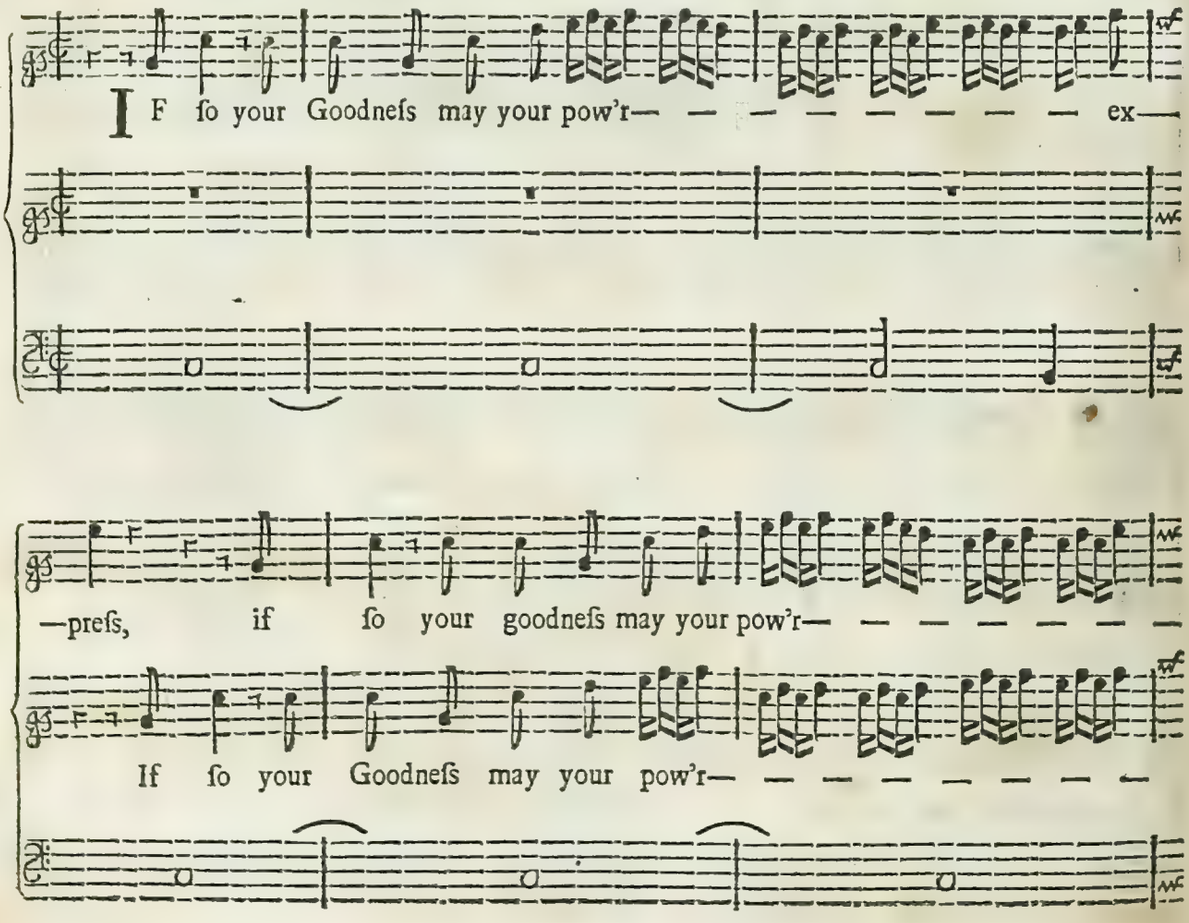
light, it ſhall be to them a new Wedding day, and when he ſets, and when he

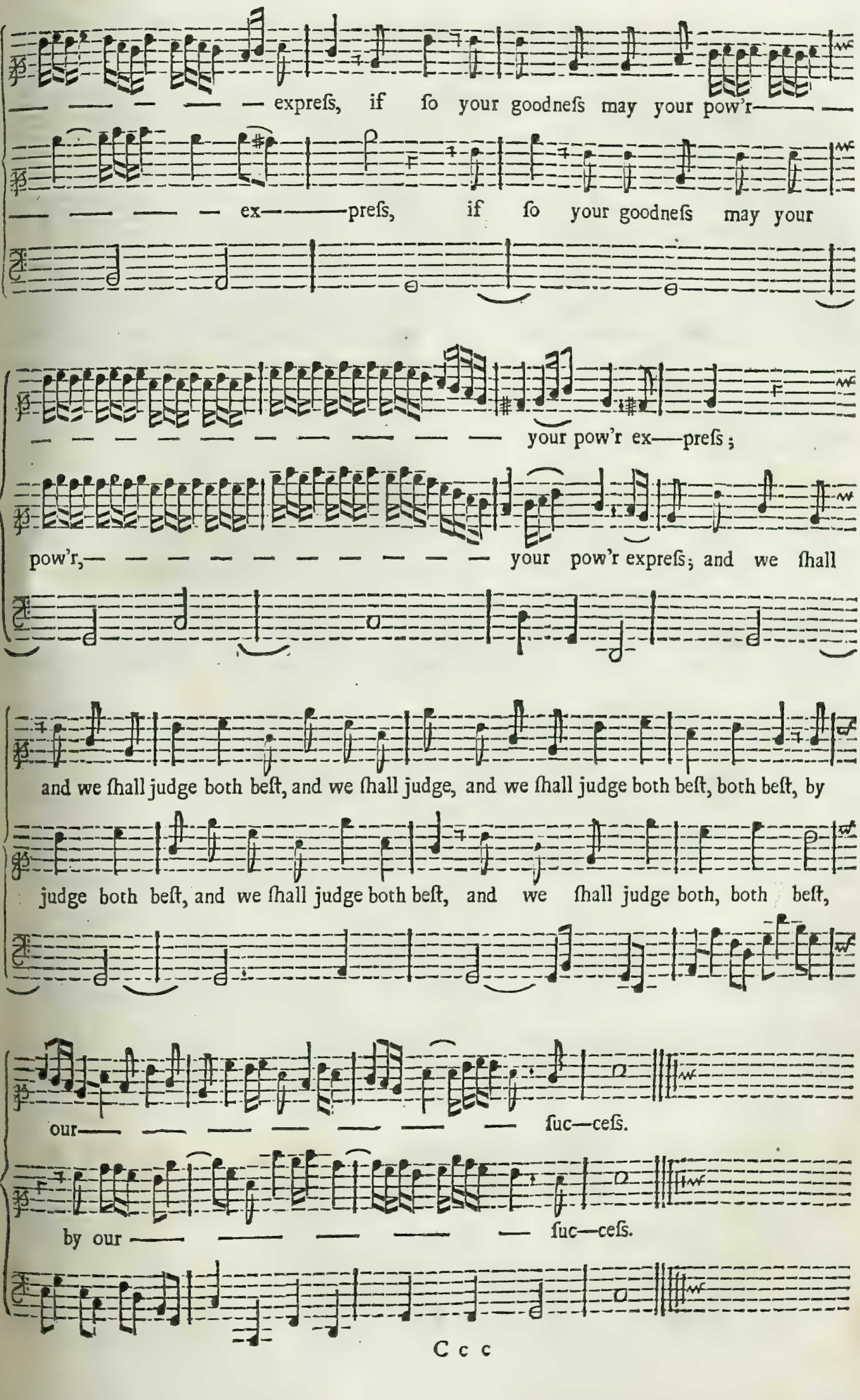
light, it ſhall be to them a new Wedding day, and when he ſets, and when he

light, it ſhall be to them a new Wedding day, and when he ſets, and when he

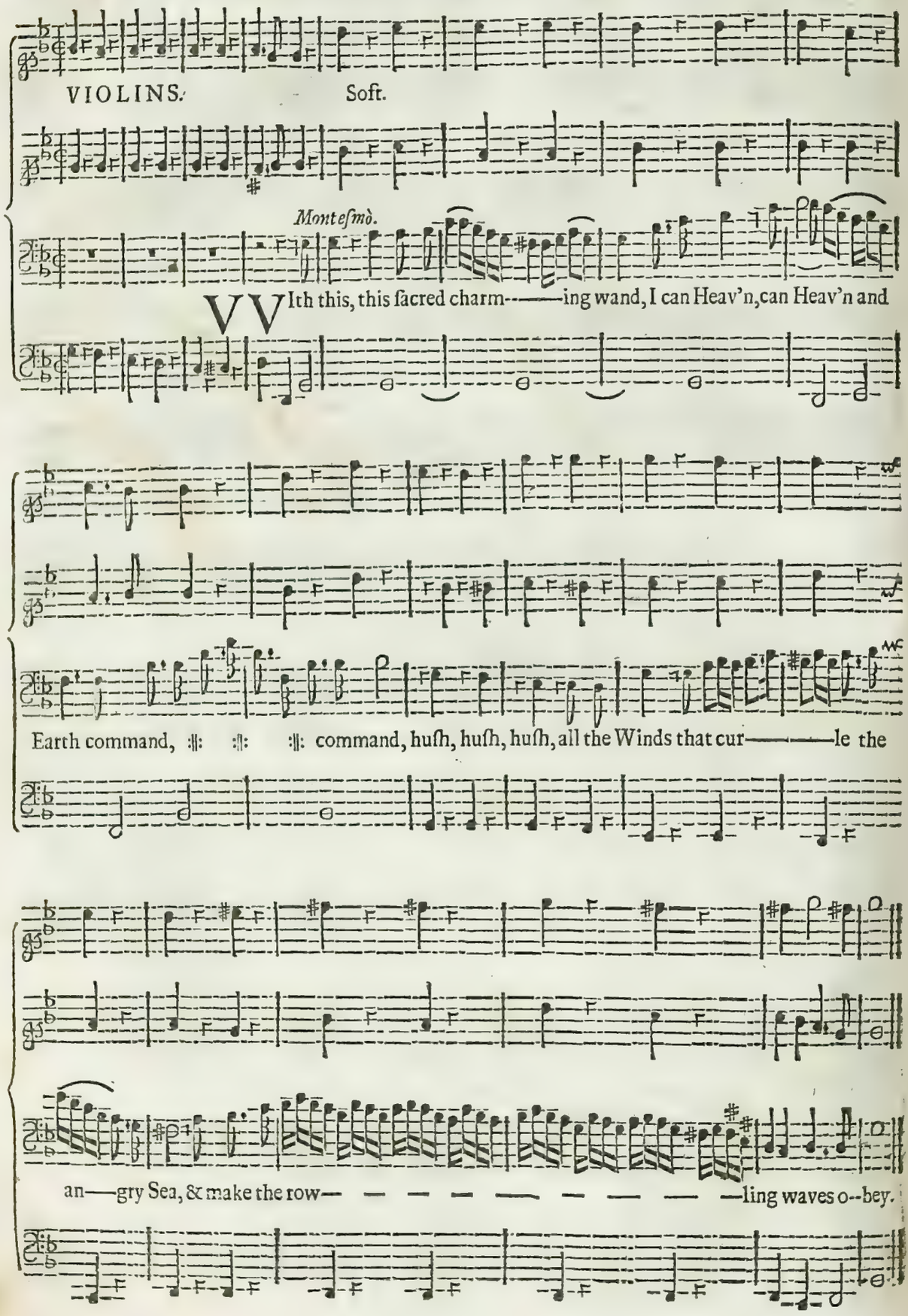


A SONG *for two Voices.*




— — — — — expreſs, if ſo your goodneſs may your pow'r— —
— — — — ex———preſs, if ſo your goodneſs may your
— — — — — — — — — — your pow'r ex—preſs;
pow'r,— — — — — — — — — — — your pow'r expreſs; and we ſhall
and we ſhall judge both beſt, and we ſhall judge, and we ſhall judge both beſt, both beſt, by
judge both beſt, and we ſhall judge both beſt, and we ſhall judge both, both beſt,
our— — — — — — — ſuc—ceſs.
by our — — — — — ſuc—ceſs.

A SONG for *Montesmò* an Inchanter, and *Mellissa* and *Urganda* Inchantresses. Sung in the First Part of *Don-Quixot.*



Urgandi.

I, I from the Clouds can Con—jure down the Rain, I from the Clouds can Con—jure

down the Rain, can Con— — — — —jure down the Rain; and make it

De— — — luge, and make it De— — — —luge once, once a—gain:

Melissa.

I, when I pleaſe, I, when I pleaſe make Na—ture ſmile, ſmile,

ſmile, as ga— — —y, as ga— — — — — —y, as at

firſt ſhe did on, as at firſt ſhe did on her Cre—a—tion day;

Groves with E——ter——nal ſweets, ſhall Fra——grant grow, ſhall fragrant, fragrant

grow, and make a true *E—li——* ——— ——— ———*zi——um*, and

make a true *E——li——* ——— ——— ——— —*zium* here be--low.

CHORUS.

Groves with E—ter—nal ſweets ſhall fra—grant grow, ſhall fragrant, fra—grant grow;

Groves with E—ter—nal ſweets ſhall fra—grant grow, and make a true E—

Groves with E—ter—nal ſweets ſhall fra—grant grow, ſhall fragrant, fra—grant grow, and

and make a true E—li— — — — —zium, *and make a true* E--li— — — — —

—li——zium, *and make a true* E—li— — — — — — — —zium, *a true* E--

make a true E—li— — —zium, *and make a true* E—li — — — — — —

— — —zium *here be—low.* Ritornello.

—li——zium *here be—low.* Ritornello.

— — —zium *here be—low.*

Melliſſa.

I can give Beauty, make the aged young, and Love's dear momentary rapture long;

Love's dear mometary rapture long.

Urgandi.

Nature re—ſtore, and Life, and Life when ſpen— — — — — —

— — —t re—new; Nature re—ſtore, and Life, and Life when ſpen— — —

— — — — — —t re—new: All this, all this by Art, all this by

Art can great, can grea- — — — — — — — — — — — —

— —t *Ur—gan—da* do; can great, can grea- — — — — — —

— — — — — —t *Ur—gan—da* do.

Meliſſa.

Why then, why then will Mortals

Urganda.

Why then, why then will Mortals dare, to urge a

Art all can doe, all, all can doe; Why then, why then will Mortals dare,

dare, to urge, a Fate, to urge a Fate; why then, why then will Mortals dare, to urge a

Fate, to urge, a Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate: why then, why then will Mortals dare

to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate: why then, why then will Mortals

Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, :|: :|: :|: :|: and Ju—ſtice ſo ſe—vere.

to urge a Fate, :|: :|: :|: :|: :|: :|: :|: :|: to urge a Fate, and Ju——ſtice ſo ſe—vere.

dare, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, :|: :|: :|: :|: :|: :|: :|: :|: and Juſtice ſo ſe--vere.

See, ſee there a wretch in his own o—pinion Wiſe, Laugh—s at our

Charms, Laugh——s at our Charms, and mocks, and mocks our Myſteries.

Melliſſa.

I've a little Spirit yonder, where the Clouds do part aſunder, lyes basking his Limbs, in the

warm Sun beams, ſhall his Soul from his Body plunder, ſpeak, ſpeak, ſhall it be ſo? ſhall it be ſo,

Urganda.

ſhall it be, ſhall it be, ſhall it be ſo? ſhall it be, ſhall it be, ſhall it be ſo? No,

No, no, no, no, no,

no; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

no;

no; that Fate's too high, too high, that Fate's too high; I'll give him, give him one more low,

Mellissa.

Let it be so, let it be so,

Urganda.

I'll give him, give him one more low. Let it be so, let it be, let it be so,

let it be so; let it be, let it be, let it be so; let it be, let it be, let it be so.

let it be so; let it be, let it be, let it be so; let it be, let it be, let it be so.

Appear, appear, appear, appear ye fat Fiends that in Limbo do groan, that were when in

Flesh, the same Souls as his own; you that always, you that always in *Lucifer*'s Kitchin re—

—side, 'mongst Sea-cole and Kettles, and Grease newly try'd; that pamper'd, that pamper'd each

day with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Rashers of Fools for a Breakfast on Coals, this

Mortal from hence to convey, to convey try your skill; thus Fate's, thus Fate's, and our

Ma--gi--cal order ful—fil, thus Fate's, thus Fate's, and our Ma-gi--cal order ful—fil.

CHORUS. Violins the ſame.

Ap—pear, ap—pear, ap—pear, ap—pear, ye fat Fiends that in Lim—bo do groan, that

Ap—pear, ap—pear, ap--pear, ye fat Fiends that in Lim--bo do groan, that

Ap—pear, ap--pear, ye fat Fiends that in Lim--bo do groan, that

were, when in fleſh, the ſame Souls as his own; you that al—ways, you that al--ways in

were, when in fleſh, the ſame Souls as his own; you that al—ways, you that al—ways in

were, when in fleſh, the ſame Souls as his own; you that al--ways, you that al--ways in

Lu—ci—fer's *Kitchin re—ſide, 'mongſt Sea-cole and Kettles, and Greaſe new—ly try'd;*

Lu—ci—fer's *Kitchin re—ſide, 'mongſt Sea-cole and Kettles, and Greaſe new--ly try'd;*

Lu—ci--fer's *Kitchin re—ſide, 'mongſt Sea-cole and Kettles, and Greaſe new—ly try'd;*

That pamper'd, that pamper'd, each day, with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Rashers of Fools for a

That pamper'd, that pamper'd, each day, with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Rashers of Fools for a

That pamper'd, that pamper'd, each day, with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Rashers of Fools for a

Breakfast on Coals, this Mortal from hence to con—vey, to con—vey shew your skill; thus

Breakfast on Coals, this Mortal from hence to convey, to con—vey shew your skill; thus

Breakfast on Coals, this Mortal from hence to con—vey, to con—vey shew your skill; thus

Fate's, thus Fate's and our Ma—gi—cal or—der ful—fil. fill.

Fate's, thus Fate's and our Ma—gi—cal or—der ful—fil. fill.

Fate's, thus Fate's and our Ma—gi—cal or—der ful—fil. fill.

A SONG *for two Voices.*

IN vain the

In vain the am'———rous *Flute*, in vain the

am'———rous *Flute*, and soft *Guitar*, joyntly,

am'rous *Flute*, and sof———t, soft *Gui———tar*,

joynt——ly La———bour

joyntly, joynt——ly La———bour to in——

to inspire, wanton heat, wanton, wanton, wan——ton heat and loose de—sire:

--spire, wanton heat, to inspire wanton, wanton, wan——ton heat and loose de—sire:

Whilst thy chaft airs do gent---ly, gent—ly, gent——ly move; do gent--ly,

Whilst thy chaft airs do gent--ly

gent—ly, gent——ly move, Seraphick flames and heav'n—ly love, and heav'n – ly

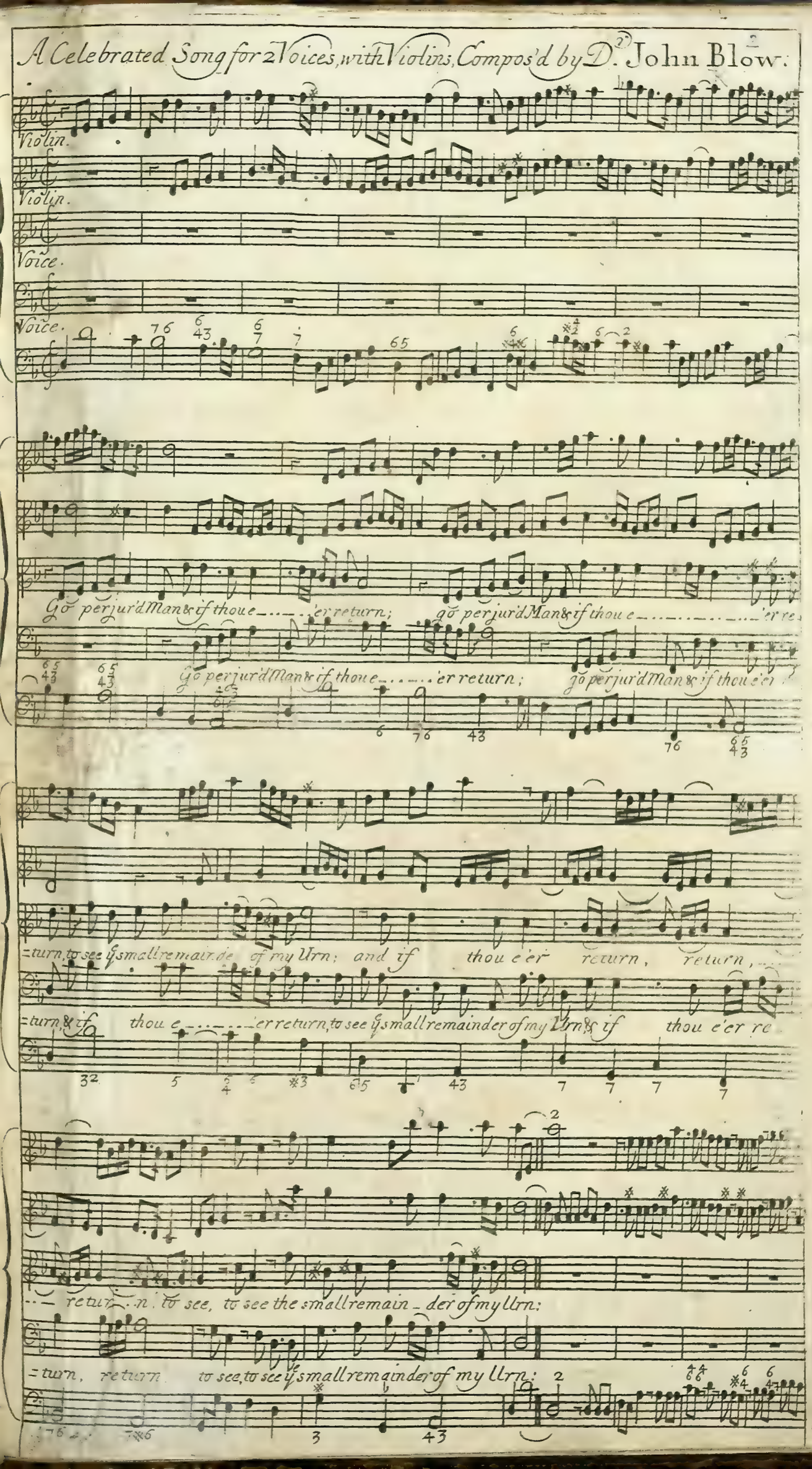
gent——ly, gent——ly move, Seraphick flames and heav'n—ly love, Seraphick

love, Seraphick flames and heav'n— — — — — — — —ly love.

flames and heav'n——ly love, and heav'n— — — — — — —ly love.

F I N I S.

A Celebrated Song for 2 Voices, with Violins, Compos'd by Dr. John Blow.



When thou shalt laugh, shalt lau - - - - - - ghat my religious dust, and ask now, now, now the Colour, Form, & Trust of

When thou shalt laugh, shalt lau - - - - - - ghat my religious dust, & ask now & Colour, Form, & Trust of Womans

Womans Beauty, and perhaps rude, with rude hands perhaps with rude hands rifle & flow'rs the Virgins

Beauty, & perhaps rude hands, rude hands, & perhaps rude hands, rifle & flow'rs & Virgins strew'd, know I've

strew'd; know I've Pray'd to pity, & & Wind may blow my Ashes up, know I've Pray'd to pity & &

Pray'd to pity, & & Wind may blow my Ashes up, know I've Pray'd to pity, & & Wind may blow my Ashes up and

Wind may blow my Ashes up, may blow my Ashes up & strike & Blind. When thou &c.

strike thee Blind, & & Wind may blow my Ashes up & strike thee Blind. When thou &c. 2

T. Cross junr. Sculp.

A Song in the Mad Lover, Set by Mr. J: Eccles, Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Must n. y. a faithful Lover go, scorn'd & banish'd, banish'd like a Foe, Oh! let me Rave, Oh! let me Rave, dispair, dispair,

curse, curse my Fate, yet bless, yet bless, bless the Fair, for oh in spight of her disdain I still must Love, I still must Love & hug my Chain,

yet why, why shou'd Love, why shou'd Love my Heart moist, n. Hate, n. Hate, n. Hate her Love possesses, reveng, reveng or Scorn, revenge, re=

venge or Scorn, or Scorn shou'd rule my Breast, n. such a Swain, such a Swain, such a Swain she Blesses, n. such a Swain, :||: :||: she

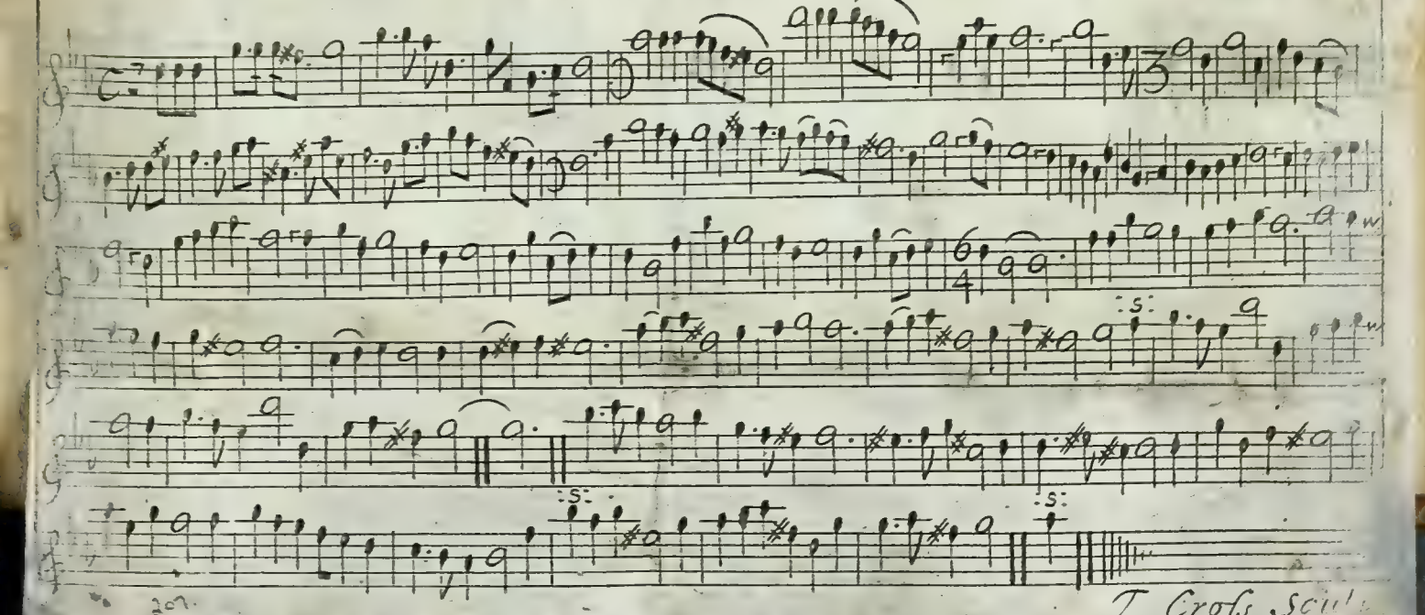
Blesses: Then I'll no more to Coyness sue, Faith & constant Love adieu, farewell dotage, fond Disease, welcome freedom, welcom ease, welcome

freedom, welcome ease. :S: I'll rove & I'll range, I'll love & I'll change, I'll rove & I'll range, I'll love & I'll change:

Every hour & every place, every fair & every face; I'll vow & protest, I'll swear & deceive, all, all who like me are so

Mad to beleive, all, all, all, all, all, all, all who like me are so Mad to beleive. I'll

For the Flute.



J. Cross Scul.

Pamo 1017
D156/3

rcma 1048
D 158/4

A Two=part SONG in the Play call'd Harry the fifth Sett by Mr John Eccles. 8

Fill fill fill all the Glasses fill e'm high fill e'm high. Drink

Fill, fill fill all the Glasses fill e'm high fill e'm high,

drink, drink, drink, drink drink, drink, drink and de fye all pow'r but Love, love, all, all, all, all,

Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink and de fye all pow'r but Love, but love, but love, but

all all, all pow'r but Love, de fye all all all all all all all pow'r but Love, Love.

Love de fye all pow'r but Love de fye all all all all all all all pow'r but Love, Love.

Wine, wine, wine, wine gives the Slave his Liberty, but Love, but love makes a Sla__ve of

Wine, wine, wine, wine gives the Slave his Liberty, but Love, love makes a Sla__ve of

Thund'ring Jove; Wine gives the Slave, wine gives the slave his Liberty, but Love, but

Thund'ring Jove, Wine gives the Slave, wine gives the slave his Liberty, but Love,

Love makes a Slave of Thu_____ndring, Thundring Jove, of

Love makes a Slave of Thu_____ndring, Thundring Jove, of

Thun- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - d'ring Thund'ring Jove, Jove.

Thun- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - d'ring Thund'ring Jove, Jove. Then

Drink a way, drink, drink, drink a way, make a Night of ye Day, tis Nectar, tis Nectar, tis liquor

Drink, drink a way drink, drink drink, drink drink a way, make a Night of ye Day, tis Nectar, tis Nectar, tis liquor

devine, ye Pleasures of Life free from Anguish and strife, are owing to Love, to love and good Wine, and good

devine, the Pleasures of life free from Anguish & strife, are owing to love and good Wine, to love

wine to Love and good wine, are owing are owing to love and good wine, are owing to Love, to Love and

& good wine, & good wine are owing to love and good wine, and good wine,

good wine, are owing are owing to love and good wine, are owing to love, to love and good wine, are

& good wine, are owing to love and good wine, & good wine, and good

owing, are owing to love and good wine, are owing, are owing to love and good wine, wine,

wine, are owing to love and good wine, are owing, are owing to love and good wine, wine.

Set by Mr John Eccles. Sung by Mrs Hodgson.

Fye Amarillis cease to greiwe, fy. fy. fy. fy. cease, cease to greiwe, fy.

fy. fy. fy, cease, cease to greiwe, for him thou never cans't retreiwe; Wilt thou sigh for one that

fly's Thee, wilt thou sigh for one that fly's Thee, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, Scorn the

wretch, scorn the wretch that Love deny's Thee Scorn ye Wretch, Scorn ye Wretch ye Love, ye Love deny's the.

Call Pride to thy aid & be not afraid, of meeting a Swain that is Kind. As Handsome as

He, perhaps He may be, at least, at least a more Generous Mind as Handsome as he, perhaps he may

be, at least, at least a more Generous Mind, at least a more Generous Mind.

For the Flute.

T. Cross junr. Sculp.

Printed for & Sold by Gno. Cullen at ye Buck between ye two Temple Gates Fleet-Street.

Orpheus SONG to W[illegible] Sung by Mr John Weldon Sung by Mrs Linsey.

Stop, stop, O ye Waves; Stop,

stop, O ye Waves, and hear me tell what joy what pains of grief a wretch-

-ed Swain be-fel, then ro-wl a-way, and rowling to each

:S:

O ther say, let us Love let us Love, let us love and let us Play in wan-

ton murmurs while we may; For so did once the Thra-cian

Swain, so did once the Thra-cian Swain, but while you thus se-cure-ly glide

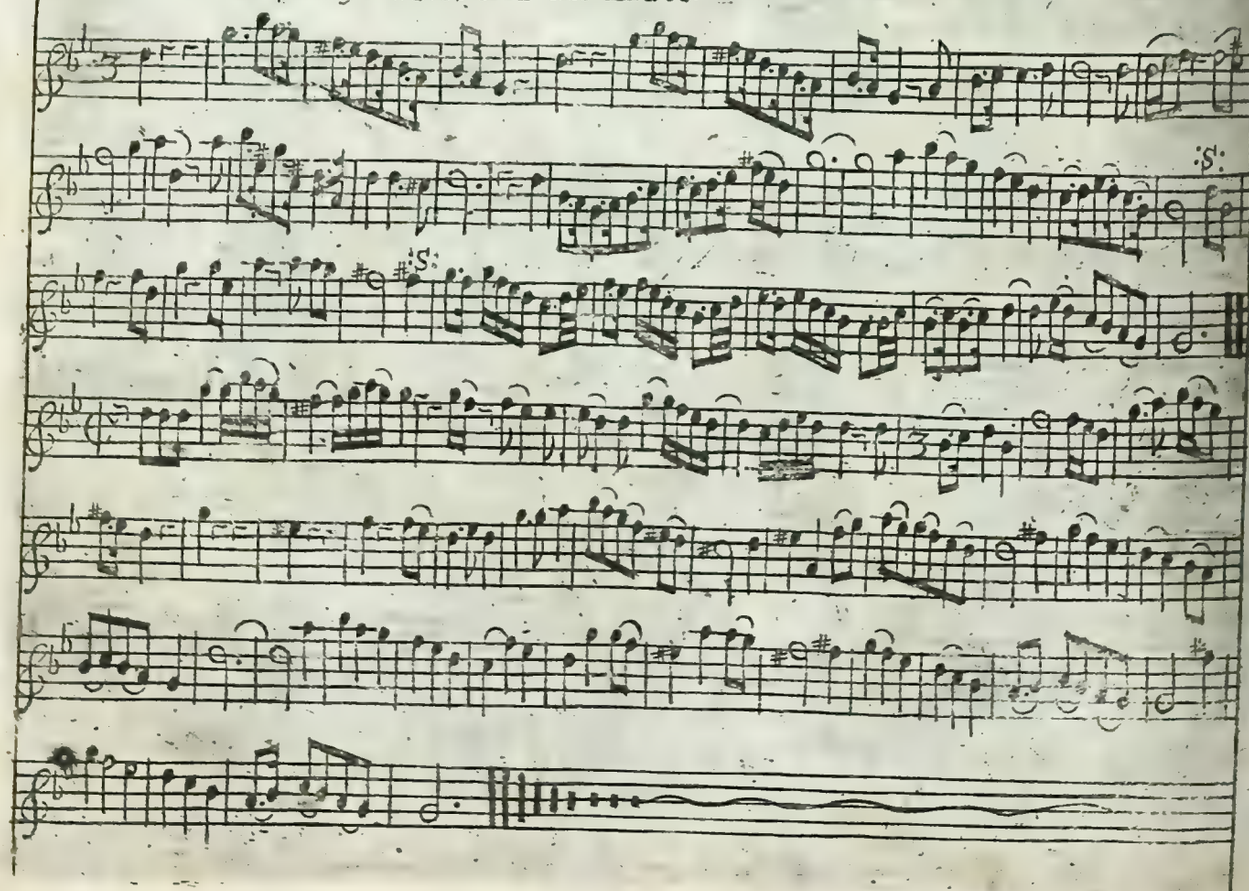
think, think, think, O! think when you come to the high-est tide of pleasure, you must then divide, as

Orpheus did and far as wide as Orpheus did and far as wide, far as wide far as wide as

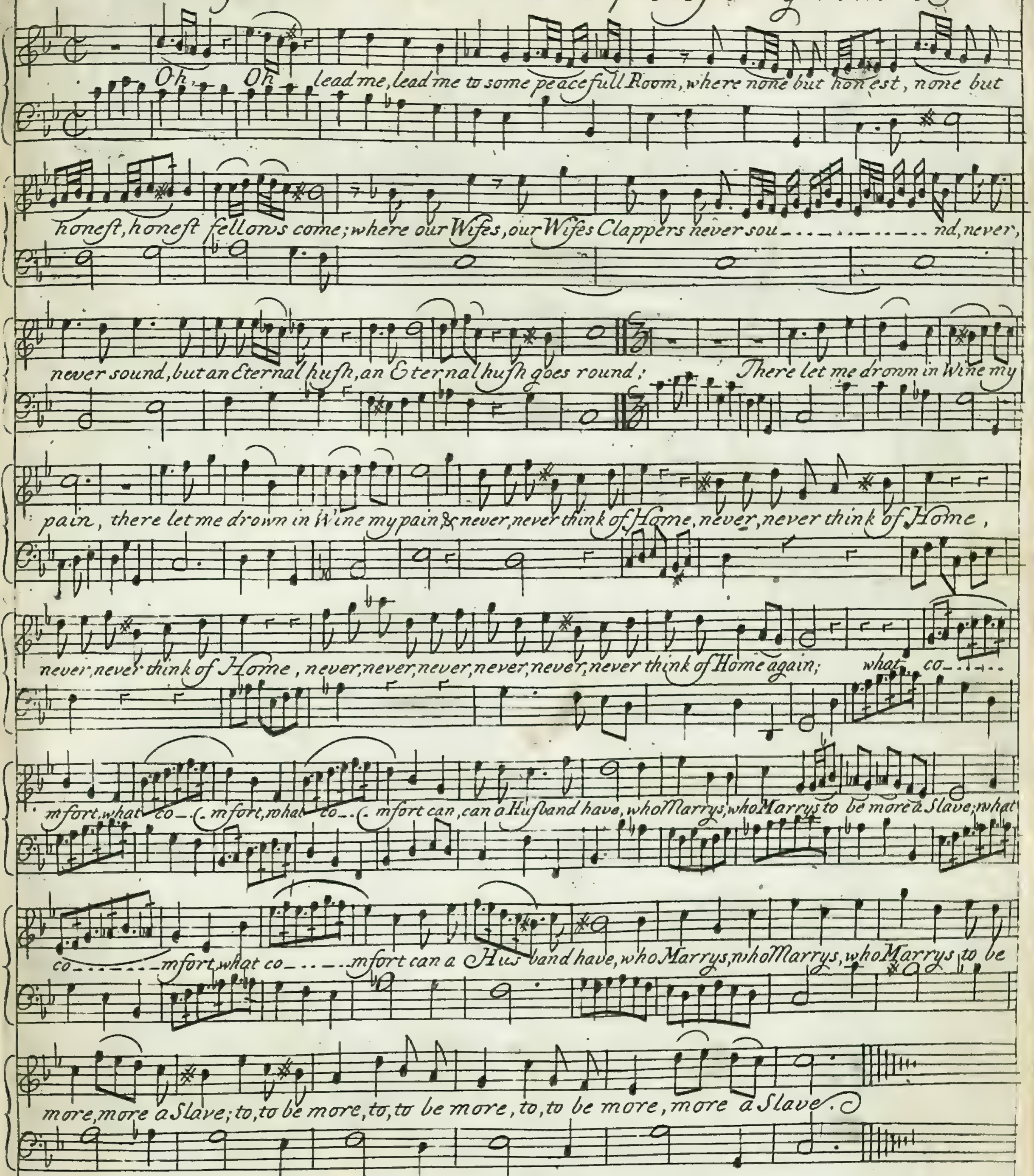
Orpheus did and far as wide as Orpheus did and far as wide

D 156/6

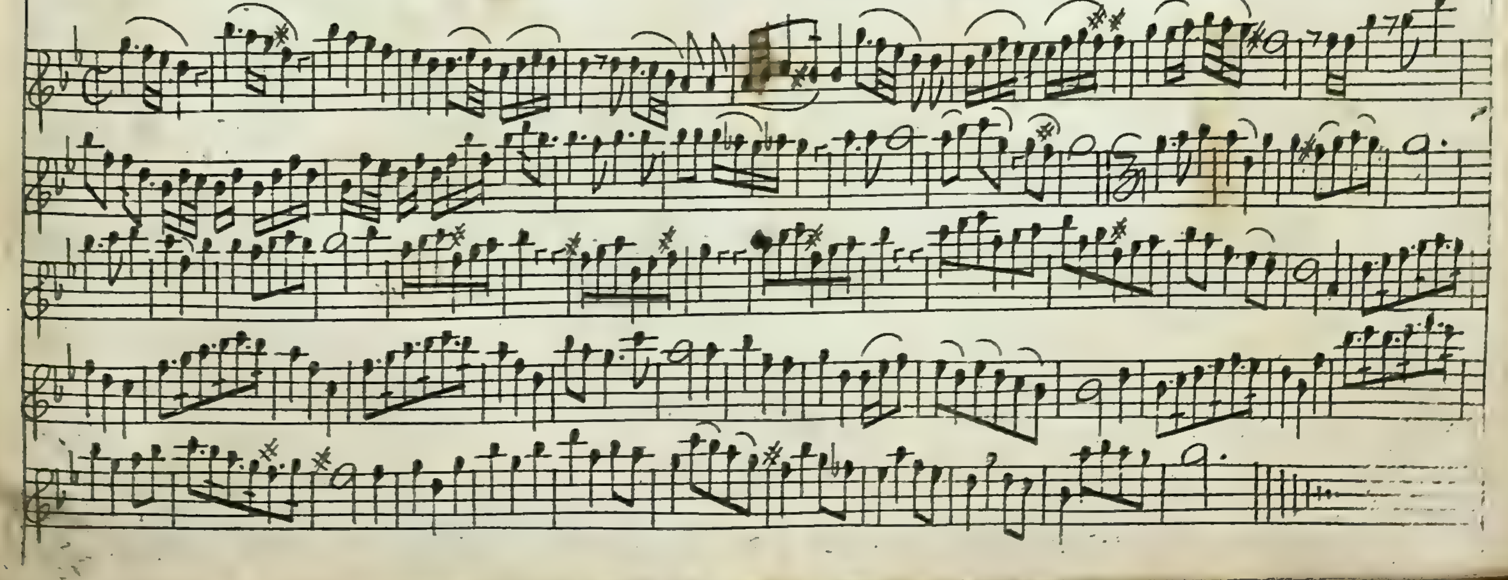
Stop O ye Waves For the Flute.



A mock Song to Oh lead me to some peacefull gloom.



For the Flute .



1 Feb 1950
D136/7

A SONG On a Lady's Drinking

Whilst Phillis is drinking Love and Wine in al_liance with Forces u_nited; bides re_

_sistless de_fiance: Each touch of her Lip makes the Wine sparkle higher, and her Eyes by her

drinking re_double their fire, her Cheeks grow the Brighter recruting their colour, as

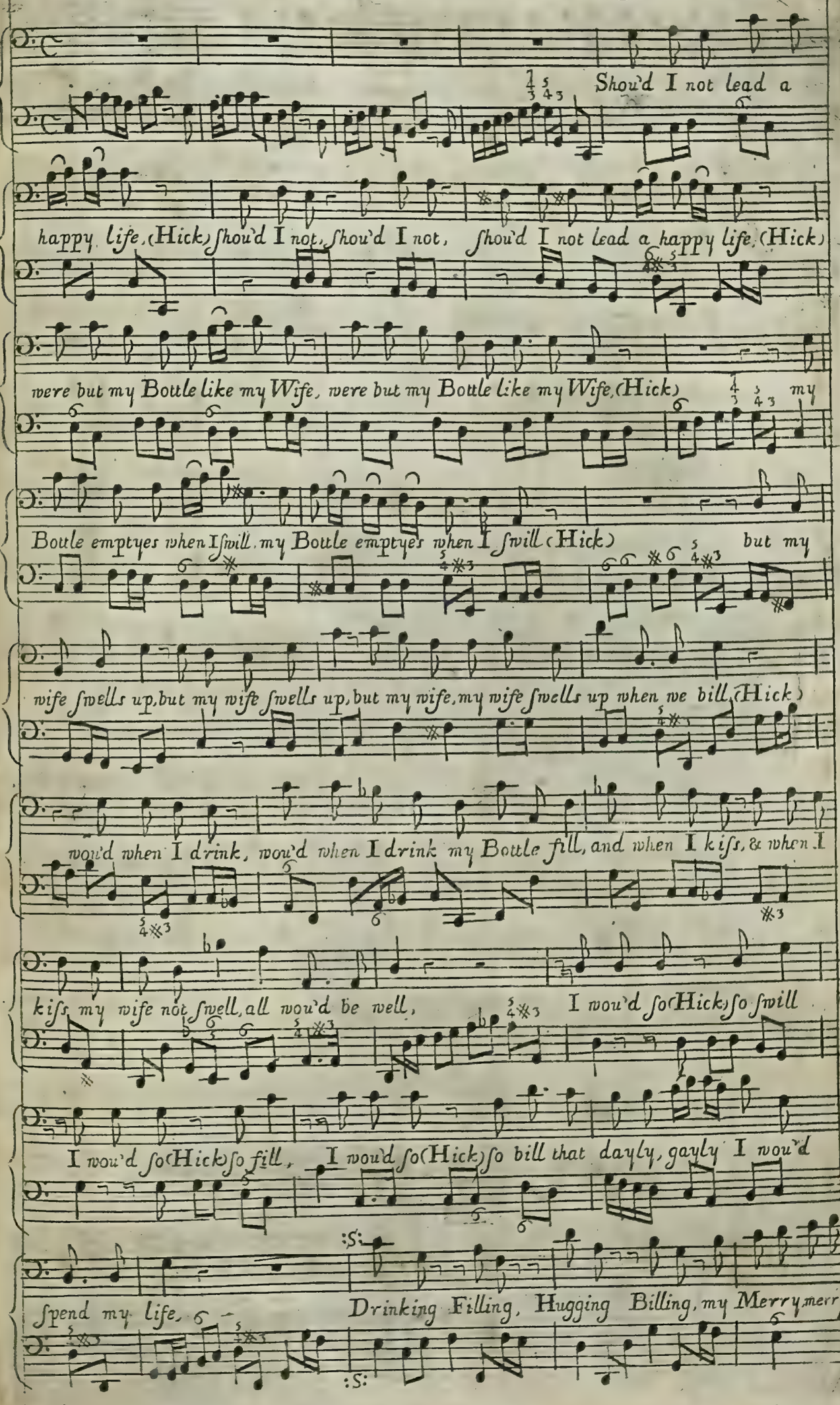
Flowrs by sprinkling re_vive with fresh Odour; each dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond

curing, and the Li_quer like oyle mak's the flame more en_during.

For the Flute

D156/2

A Drunken Dialogue in Loves a Jest between Mr Reading and Mr Lee



merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry Bottle & my Wife.

Still at your Pott you drunken Sott, you drunken, drunken, drunken Sott,

you till I come will never go home, and when youre there, you Curse and

Swear, you Curse, you ban, you damn and Swear, then prove a Bed a lump of Lead

will you never leave your beastly Pott, you odious filthy drunken Sott.

do you think you Scold I'll be contrould, (Hick) do you think you

Scould I'll be contrould, no more be say'd, no more be say'd

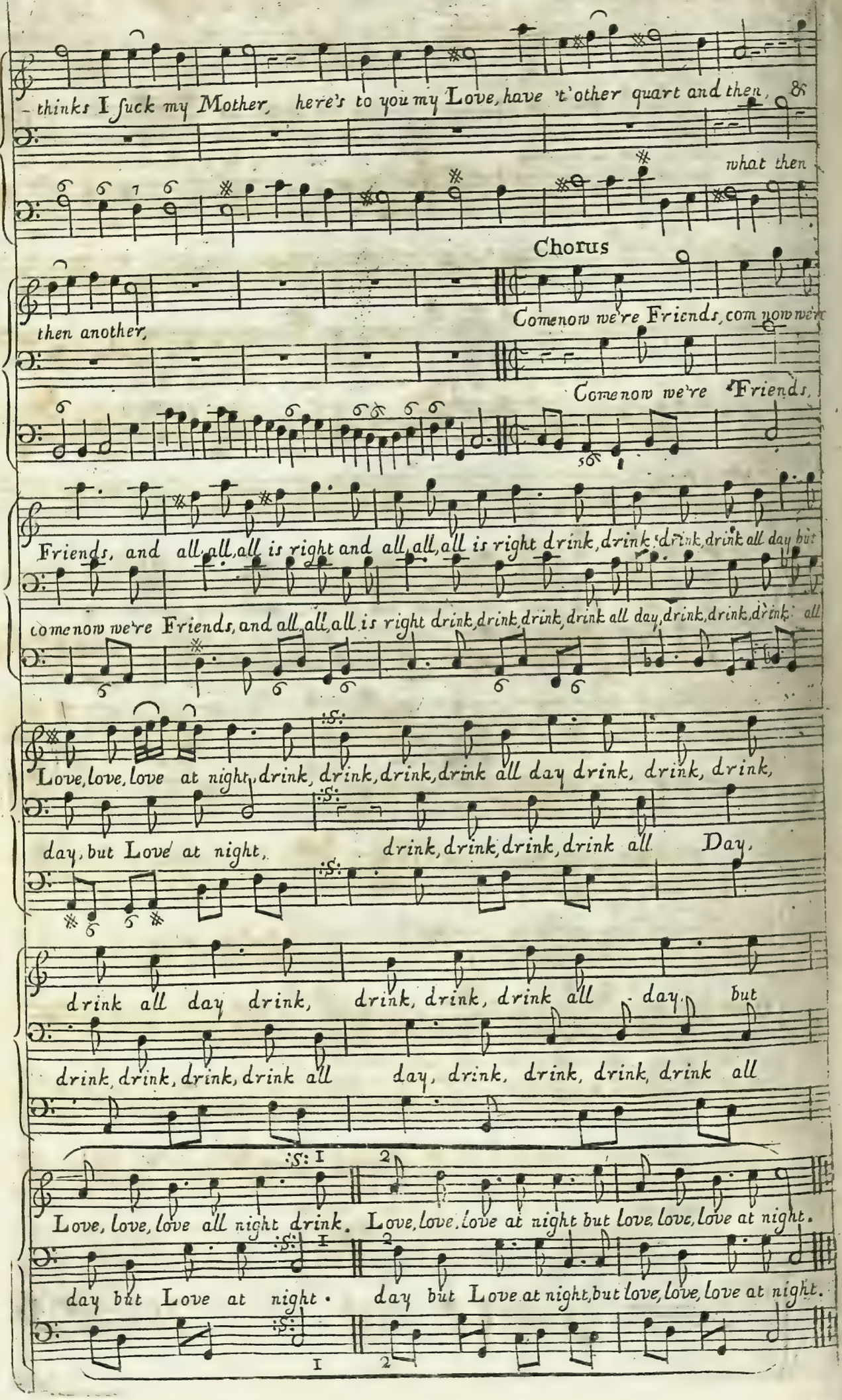
or at your Head as I'm a Sott, (Hick) Souse fiyes the Pott, but

first I think I'll save the drink, but first I think I'll save the drink,

Hold leave a Sup don't, don't drink all, all up.

Here tast, tast and know why, why, why I'll not go,

How sweet, how sweet, oh how it chears and warms my Heart, oh dear methinks, me-


thinks I suck my Mother, here's to you my Love, have t'other quart and then, &
what then
Chorus
then another,
Comenow we're Friends, com now we're
Comenow we're Friends,
Friends, and all, all, all is right and all, all, all is right drink, drink, drink, drink all day but
comenow we're Friends, and all, all, all is right drink, drink, drink, drink all day, drink, drink, drink, all
Love, love, love at night, drink, drink, drink, drink all day drink, drink, drink,
day, but Love at night, drink, drink, drink, drink all Day,
drink all day drink, drink, drink, drink all day, but
drink, drink, drink, drink all day, drink, drink, drink, drink all
Love, love, love all night drink. Love, love, love at night but love, love, love at night.
day but Love at night. day but Love at night, but love, love, love at night.

A SONG Sett by Mr. Willis.

Now my freedom's re gain'd, and by Bacchus I Swear, all Whining, dull Whimsey's of

Love I'll Chashier, the Charm's more engaging, in Bumpers of Wine, then let Cloe be=

=Damn'd, but let this be Divine. Whilst youth warms thy Vains Boy, embrace thy full

Glasses, damn Cupid and all his poor proselyte Asses, let this be thy rule Tom, to

square out thy Life, and when Old in a Frend, thou'lt live free from all strife, only

envied by him that is plagu'd with a Wife.

For the Flute

Feb 1952
D15½/10

A two part Song Set by Dr Tudway.

Now now my Freedoms re-gaind, now, now, now, now my Freedoms regaind, and by

Now, now my Freedoms regaind, now, now, now my Freedoms regaind,

Bacchus, by Bacchus, by Bacchus I swear, all the whining, dull whimseys, of Love,

and by Bacchus, by Bacchus I swear, all the whining, dull whimseys, all y

all the whining dull whimseys, of Love, of love I'le Cashier. The Charms more en-

whining dull whimseys, the whining dull whimseys, of love I'le Cashier the

-gaging, engaging in Bumpers of wine, then let Cloe, let Clo-e be damnd, but let this be divine, whilst

charms more engaging in Bumpers of wine, then let Cloe, let Clo-e be damnd, but let this be divine,

youth warms thy veins, boy, whilst youth warms thy veins boy, embrace,

whilst youth warms thy veins boy, whilst youth warms thy veins boy,

embrace thy full glasses, damn Cupid and all, all,

embrace thy full glasses, damn Cupid and all, all, damn Cupid and

all his poor proselute asses. Da Capo

all his poor proselyte asses. Da Capo

Canc 1957
D15/11

Advice to a fond Lover

For Shame fond heart give o're Desireing what ne're was worth one kind

look of admiring Scorn O fly ye false ungratefull She and let her know She's

far below so generous a man as thee but fill ye Capatious Bowl we will drink wth out Con

Slow

= trole to ye true Church Prosperity Then fill thy glass ne'er pine like an Ass for a woman & mony lo

in South Sea bubble It's ye fates know best whats for our true Intrest yn a Fig for ye Jylt and a

T_d for ye Gilt we will drink away care & trouble let Popery & their Plots Scare mizers & am'rous

Sots our cheifest care is of affair is to pay all of our Scots over Pots and Lots

for the FLUTE

tr tr tr tr tr tr tr tr tr

H.C.M.A. 1088
D156/12

A SONG made on a Punch Bowle

The Jolly, Jolly Bowle, that does quench my thirsty Soul; when

all — .. — .. — .. — the mingling Juice is thrown, per-fu — .. — .. — .. —

— md with fragrant Goar Stone. with its wa — .. — .. — .. — .. — .. —

— .. — .. — .. — n-son Toast too, Cur — .. — ling cur — .. — ling, cur — .. — ling cur —

— ling, curling the nut-brown Riles, which down, dow — — n dow — — n, down by the gills,

— ru — .. — .. — .. — .. — .. — .. — .. — nr through ru-by Swallows purling.

For the Flute

D156/13

A New Song

How dully rise ye grave disdain, ye pleasing Passion Love; out grown all Sence of

How dully rise ye grave disdain, ye pleasing Passion Love; out grown all Sense of

Joys & Pain, by artless Spleen they move. Ill Nature sits in Judgments place when

Joys & Pain, by artless Spleen they move. Ill Nature sits in Judgments place when

Love like mine they blame, who can ye glowing Heart but praise when Merit makes the Flame.

Love like mine they blame who can ye glowing heart but praise ye Merit makes the Flame.

2

Like them but sway'd by Reasons Rule,
Amaz'd I view the weak:
Who Searning Love in Folly's School,
Mistake the Bliss they seek.
Too oft alass! the Face thats fair,
With feign'd good Humour gay:
Conceals the Soul thats insincere,
And clouds the promiss'd Day.

3

To her my Heart its Homage owes,
On true Desert intent;
Whose Sence of Natures Blessing goes,
No further than Content.
Such Beauty Time its self shall spare,
Or what that Loss supplies:
Virtue shall make her Reasons care,
And cheat the Lovers Eyes.

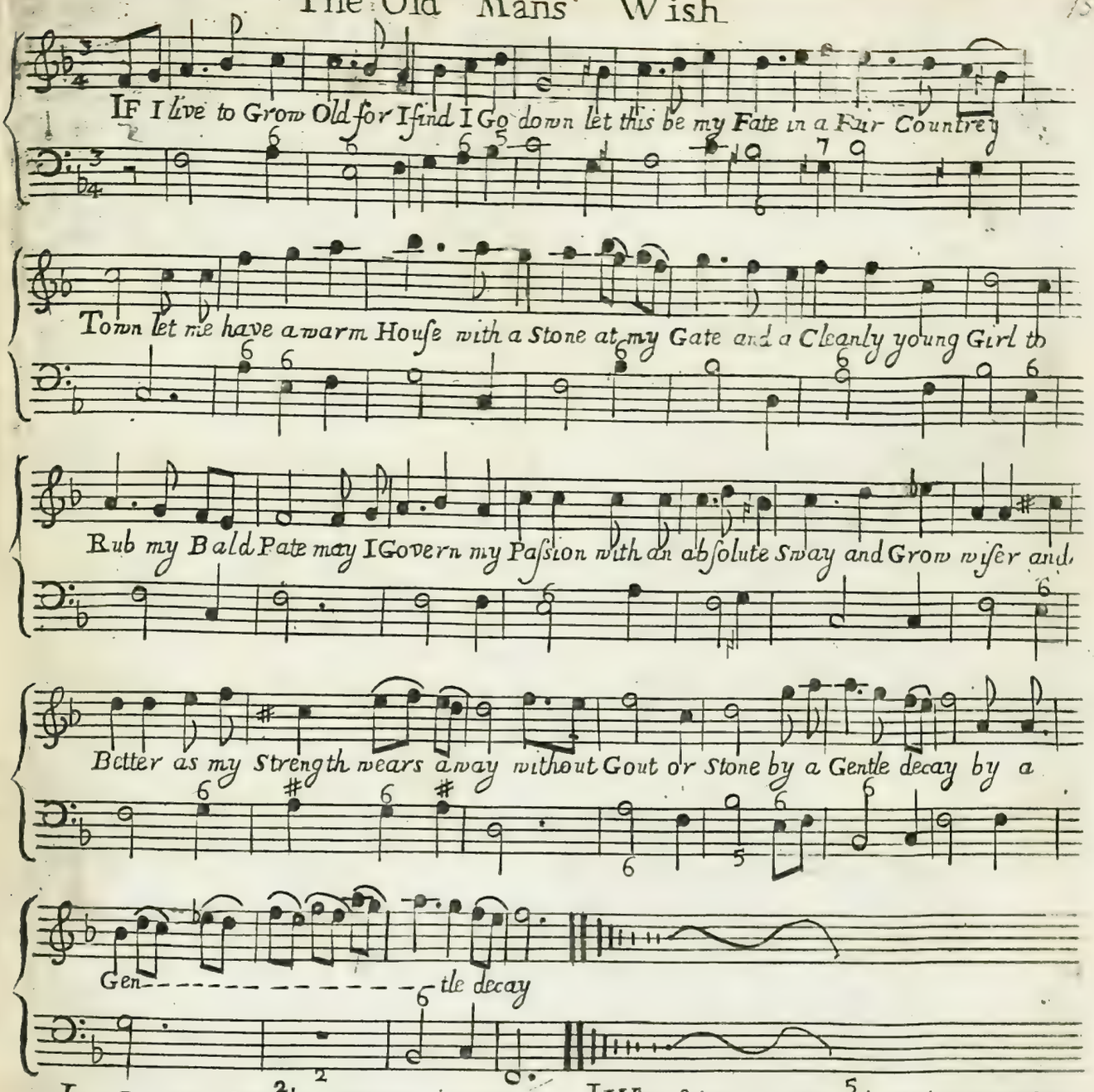
4

Her Face imperfect Conquest made,
And could but greatly charm:
Her Mind the subtile Fire convey'd,
With which my Soul is warm:
Then guiltless let me hope the Flame
May reach at last so far;
To catch the Cause from whence it came,
And bless a faithfull Pair.

FLUTE

Demo 1060
D156/14

The Old Mans Wish



2
In a Country Town by a Murmuring Brook
With the Ocean at distance whereon I may look
With a Spacious Plain without Hedge or Stile
And an easie Pad Nag to ride out a Mile
May I Govern &c.

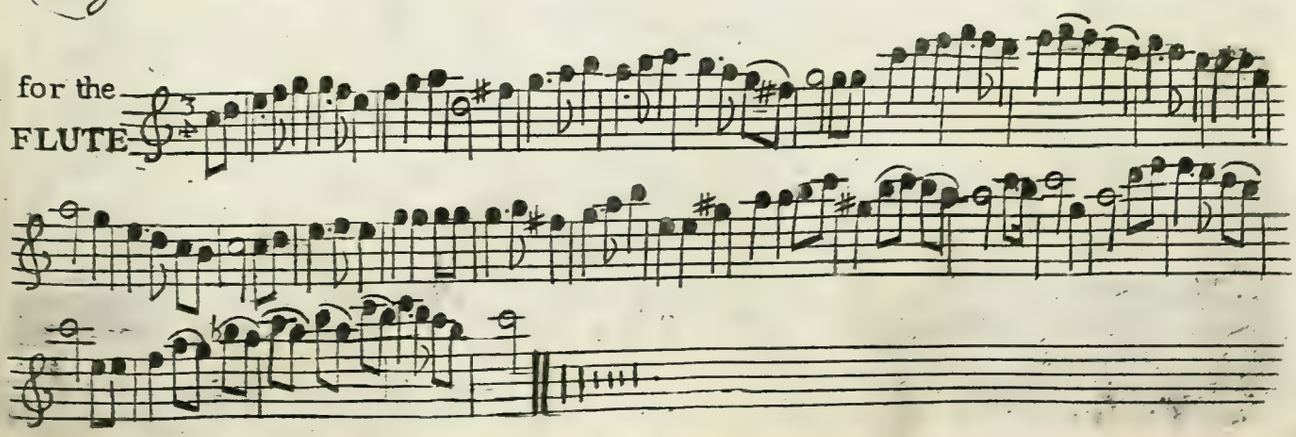
3
With Horace & Petrarch & two or three more
Of the best Wits that liv'd in the ages before
With a Dish of Roast Mutton not Venison nor Teal
And clean tho' course Linnen at every Meal
May I Govern &c.

4
With a Pudding on Sundays & Stout humming liquor
And remnants of Latin to welcome the Vicar
With a hidden reserve of Burgundy Wine
To drink the Kings health as oft as I Dine
May I Govern &c.

5
When ye days are grown short & it Freezes & snows
May I have a Coal Fier as high as my Nose
A Fire which once Stirred up with a Prong
Will keep ye Room temperate all the night long
May I Govern &c.

6
With a Courage undaunted may I Face my last day
And when I am dead may the better Sort say
In ye morning when Sober in ye Evening when mellow
He's Gone and has left not behind him his Fellow
For he Governd his Passion with an absolute Sway
And Grew wiser and better as his Strength wore away
Without Gout or Stone by a Gentle decay

for the FLUTE



Tome 1072
D1C3/11

A Drinking Song for 2 Voices the words by a Gentleman Set to Musick by Mr Carey

Here's to thee my Boy, my Darling my Joy, for a Toper I Love as my Life. I

Here's to thee my Boy, my Darling my Joy, for a Toper I

Love as my Life: Who ne'er Baulks his Glass, nor Cries like an Ass, to go

Love as my Life: Who ne'er Baulks his Glass, nor Cries like an Ass, to go

Home to his Mistress or Wife, to go Ho ..... me to his Mistress or Wife.

Home to his Mistress or Wife, to go Ho ..... me to his Mistress or Wife.

(2)

But Heartily Quaffs,
Sings Catches and Laughs,
All the Night he Looks Jovial and Gay,
Looks Jovial and Gay.
When morning appears,
Then Homeward he Steers,
To Snore out the rest of the Day.
To Sno.... re out the rest of the Day.

(3)

He feels not the Cares,
The Greifs or the Fears,
That the Sober too often attend,
too often attend.
Nor knows he a Loss,
Disturbance or Cross,
Save the want of his Bottle and friend
Save the wa....nt of his Bottle and friend

For the Flute

Copy 1
D 122/16

A SONG in the Mask of Martillo

Tender Hearts to ev'ry Passion still their freedom would betray still their freedom would betray But how Calm is Inclination when our Reason bears the sway when our Reason when our Reason bears the sway Ritor.

Swains them selves while they pursue us often teach us to deny while we fly they fondly move us If we grow too fond they fly If we grow too fond they fly Da Capo

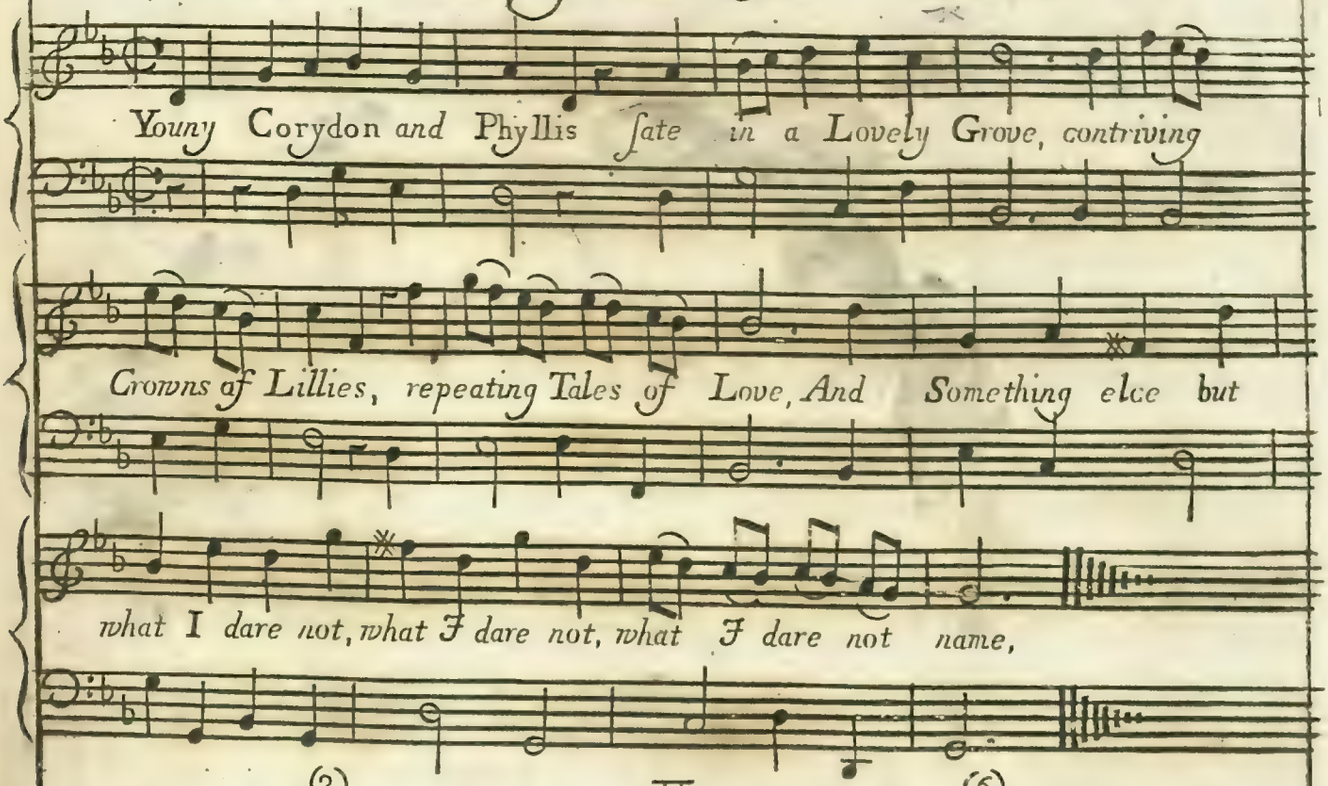
for the FLUTE

Ritor

D.C

Roma 1097
D156/17

A SONG Sett by Mr. Jer: Clarke.



(2)
But as they were a playing,
She ogled so the Swain,
It ſav'd her plainly ſaying,
Let's kiſs to eaſe our pain,
And Something elce &c.

(3)
A thouſand Times he kiſs'd her,
Laying her on the Green,
But as he further preſs'd her,
Apretty Legg was ſeen,
And Something elce &c.

(4)
So many Beauties veiwing,
His Ardour ſtill increas'd,
And greater Joys purſuing,
He wander'd o'er her Breaſt,
And Something elce &c.

(5)
A laſt Effort ſhe Trying,
His Paſsion to withſtand,
Cry'd but twas faintly crying,
Pray take away your Hand,
And Something elce &c.

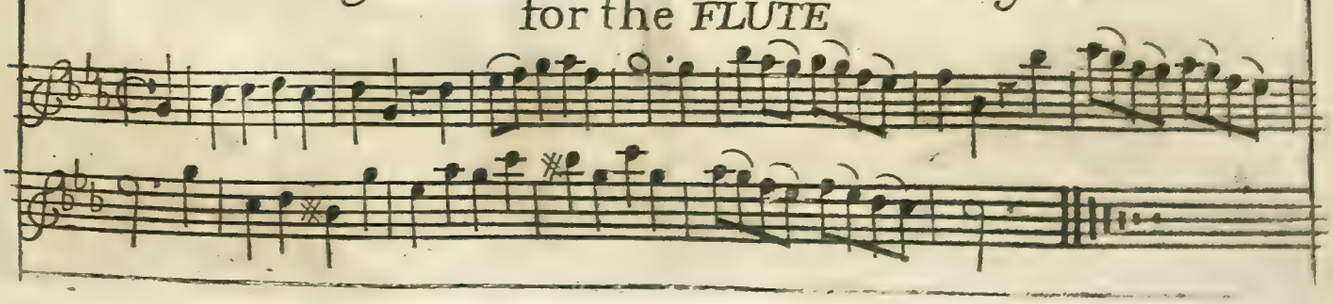
(6)
Young Corydon grown bolder,
The Minute wou'd improve,
This is the Time he told her,
To Shew you how I Love,
And Something elce &c.

(7)
The Nymph ſeem'd almost dying,
Diſsolv'd in amorous Heat,
She kiſs'd and told him Sighing,
My Dear your Love is great,
And Something elce &c.

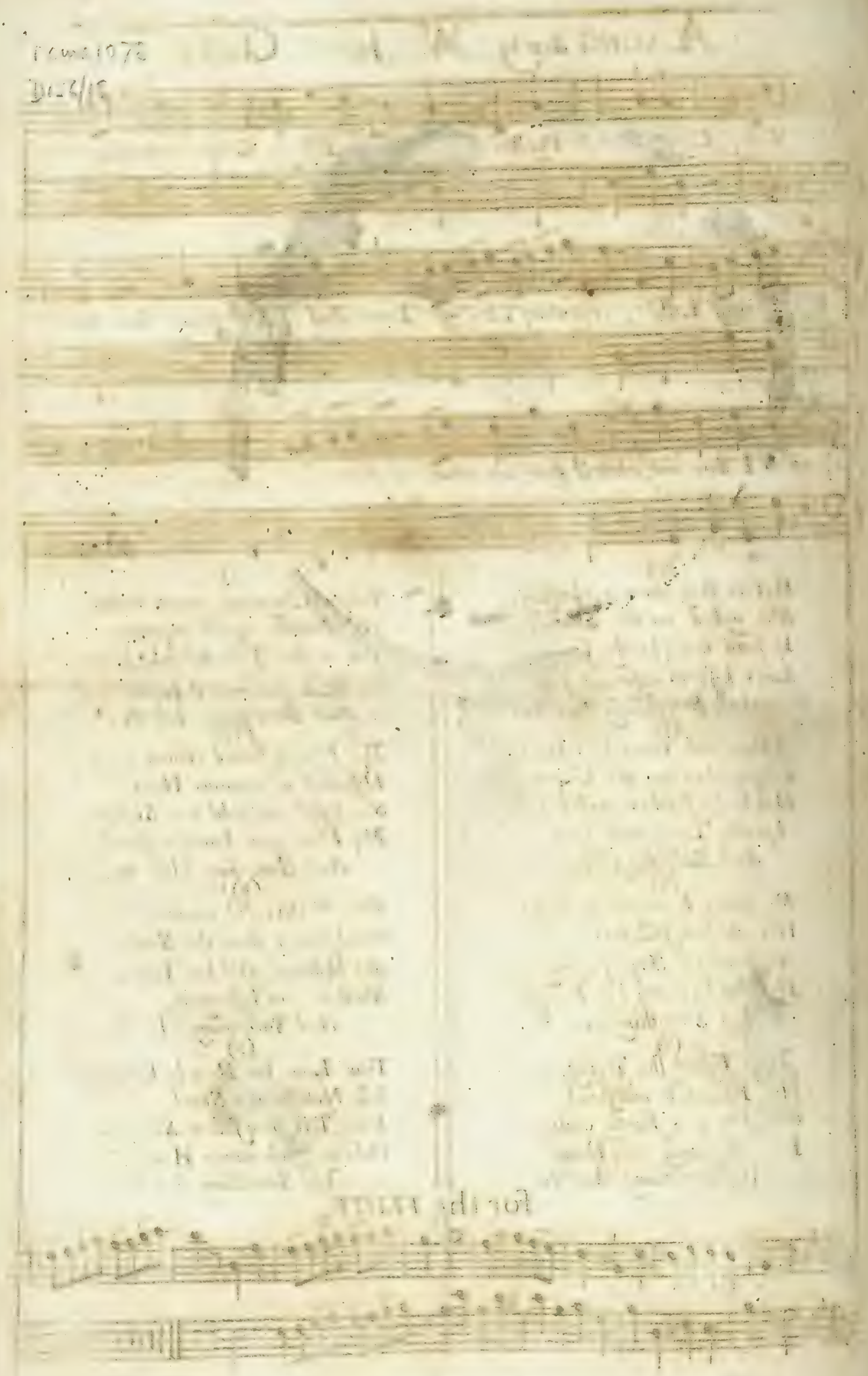
(8)
But Phillis did recover,
Much ſooner than the Swain,
She bluſhing aſk'd her Lover,
Shall we not kiſs again,
And Something elce &c.

(9)
Thus Love his Revels keeping,
Till Nature at a Stand,
From Talk they fell to Sleeping,
Holding each others Hand,
And Something elce &c.

for the FLUTE



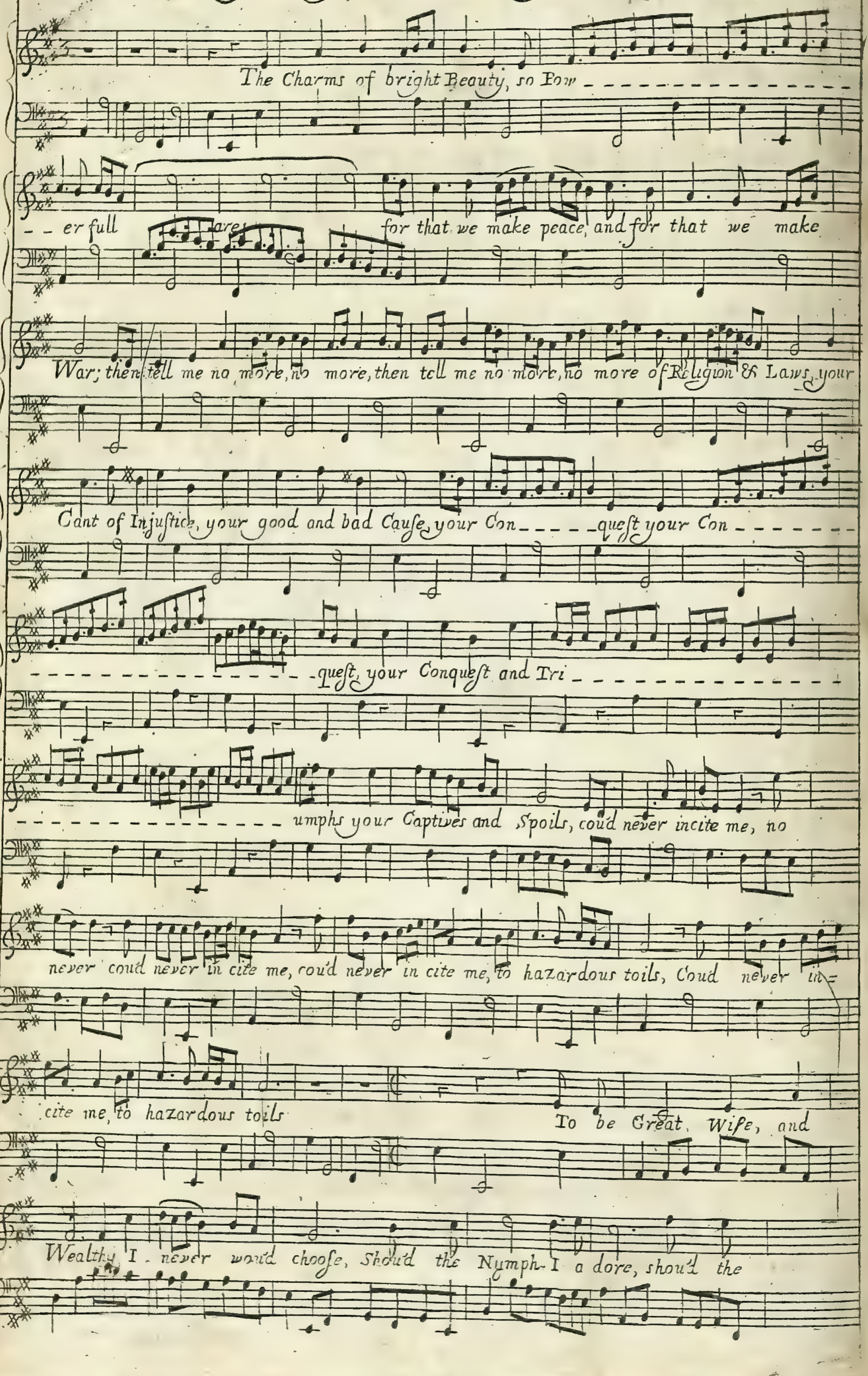
Tcm21072
DLC4/19

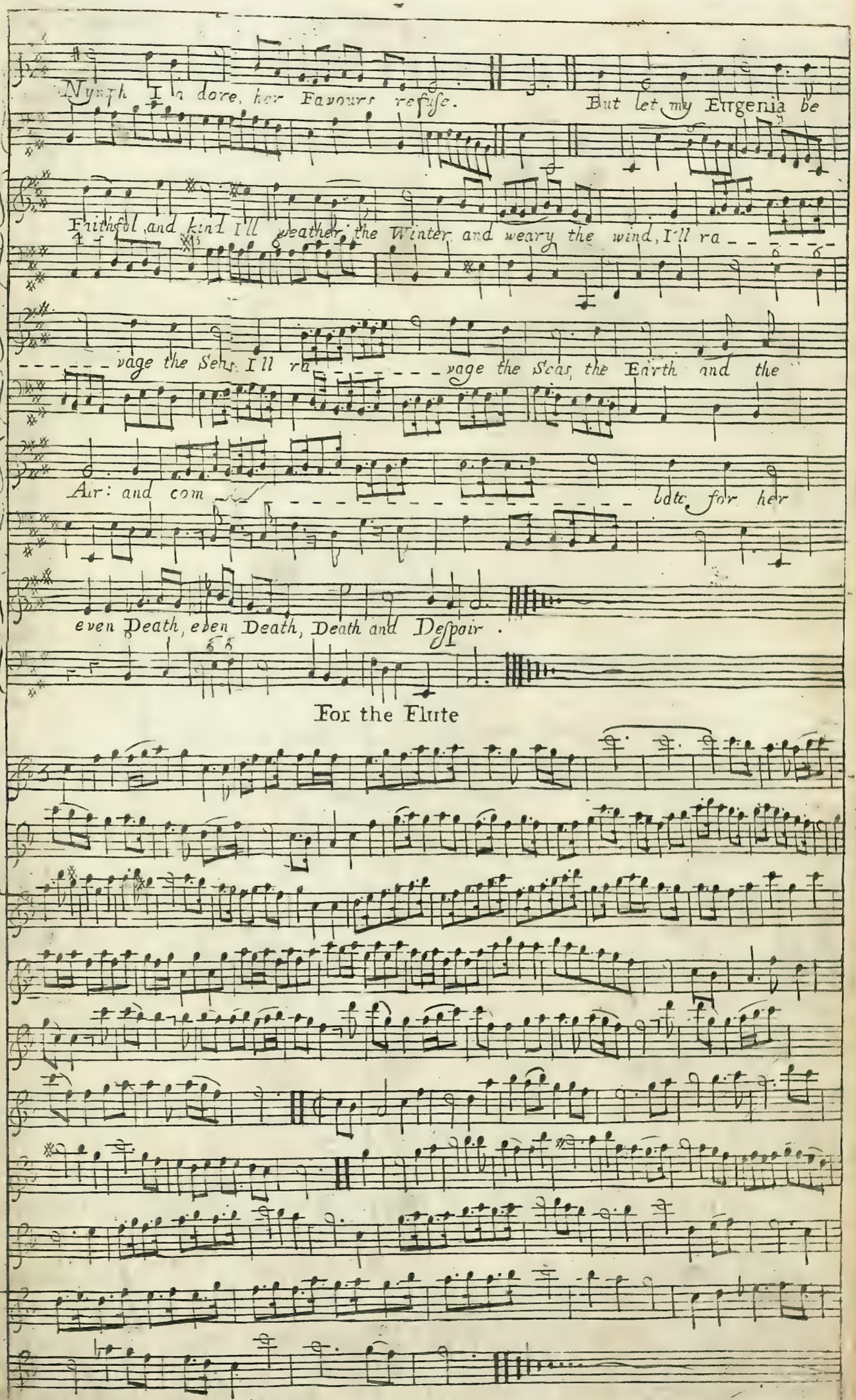


rcma1079
D156/19

19

The Charms of Bright Beauty; A SONG Set by Mr Courtivill

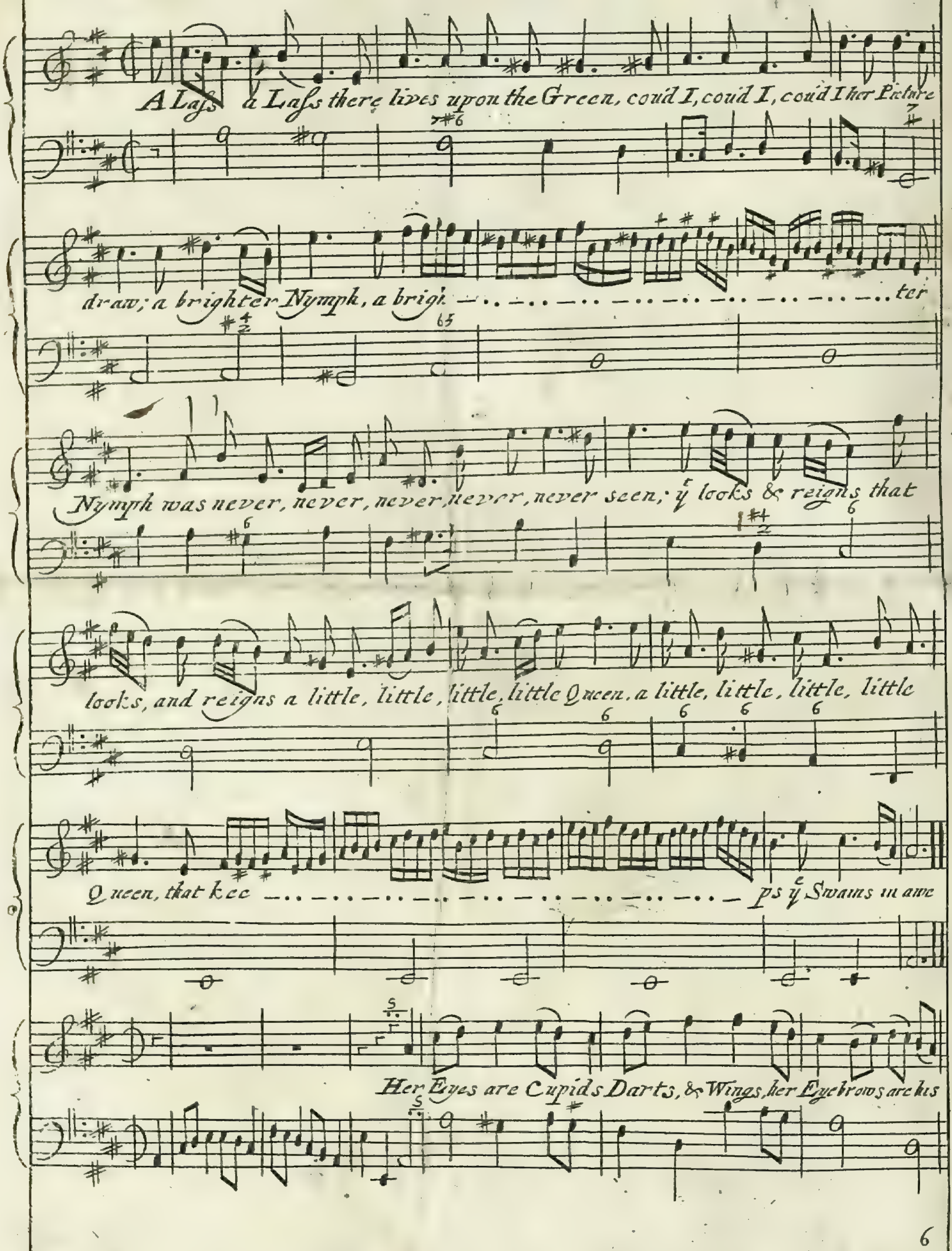



Nymph I adore, her Favours refuse. But let my Eugenia be
Faithful and kind I'll weather the Winter and weary the wind, I'll ra - - - - - -
- - - - - vage the Seas I'll ra - - - - - - - vage the Seas, the Earth and the
Air: and com - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - bate for her
even Death, even Death, Death and Despair.
For the Flute

roma1050
D153/20

20

A Song in the Play call'd *Oroonoko* Set by Mr. *Courtevill*
Sung by the Boy and exactly engrav'd by *Tho: Croſs.*



Bow, her Silken Hair the Silver Strings, that sure and swift, Swi ft destruction brings to all, all, all, to all, all, all, to all, all, all, to all, to

to all the Vale be low. If Pastorella's dawning, dawning

light can warm, and wound, warm and wound, can warm and wound us so, her

Noon will shine so Pier cing, Peir cing bright, each glan cing Beam will kill out right, will kill out right, & ev'ry Swain & ev'ry

Swain subdue, and ev'ry Swain, and ev'ry Swain sub-due.

Copy
Gov. of Bombay 1916

rcme 1081
D156/21

A Favorite SONG in the Opera of Astartus

Vivace

Unison

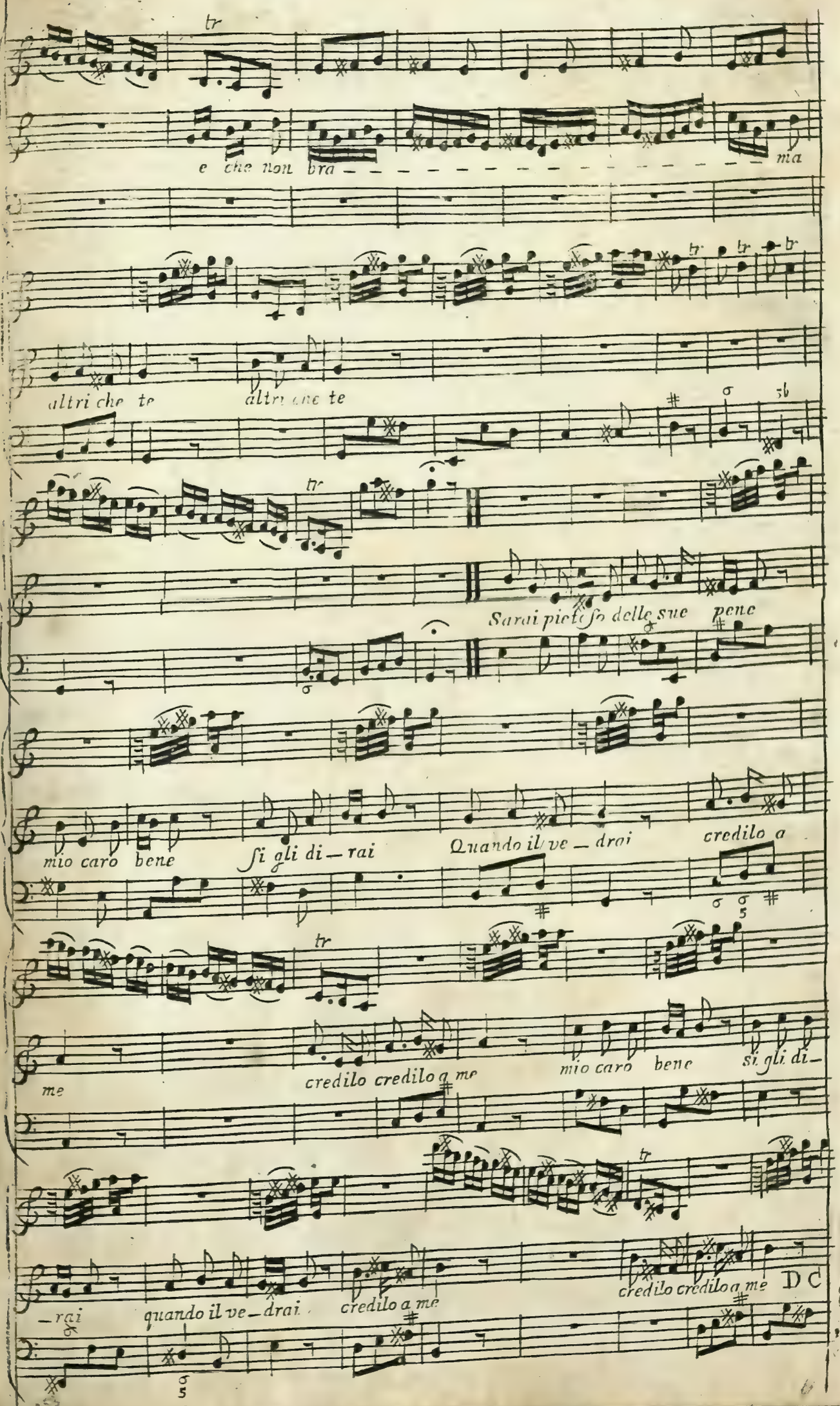
Amante e Sposa si gli sa_ra_i

per che tu sai che fido ei t'ama e che non brama altri che te no

no no e che non brama altri che te altri che

te Amante e sposa si gli sa_ra_i per che tu sai che

fido ei t'ama e che non brama altri che te no no no


e che non bra – – – – – – – – ma
altri che te altri che te
Sarai pietoso delle sue pene
mio caro bene si gli di – rai Quando il ve – drai credilo a
me credilo credilo a me mio caro bene si gli di –
– rai quando il ve – drai credilo a me credilo credilo a me
D C

rana 1086.
D153/22

A Song with Symphony for the Entertainment of Indiana in the Conficious Lovers

From place to place forlorn I go - - -

with downcast eyes a silent shade with downcast eyes - - - a silent shade

forbidden to declare my woe with downcast eyes declare my woe to

speak till spoken to afraid forbidden to declare my woe de=

=clare my woe de=clare my woe to speak till spoken to afraid

to speak till spoken - - to afraid

my inward Pangs my se=cret greif

my soft con=senting looks betray my soft consent=ing looks be=

Sym

=tray he loves but

gives me no relief why speaks not he not he who may he loves but

gives me no releif why speaks not he why speaks not he not

he who may Da Capo

For the FLUTE

Sym

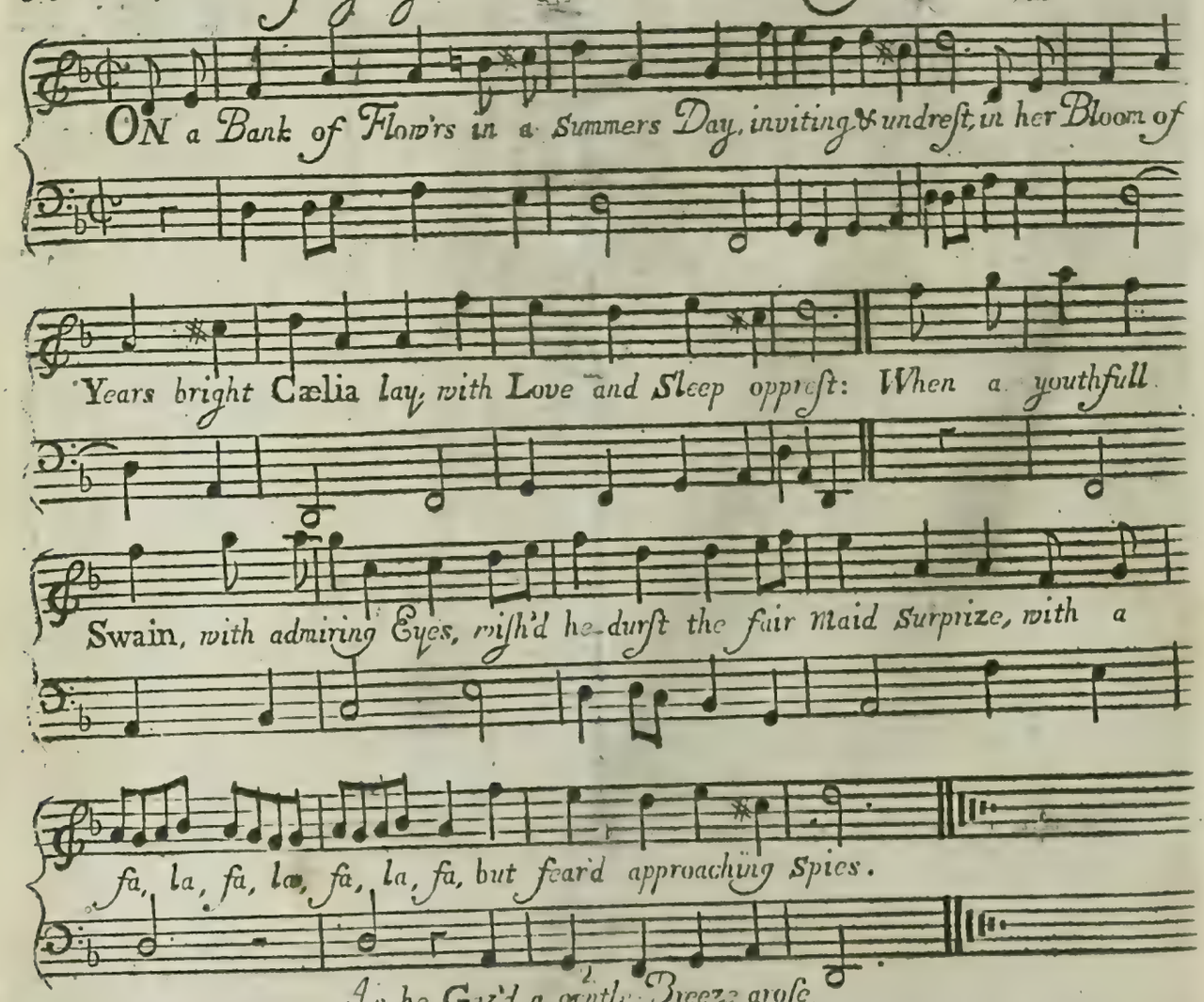
Song

Sym

Song

DC

A new SONG sung by Mr. Pack in the Ladys Triumph.



2

As he Gaz'd a gentle Breeze arose,
That Fann'd her Robes aside
And the Sleeping Nymph did the Charms diſclose,
Which waking She would hide,
Then his Breath grew Short, and his Heart beat high,
He long'd to touch what he chanc'd to Spy
With a fa, la, la, &c
But durst not still draw nigh.
Then his Breath &c

3

All amaz'd he stood, with her beauties Fir'd,
And bless'd the Courteous Wind
Then in whispers Sigh'd, and the Gods desir'd,
That Cælia might be kind,
When with hope grown bold, he advanc'd amain
But She laugh'd loud in a Dream, and again
With a fa, la, la &c
Repell'd the timrous Swain
When with hope &c

4

Yet when once Desire has inflam'd the Soul,
all modest Doubts withdraw,
And the God of Love, does each Fear controul
That wou'd the Lover awe,
Shall a Prize like this, says the ventrous Boy
Scape, and I not the Means employ
With a fa, la, la, &c
To Seize the proffer'd Joy!
Shall a Prize &c

5

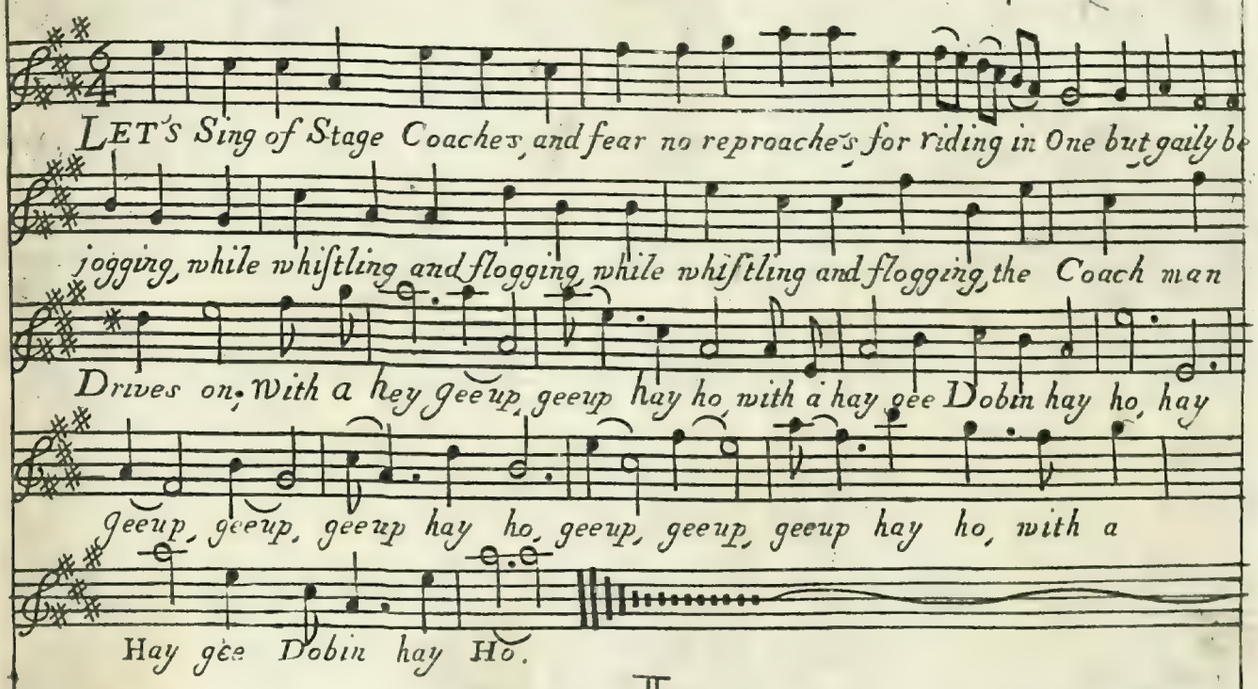
Here the Glowing Youth, to relieve his pain,
The Slumbring Maid Caress'd,
And with trembling Hands (O the Simple Swain)
Her Snowy Bosom prest.
When the Virgin wak'd, and affrighted flew,
Yet look'd as wishing he wou'd pursue
With a fa, la, la, &c
But Damon miss'd his Cue.
When the Virgin &c

6

Now repenting that he had let her fly,
Himself he thus accus'd,
What a dull and Stupid thing was I,
That such a Chance abus'd,
To thy Shame 'twill soon on the plains be said,
Damon a Virgin a Sleep betray'd,
With a fa, la, la, &c
Yet let her go a Maid.
To thy Shame &c

Romanoff
D156/20

Mr. Dogget's *Comicall* Song *in the* Farce *call'd the* Stage Coach

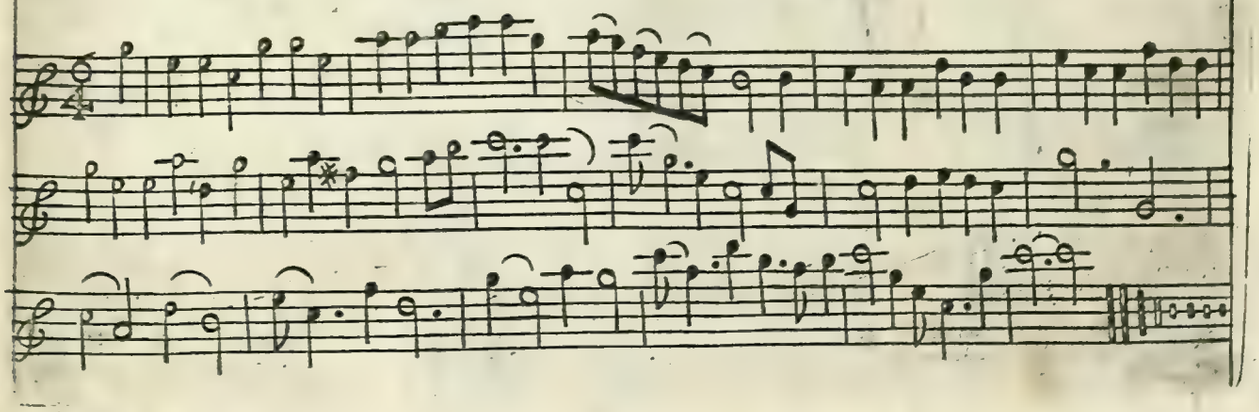


In Coaches thus strowling,
Who woud not be rowling,
With nymphs on each side,
Still pratling and playing,
Our knees interlaying,
We merrily ride,
With a hay.

Here Chance kindly mixt,
All sorts and all sexes,
More females then men,
We Squeese them we ease em,
The jolting does plese em,
Drive jollily then,
With a hay.

The harder your driving,
The more tis reviving,
Nor fear we to fall,
For if the Coach tumble,
Weel haue a rare jumble,
And uptayles all,
With a hay.

For the FLUTE



FEB 1959
D153/24

A SONG in the Mask of Martillo

How happy are we How airy how

free that rove thro the woods and the Plains that rove thro'

Sym.

:S:

woods and the Plains How happy are we how airy how

free that rove thro the woods and the Plains how happy are

Sym.

:S:

we plains In vain the blind

Boy our Hearts would decoy we Scorn all his Joys and his pains we Scorn all his

Sym.

Joys and his pains we Scorn all his Joys and his pains Da Capo

for the FLUTE

Sym.

Song

:S:

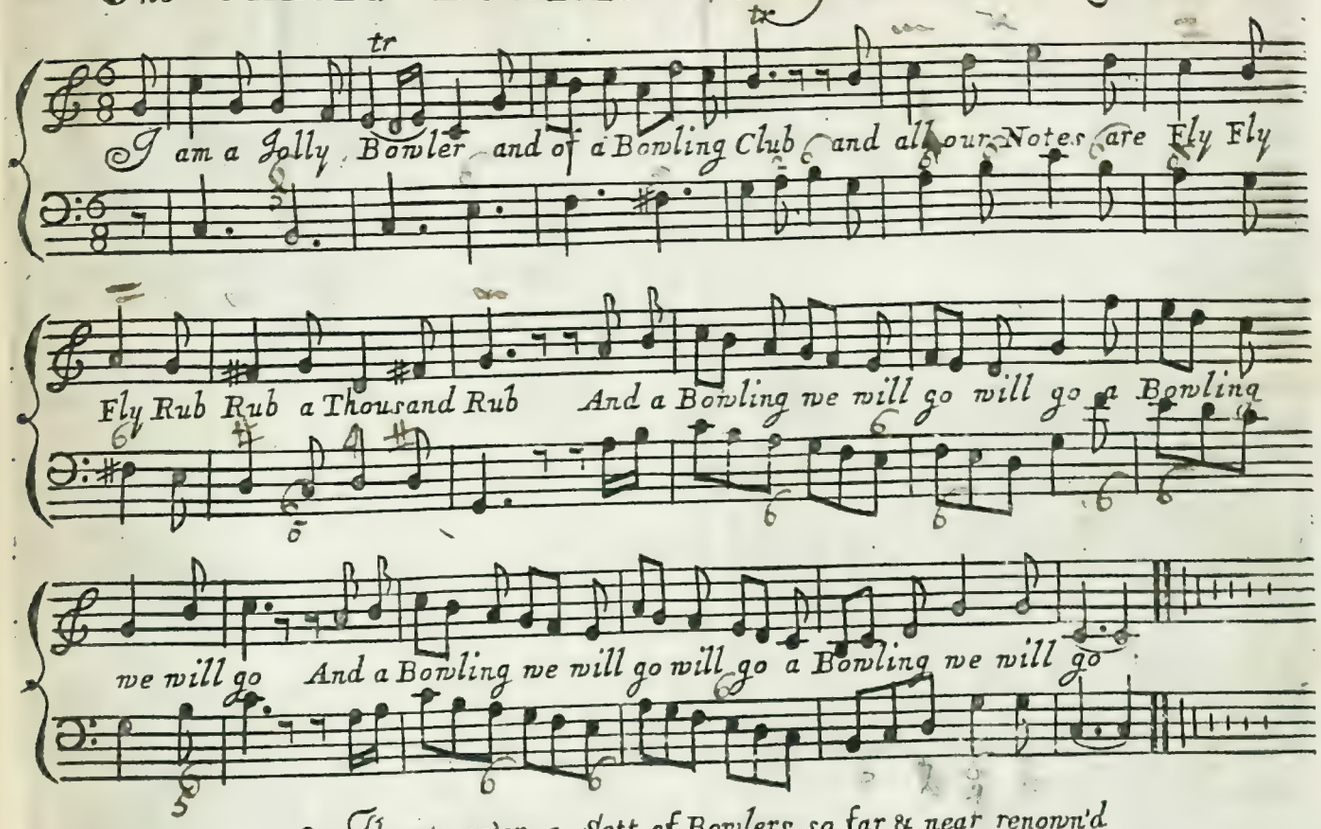
:S: Sym.

Song

D C

rcwa1099
D157/25

The Oxford Bowlers Set by Mr Vanbrughe



2 There's ne'er a Sett of Bowlers so far & near renown'd
We Twist we Screw & with Grimace we Coax ye Bowl around
And a Bowling we will go &c.

3 We have the finest Bowling Green there's none wth us can vye
Caraffs & Mugs & Pots & Juggs to Drink when we're a Dry
And a Bowling &c.

4 The Rudiments of Sciences in Bowling may be found
For 'tis in vain to think to Bowl till first you know ye Ground
And a Bowling &c.

5 From Bowling we may Learn to the patience of a Job
For as in Bowling so in Life we meet with many a rub
And a Bowling &c.

6 What Trifles men contend for in Bowling's understood
When mortals Sweat & frett & vex about a peice of wood
And a Bowling &c.

7 What ficklenes of Fortune in Emblem hear is seen
For often those who touch ye Block are thrown out of ye Green
And a Bowling &c.

8 Of Courtiers and of Bowlers the Fortune is the same
Each Jostles t'other out of place & plays a Seperate Game
And a Bowling &c.

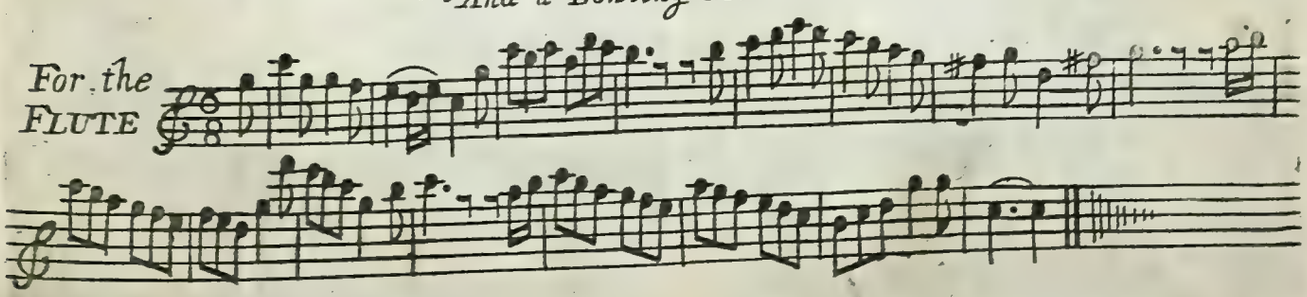
9 In Bowling as in Battle the Leaders apt to claim
The Glory to himself tho' the followers gett the Game
And a Bowling &c.

10 The Jack is like a young Coquet each Bowl resembles Man
They follow wheresoe're She leads as fast as e're they can
And a Bowling &c.

11 What tho in other Gameing a blockhead be a Jest
Yet he thats nearest block-head in Bowling is the best
And a Bowling &c.

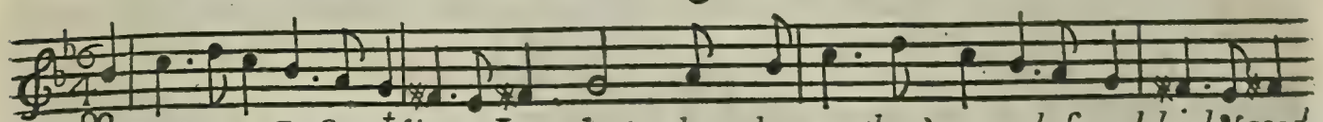
12 Some Rantz then of Bowling Since we have had our fill
Let's lay aside our Jack Boys and each Man take his Gill
And a Bowling &c.

For the FLUTE

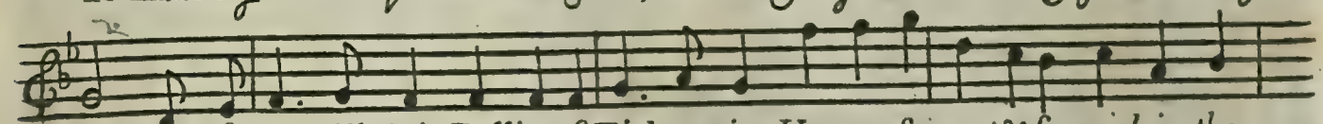


Γ CMA 1091
D 157/26

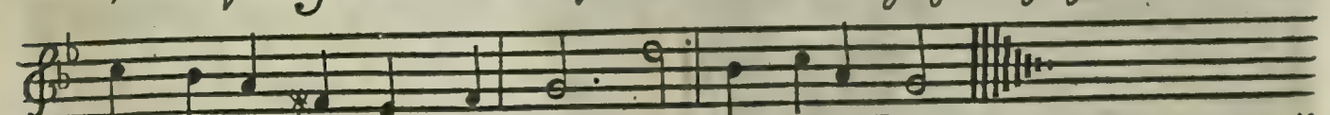
A Song made upon a Gentleman's sitting upon a Cremona Fiddle



Ye Lads & ye Lasses t y live at Longleat, where they say there's no end of good drink & good



Meat; where e y Poor fill their Bellies, e y Rich receive Honour, so great & so good is the



Lord of the Manner, Sing Down Down hey Derry Down,

(2)

Ye Nymphs and ye Swains t y inhabit e y place
Give Ear to my Song, of a Fiddle's hard case
For it is of a Fiddle, a Sweet Fiddle, I Sing
A Softer & Sweeter did never wear String.
Sing down &c.

(3)

Melpome lend me the Aid of thy Art,
Whilst I the Sad Fate of this Fiddle impart,
For never had Fiddle a Fortune so bad: had
Which shows e y best things e y worst Fortune have
Sing down &c.

(4)

This Fiddle of Fiddles, th it came to be tryd,
Was as Sweet as a Lark, & as Soft as a Bride
This Fiddle to see, and its Musick to hear,
Gave delight to e y Eye while it ravisht e y Ear.
Sing down &c.

(5)

But first I must Sing of this Fiddle's Country
Twas Born and 'twas bred in Fair Italy,
In a Town where a Marshal of France had e y ha
(Fortune de la Guerre) to be caught in a Trap
Sing down &c.

(6)

And now having Sung of this Fiddle's high birth
I Should Sing of e y Fingers, wch made so much Mirth
But Fingers so Strait, so Swift, & so Small,
Should be Sung by a Poet, or not Sung at all.
Sing down &c.

(7)

Tho I am, God wot, but a poor Country Swain,
And cannot indite in so lofty a Strain;
So all I can say is to tell you once more,
Such Hands & Such Fingers were ne'er Seen before.
Sing down &c.

(8)

Having Sung of e y Fingers, & Fiddle I trow,
You'll hold it but meet, I Should Sing of e y Bow:
The Bow it was Ebon, whose Virtue was such
It wounded your Heart, if your Ear it did touch
Sing down &c.

(9)

Cupid fain would have changd th this Bow for a whil
To which e y Coy Nymph thus replyd th a Smile
My Bow is far better than yours: I'll appeal:
Yours only can kill, mine can both kill & heal.
Sing down &c.

(10)

This Fiddle and Bow, & its Musick together,
Would make heavy Hearts as light as a Feather,
But, alas! when I Shall its Catastrophe Sing,
Your Heart it will bleed, & your hands you will ring
Sing down &c.

(11)

This Fiddle was laid on a Soft easy Chair, ca
Taking all for its Friends, its Sweet Musick did h
When Strait there came in a huge Masculine Bu
I wish e y De'el had it, to make him a Drum.
Sing down &c.

(12)

Now Woe to e y Bum that this Fiddle demolish d
That has all our Musick & Pastime abolish'd
May it never want Birch to be Switch'd & be Slash d
May it ever be itching & never be Scratch'd.
Sing down &c.

(13)

May it never break Wind in e y Cholick so grievous
A Penance to Small for a Crime so mischievous,
Ne'er find a Soft Cushion its Anguish to Ease,
While all is too little my Wrath to Appease.
Sing down &c.

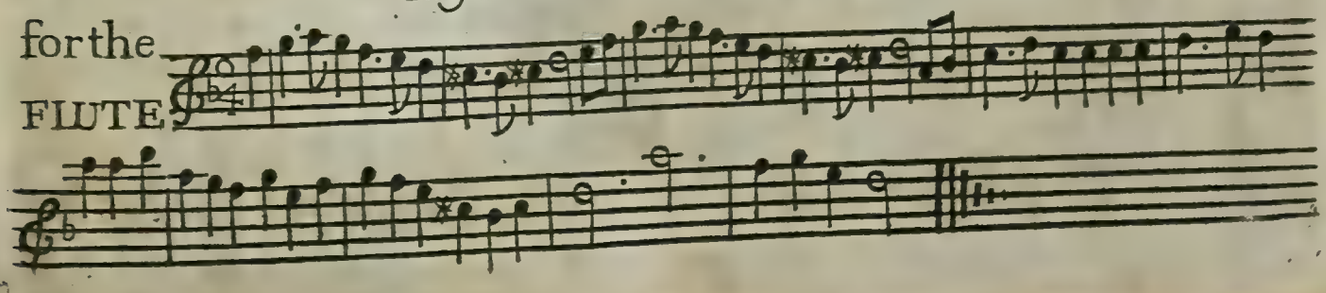
(14)

O fother Bum Scapes, may it Still bear e y Blame,
Ne'er Shew its bare Face without Sorrow or Sha
May it ne'er mount on Horseback, th out loss of Le
Which brings me almost to e y end of my Tether.
Sing down &c.

(15)

And now least some Critick of deep Penetratio in
Should attack our poor Ballad, th Grave Annotatio
The Fop must be told, without Speaking in Riddle
He must first make a better or kiss my Bum Fidl e
Sing down &c.

for the FLUTE

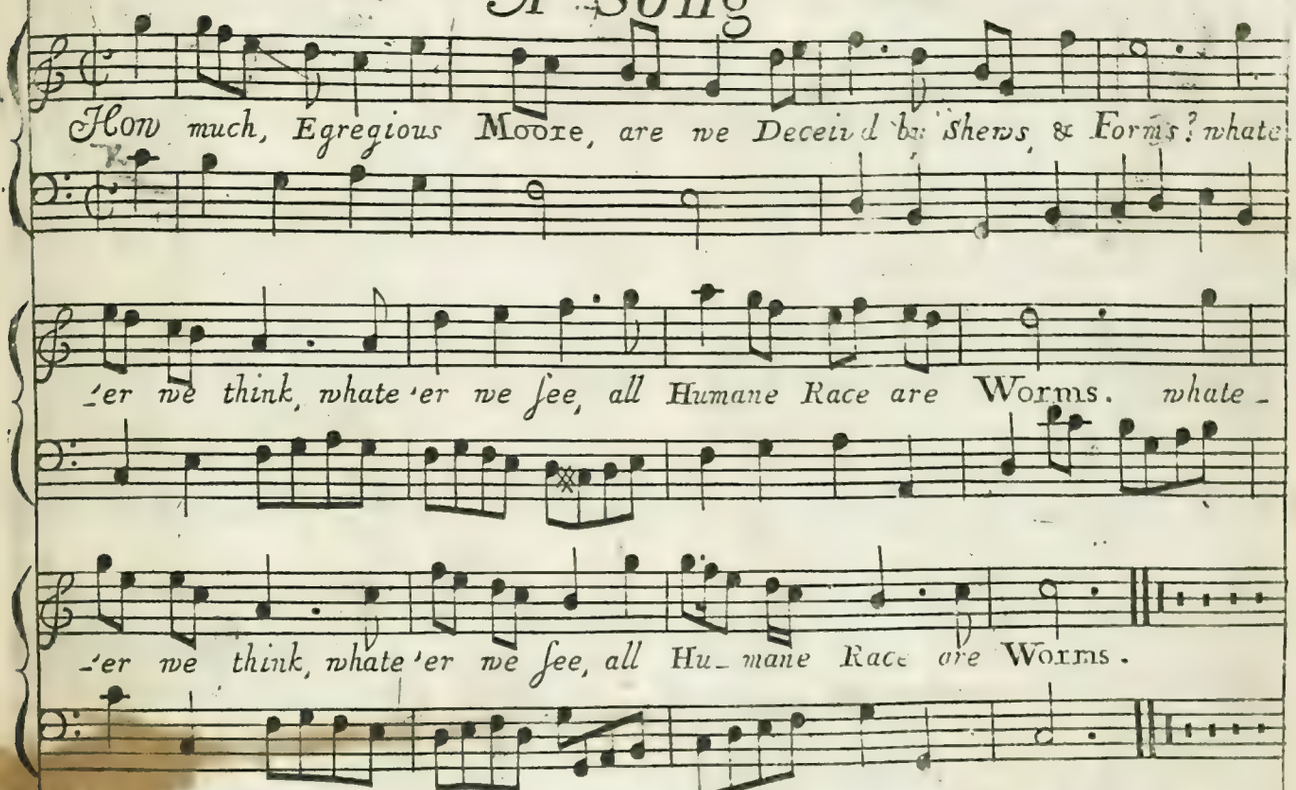


Mus 1092
D152/27

Mr Pope's Worms

To the Ingenious Mr Moore, Author of the Celebrated Worm Powder

A Song



2
Man, is a very Worm by Birth,
Proud Reptile, vile and vain,
A-while he crawls upon the Earth,
Then shrinks to Earth again.

3
That Woman is a Worm we find,
E'er since our Gran'am's Evil:
She first conversd with her own Kind,
That Ancient Worm, the Devil.

4
But whether Man, or He, God knows,
Fæcundified her Belly,
With that pure Stuff from whence we rose,
The Genial Vermicelli.

5
The Learn'd themselves, we Book Worms name,
The Blockhead is a Slow-Worm;
The Nymph, whose Tail is all on Flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow Worm.

6
The Fops are painted Butter-Flies,
That flutter for a Day;
First from a Worm they took their Rise,
Then in a Worm decay.

7
The Flatterer an Ear-wig grows.
Some Worms suit all Conditions;
Misers are Muck Worms, Silk Worms Beaus,
And Death-Watches Physicians.

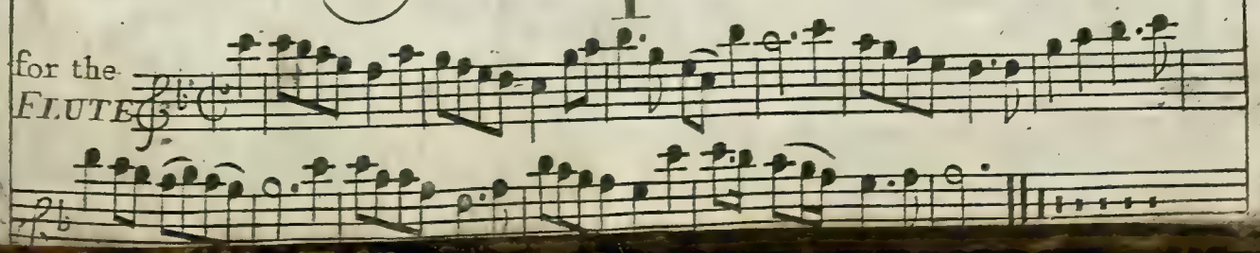
8
That Statesmen have a Worm is seen,
By all their winding Play:
Their Conscience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them Night and Day.

9
Ah! Moore! thy Skill were well employ'd,
And greater Gain woud rise,
If thou could'st make the Courtier void
The Worm that never Dies.

10
O Learned Friend of Abchurch Lane,
Who sett'st our Entrails free,
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder Vain,
Since Worms shall Eat evn thee.

11
Thou only can'st our Fates adjourn
Some few short Years, no more;
Evn Button's Wits to Worms shall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

for the FLUTE

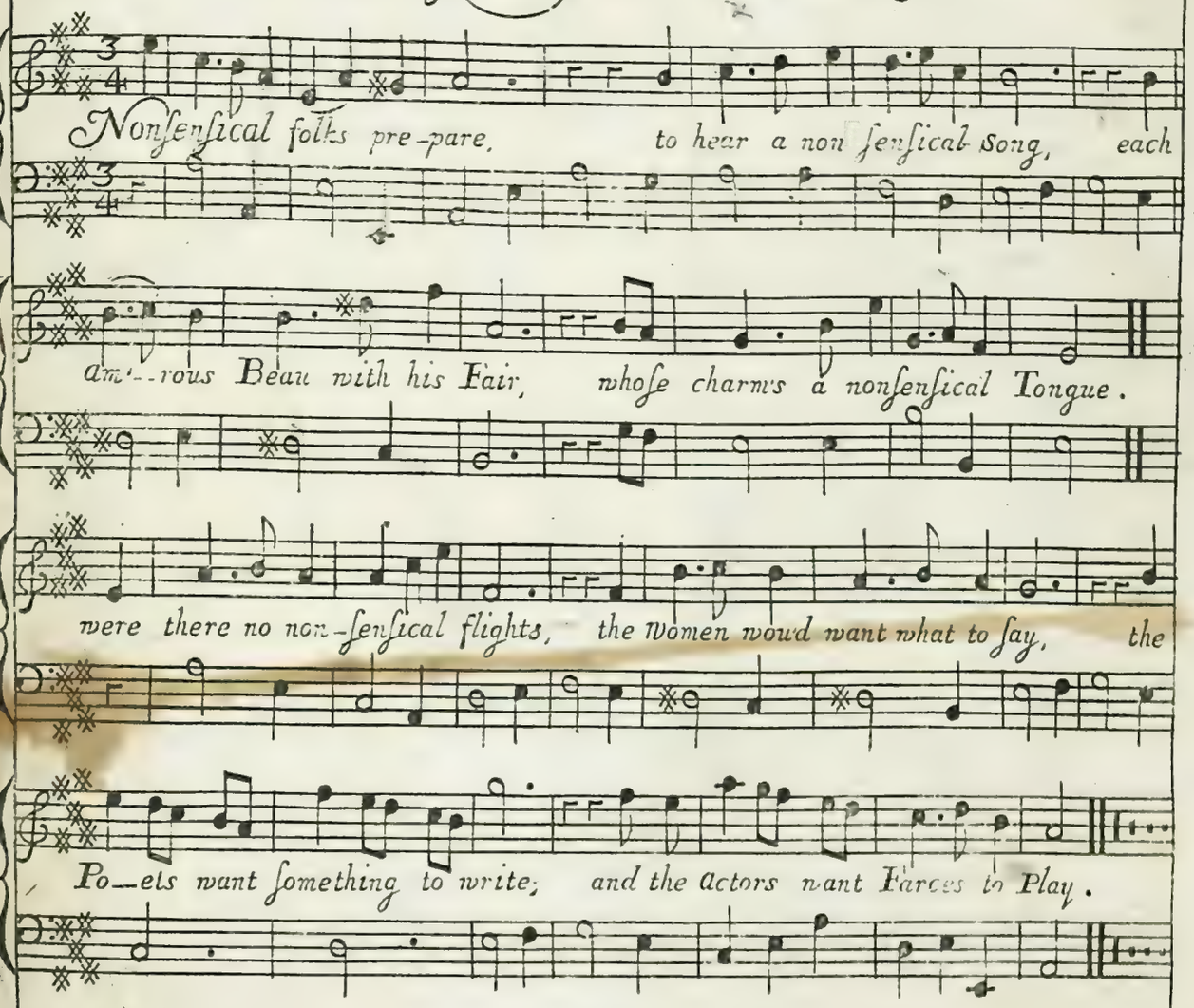


JUNE 1974
D116/28

A Nonsensical Song or the Charms of Nonsence

The Words by Richard Savage Gent.

Set to Musick by Mr Hemming



2

Nonsence so Reigns in this Age,
Both over the Noble, and Citt,
The Town sends a Share on the Stage,
And each Ass sets up for a Wit,

The Lover calls Nonsence his Muse,
When Smit by the am'rous Boy,
Always gaining with that, the first use,
Of the Ladys Nonsensical Toy.

3

The Parsons their Nonsence will Preach,
To Pious Nonsensical Fools,
Worn Ladies choice Secrets will teach,
To Nonsensical bungling Tools.

The Vulgar their Nonsence will Prate,
And let their Opinions be had,
In matters concerning the State,
And neglect for a Party their Trade.

4

A Scribling Poet with Nonsence,
For a Dinner; will Nobles Asperse,
Tho his Wit is as thin as his Conscience,
Or rather as bare as his Purse.

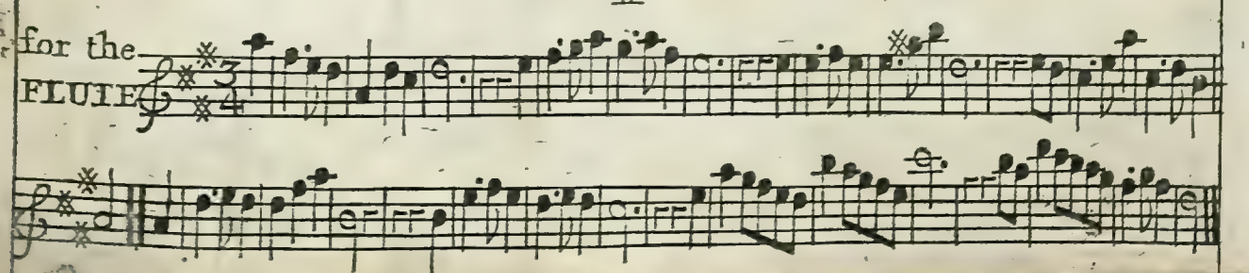
A Parliament Member sometimes,
May make a Nonsensical Speech,
The Whiggs may the Tories of Crimes,
For Nonsensical Reasons Impeach.

5

Debates full of Nonsence will Rise,
Upon a Nonsensical Theme,
Mongst those that pretend to be Wise,
And do their own Nonsence esteem.

Since Nonsence is grown such a Charm,
With the Ladies, the Beaux, and the Poet,
Let each one his Reason allarm,
And he that has Wit let him show it.

for the FLUTE



Irma 1096
2103/29

A

COLLECTION

OF NEW

SONGS,

For One and Two

VOICES:

WITH A

Thorow-BASS to Each SONG.

Compos'd by Mr. *ANTHONY YOUNG*,
Organist of St. *Clement Danes*.

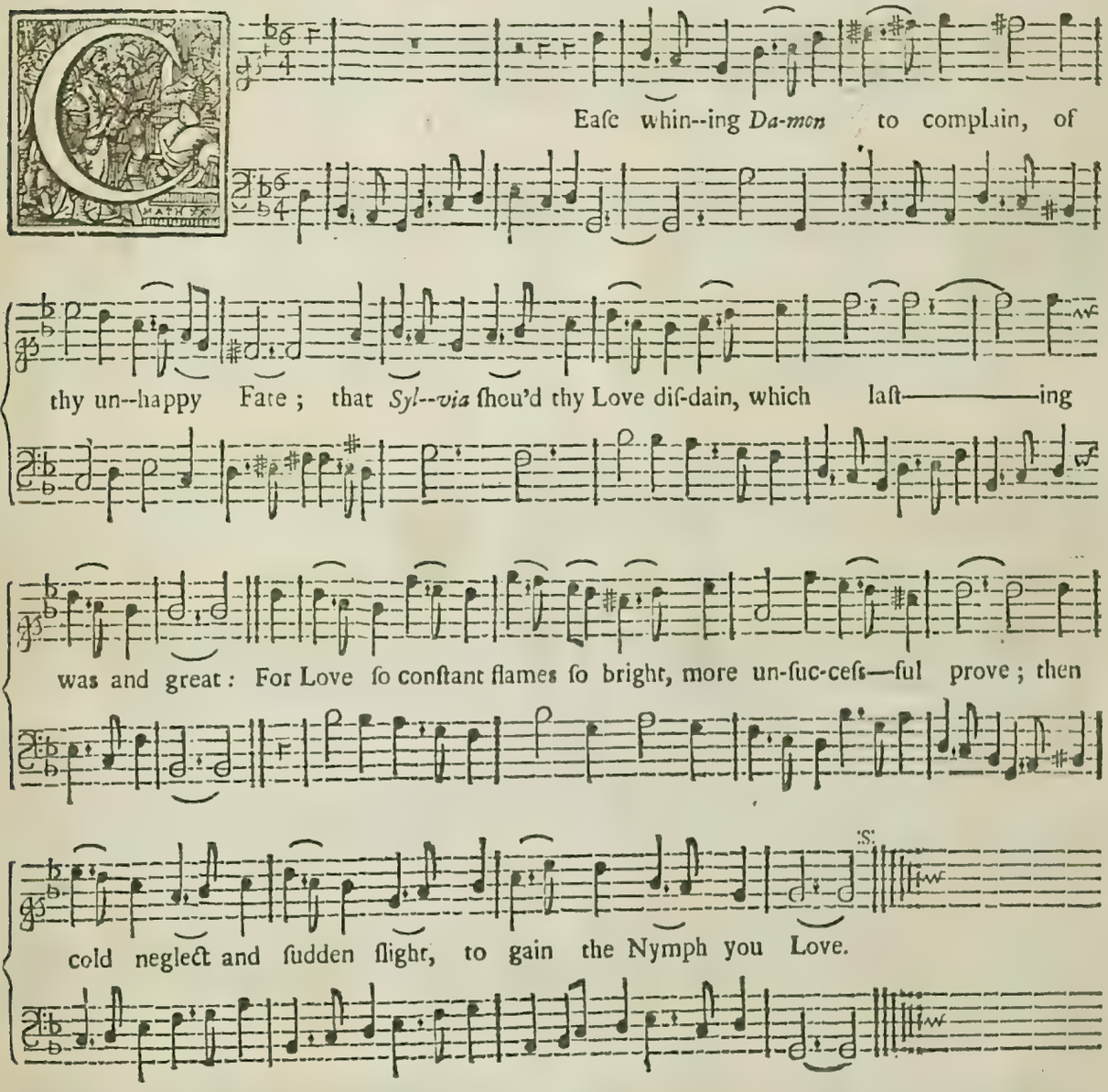
Several of the SONGS that are not in the Compass, are Transpos'd for the FLUTE, at the End of the Book.

LONDON:

Printed by William Pearson, for the Author; And Sold by *J. Walsh*, and *M. Rawlins* in the *Strand*, *J. Young* at the Dolphin in St. *Pauls-Church-Yard*, *J. Hare* in *Cornhill*, and *J. Cullen* at the Buck in *Fleet-street* 1707.

rcma 1098
D153/30

Advice to Damon. *A ſingle* SONG.



III.

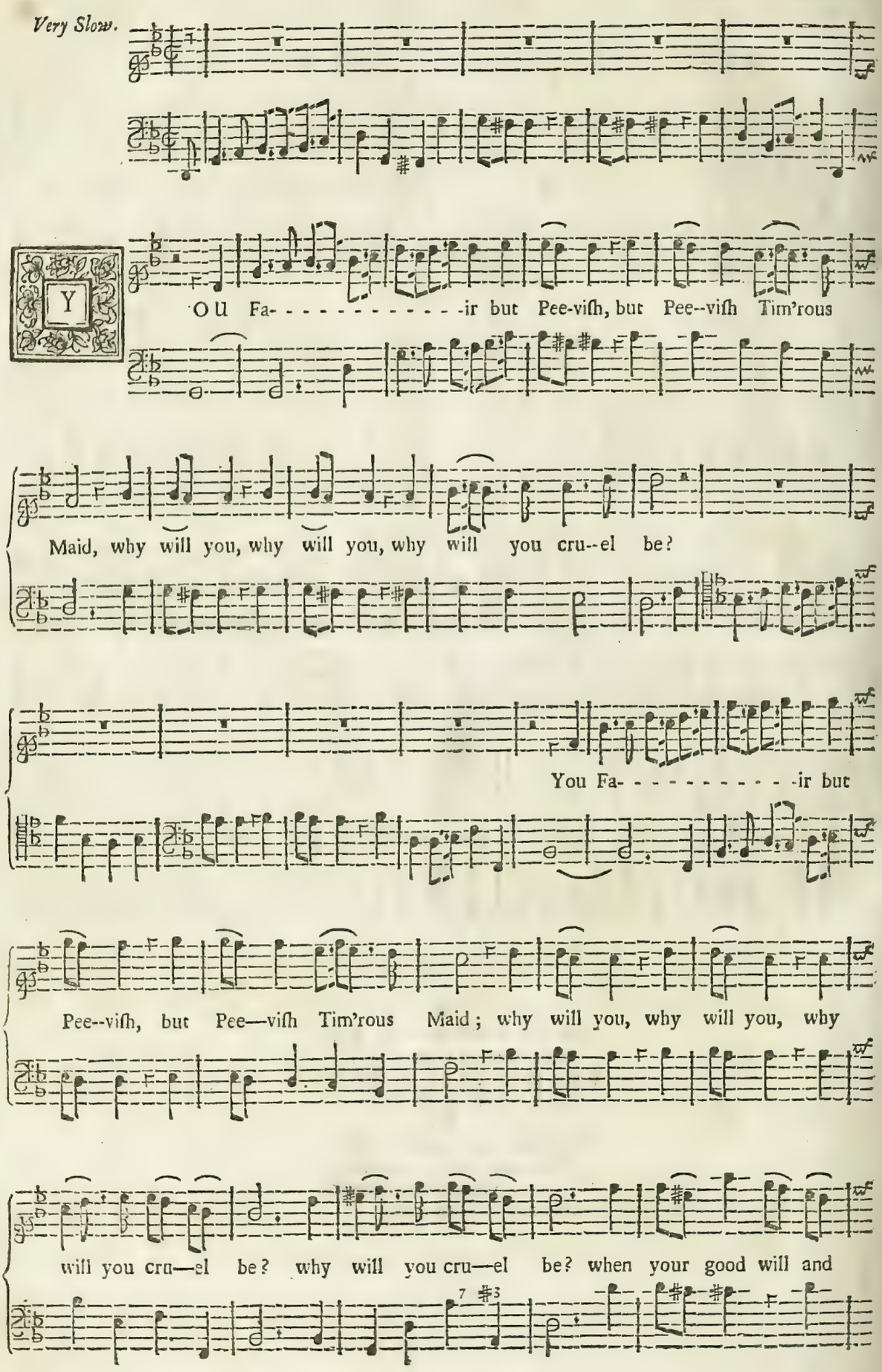
Then only you'll obtain the Prize,
When you her coyneſs uſe;
If you perſue the Fair ſhe fly's,
But if you fly perſues:

IV.

Had *Phœbus* not perſu'd ſo faſt,
The ſeeming Charming ſhe;
The God a Virgin had embrac'd,
And not a lifeleſs Tree.

Words by a Young Gentleman.

Very Slow.



Friendly aid, may eaſe my mi—ſe——ry, may eaſe, may eaſe, may eaſe my

mi—ſe——ry; when your good will and Friendly aid, may eaſe my

mi—ſe——ry; may eaſe, may eaſe, may eaſe my mi—ſe——ry:

Be

e——ver Fair but not ſo Coy, be

e——ver Fair but not ſo Coy; but Love for Love, but

Love for Love, for Lov- - - - - - - - - - e re—turn; and let us

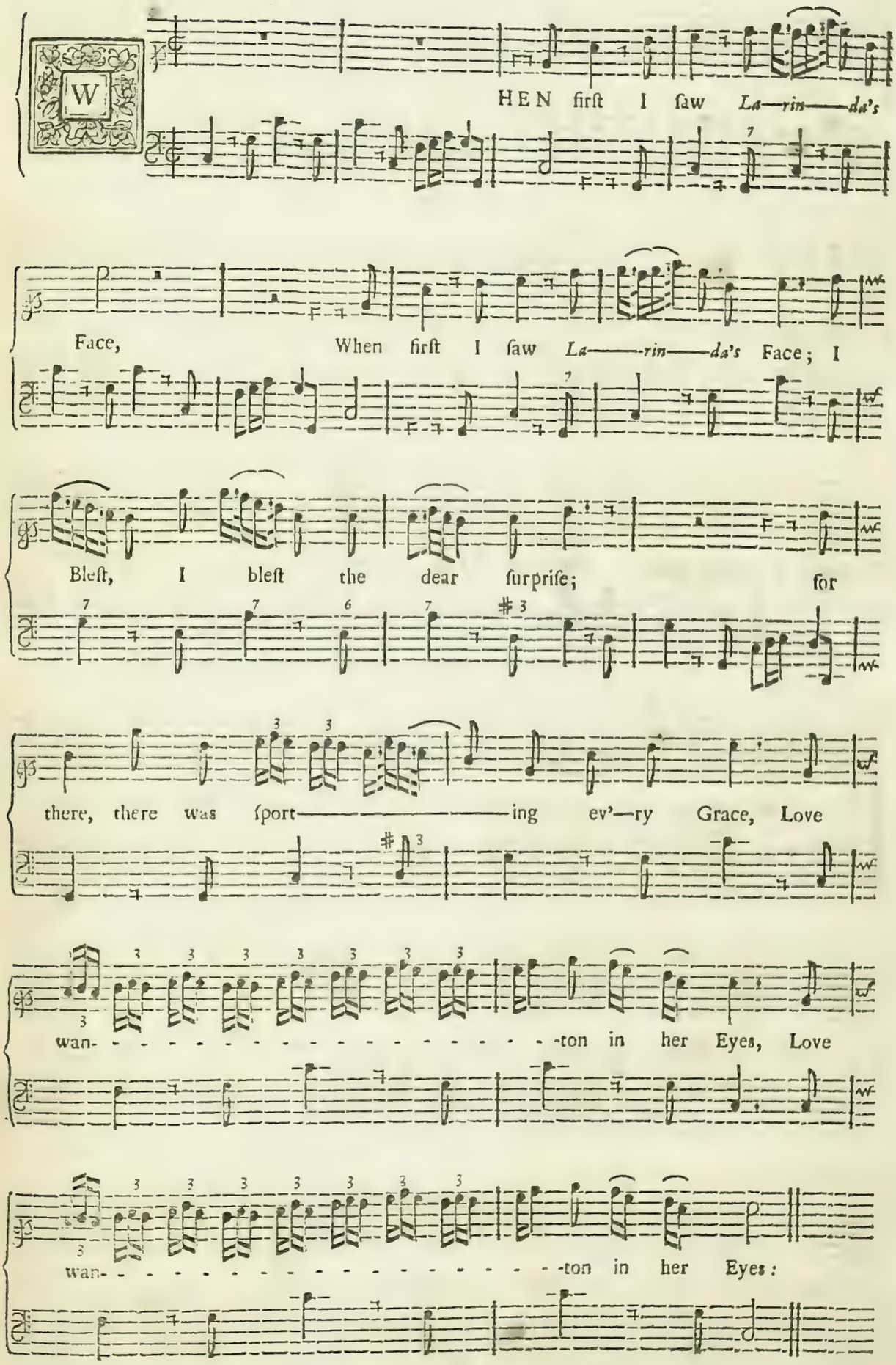
both with kin——ling joy, try which can fierc- - - - - - - - - - -

- eſt burn; and let us both with

kin——ling joy try which can fierc- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - eſt

burn, try which can fierc- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - eſt burn.

A single SONG.



A Thouſand ways ſhe

has to move, not Look- - - - - - - - - - -s and Smiles a—lone; her

Shape, her Mein, might con—quer *Jove*, and make the God, the God her own;

her Shape, her Mein might con——quer *Jove*, and make the

God, and make the God, make the God, make the God her

own, and make the God, make the God her own:

Slow. but oh, oh the Fair dif—

—plays her charms, but oh oh the Fair dif—plays her

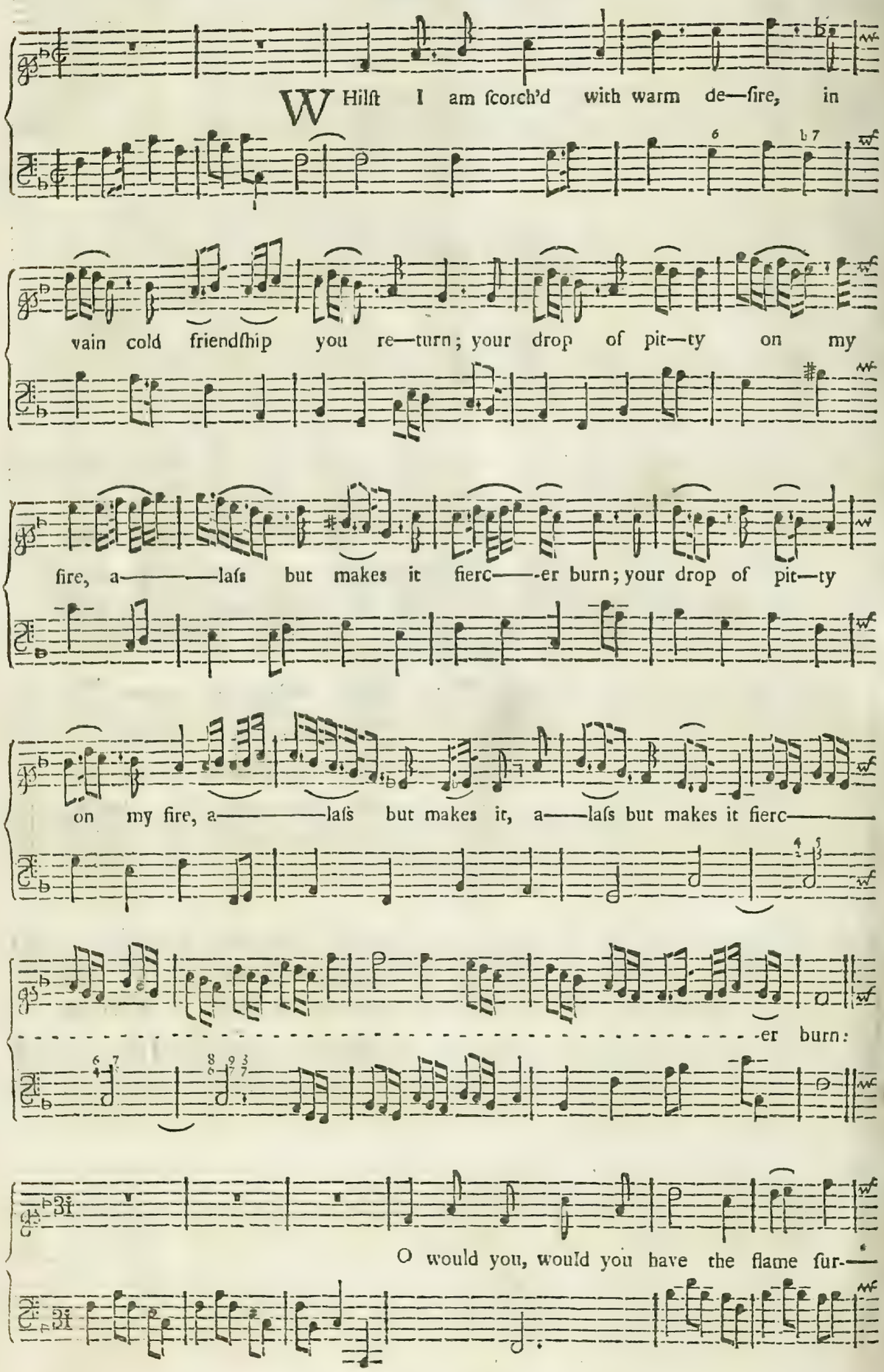
charms for con———quest, for conquest nor de——light;

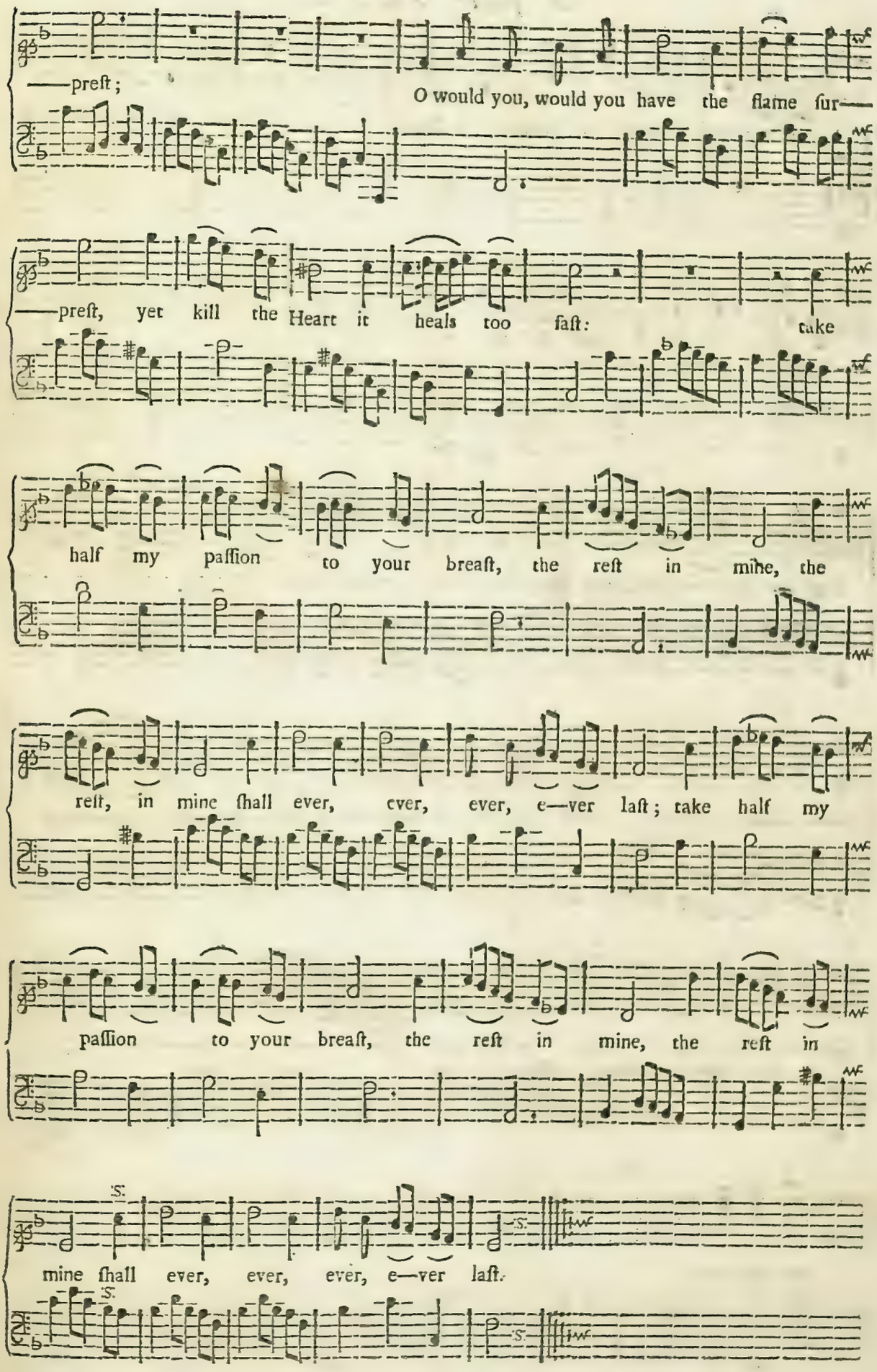
proud--ly denies those love—ly Arms, to which her Eyes, to which her

Eyes in—-vite; proud--ly de—nies those love———ly Arms, to which her

Eyes in———-vite.

A ſingle SONG.




——preſt;
O would you, would you have the flame ſur—
——preſt, yet kill the Heart it heals too faſt: take
half my paſſion to your breaſt, the reſt in mine, the
reſt, in mine ſhall ever, ever, ever, e—ver laſt; take half my
paſſion to your breaſt, the reſt in mine, the reſt in
mine ſhall ever, ever, ever, e—ver laſt.

A single SONG.

C U——pid designing to disarm poor *Strephon* of his li--ber-ty, Cu——pid de—

—signing to disarm poor *Stre——phon* of his li–berty, he wou'd not, wou'd not

trust one sin——gle Charm, nor yet one Dart, one Dart, with vic- - - - - - - - - - - -

——to——ry, with vict--ory, he wou'd not, wou'd not trust one sin——gle

Charm, nor yet one Dart with vic——to——ry,

Brisk.

with vict--ory.

Sweet Humour, Wit, fine Shape and Mein,

Sweet Humour, Wit, fine Shape, and Mein, have a re—ſiſtleſs, have a re—ſiſt—

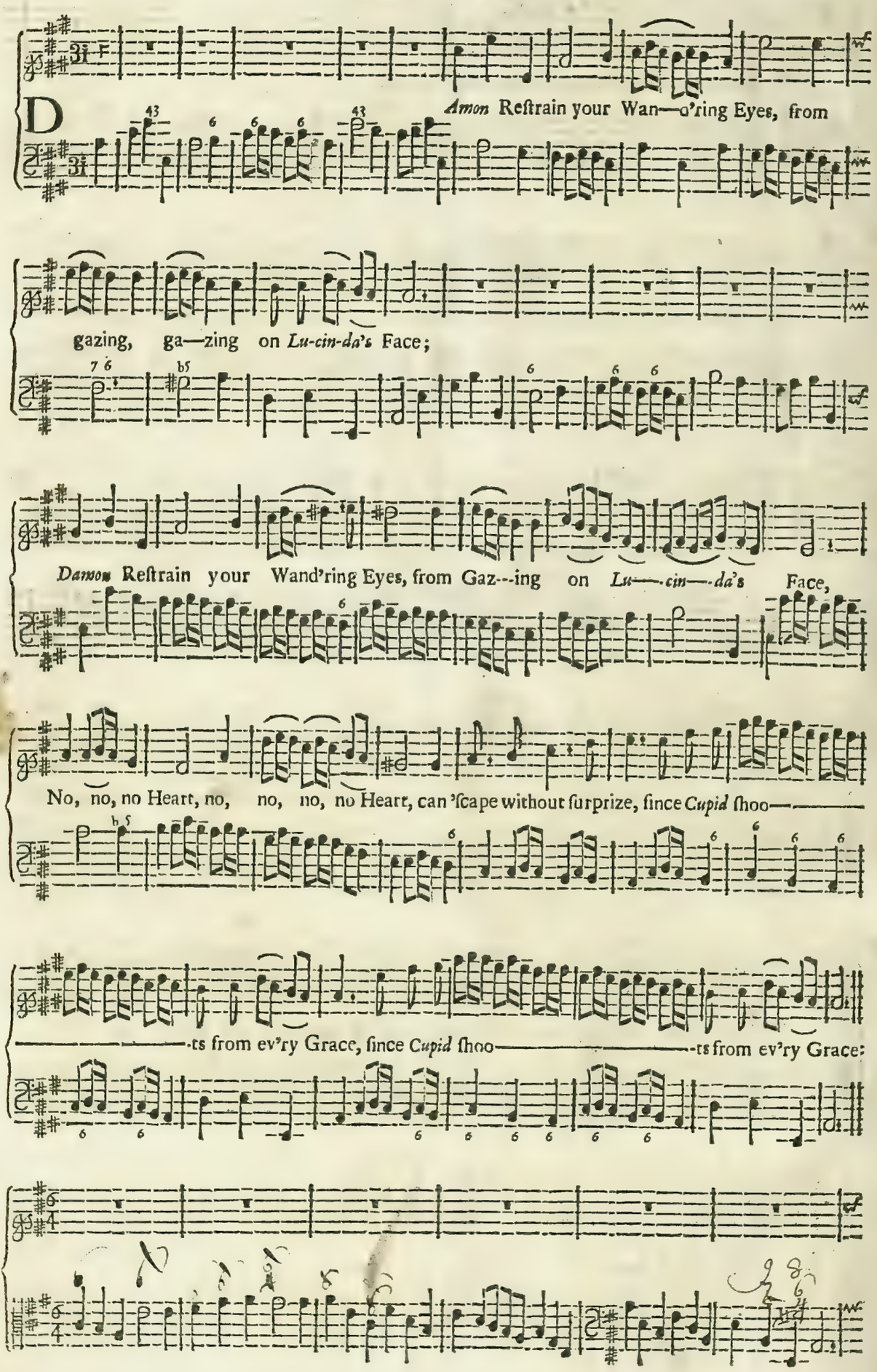
- - - - - - - - - - - - leſs, re-ſiſt-leſs influence; they Captivate as ſoon, as ſeen, and force our

reaſon, force our reaſon with our ſence; they Captivate as ſoon, as ſeen, and force our

reaſon, force our reaſon, force our reaſon with our ſence, and force our reaſon,

force our reaſon, force our reaſon with our ſence.

A SONG Sung by Mr. *Davis* at the *Theatre.*



Art and Nature both Conſpire to Inſnare, to Inſnare, to Inſnare the heedleſs Lover;

Art and Nature both Conſpire, to Inſnare the headleſs

Lover, adding fewell to Loves fire, when new Char——

——ms ſhe does diſ—cover, when new Char——

——ms ſhe does Diſ-cover.

A single SONG.

Slow.

O H—— tell me, Oh

tell me gen- - - - - - - - -tle God of Love,

oh tell me, oh tell me gen- - - - - - - - - -tle God of

Love, by what re--ſiſtleſs art, by what re-ſiſtleſs art our boaſted Reaſon fails to move? where

thou haſt touch'd the heart, our boaſted Reaſon fails to move, where thou haſt touch'd the heart;

Brisk.

Reaſon in Love, the God reply'd, can ne'er, can ne'er its

pow- - - - - - - - - - -er prove; Reaſon in Love the God re—

—ply'd, can ne'er, can ne'er its po- - - - - - - - - - -wer prove; ſince fan——cy does your

rea————ſon guide, and fan——cy true to love, ſince fancy does our reaſon guide, and

fancy true to love, ſince fancy does your reaſon guide, and fancy true to love, ſince

fancy does your reaſon guide, and fancy true to love, ſince fan—cy does your

reaſon guide, and fancy true to love.

A ſingle SONG.

Late—ly vow'd but

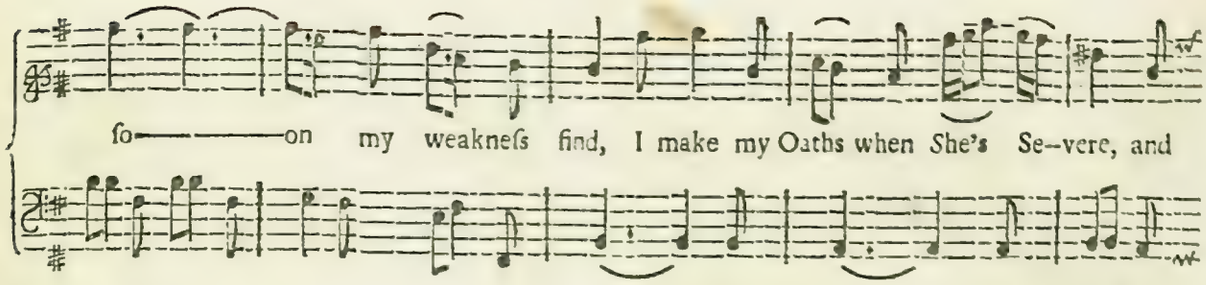
'twas in haſte, that I no more wou'd court the joy——

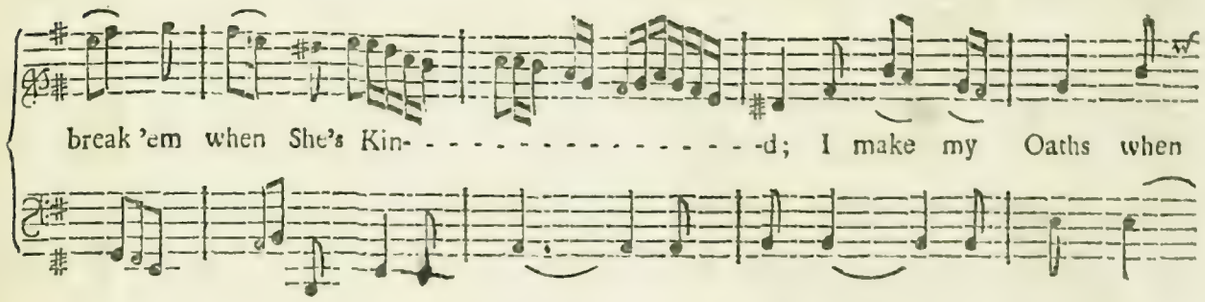
——s, which ſeem when they are paſt, as dull as they are

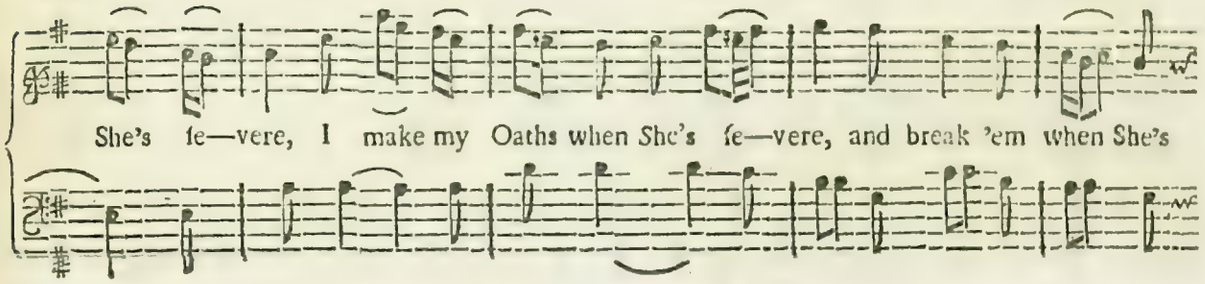
ſhort; the joyes which ſeem when they are paſt, as dull

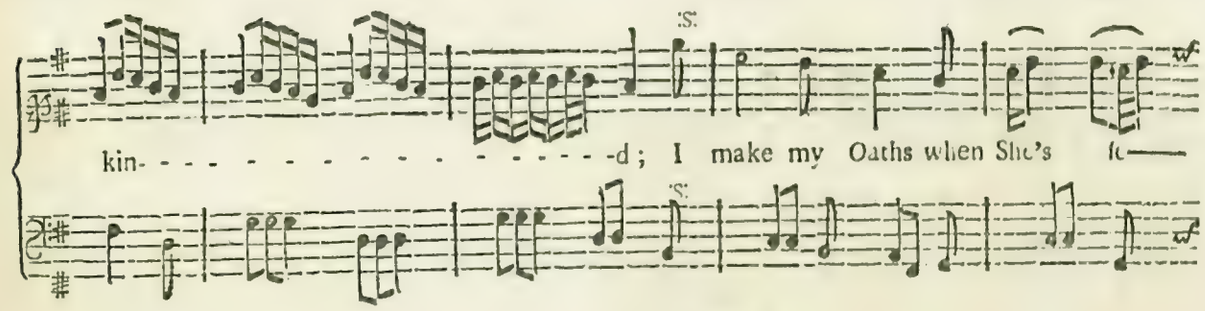
as they are ſhort, as dull as they are ſhort; ſhort.

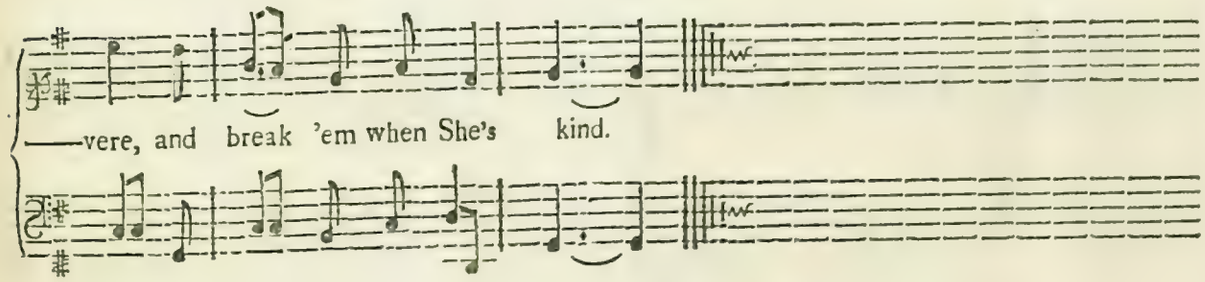
I oft to hate my Miſtreſs ſwore, but

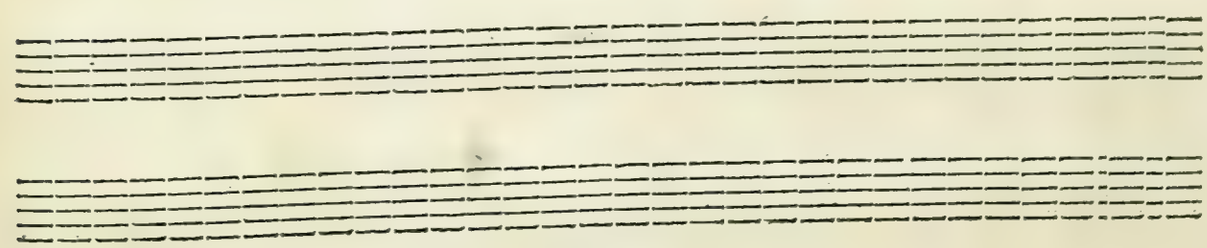

ſo——————on my weakneſs find, I make my Oaths when She's Se--vere, and


break 'em when She's Kin- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -d; I make my Oaths when


She's ſe—vere, I make my Oaths when She's ſe—vere, and break 'em when She's


kin- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -d; I make my Oaths when She's ſe——


——vere, and break 'em when She's kind.



A single SONG.

A—Las, alas, in vain, a—las, alas in vain I

ſtrive, to fly from Love's, from Love's re-ſiſtleſs Dart, no place is from his pow—er free, he

reig- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ns, he reigns in ev—'ry part, he reing- - - - - - - -

- - - - - - - -ns, he reigns in ev'ry part, he reig- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ns, he

reigns in ev'ry part. I daily ro——

- - - - - - - - —e and change my place, I daily

rov- - - - - - - - - - - -e and change my place, my paſſion, my paſſion, my paſ- - - - - - - -

—ſion to re—move; but there are Charms in ev'—ry Face, which call me

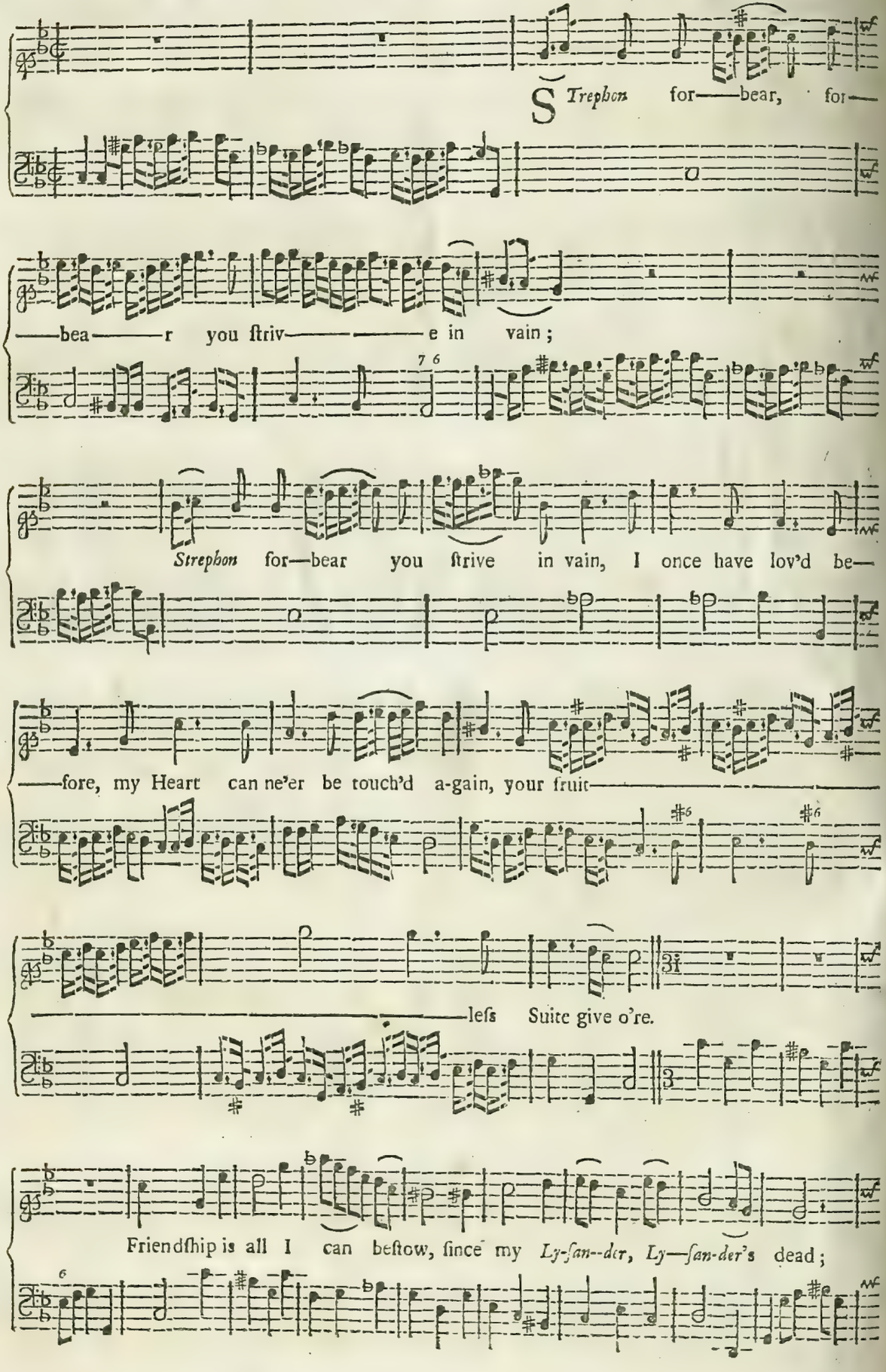
back, which call me back, which call me back to Love; but there are

Char——ms in ev'—ry Face which calls me back, which

calls me back, to Love, which calls me back which call me

back to Love.

A ſingle SONG. The Words by a Young Lady.



Friendſhip is all I can beſtow ſince my *Lyſander, Lyſan—der's*

dead, no, no, no joy, no, no, no joy, I'll e're expect below, for all my

joys, my joys are fled, for all, all my joys my joys are fled.

A ſingle SONG.

Brisk.

WHat put off with one Denial? What put off with one Denial,

and not make a ſecond tryal; you might ſee my Eyes conſenting all a--bout me was relenting,

women oblig'd to dwell in forms, for—gives the youth who bold—ly ſtorms:

Slow.

Lo——-ver when you figh, and languiſh, when you tell us of your

Brisk.

Anguiſh, to the Nymph you'll be more pleaſing, to the Nymph you'll

be more pleaſing, when thoſe ſorrows, when thoſe ſorrows you are

eaſ—ing; we love to try how far men dare, and never wiſh, never

wiſh the foe to ſpare; we love to try how far men dare, and never

wiſh the foe to ſpare.

A Two Part SONG.

Come fill me a Glaſs fill it high, fill it high, a

Come fill me a Glaſs fill it high, a

Bumper, a Bumper I'll have; he's a fool that will flinch, I'll not

Bumper, a Bumper I'll have; he's a fool that will flinch, I'll not

bate an Inch, tho' I drink my ſelf in—to my grave:

bate an Inch, tho' I drink my ſelf in—to my grave:

Here's a Health to all thoſe jol—ly, jol——ly, jol—ly Souls, who like me will

Here's a Health to all thoſe jolly, jolly Souls, who like me will

ne—ver give o're; who no dan—ger controuls, but will

ne—ver give o're; who no danger controuls, but will drink off his

drink off his Bowls, and mer—ri——ly ſtruggle, and mer—ri——ly

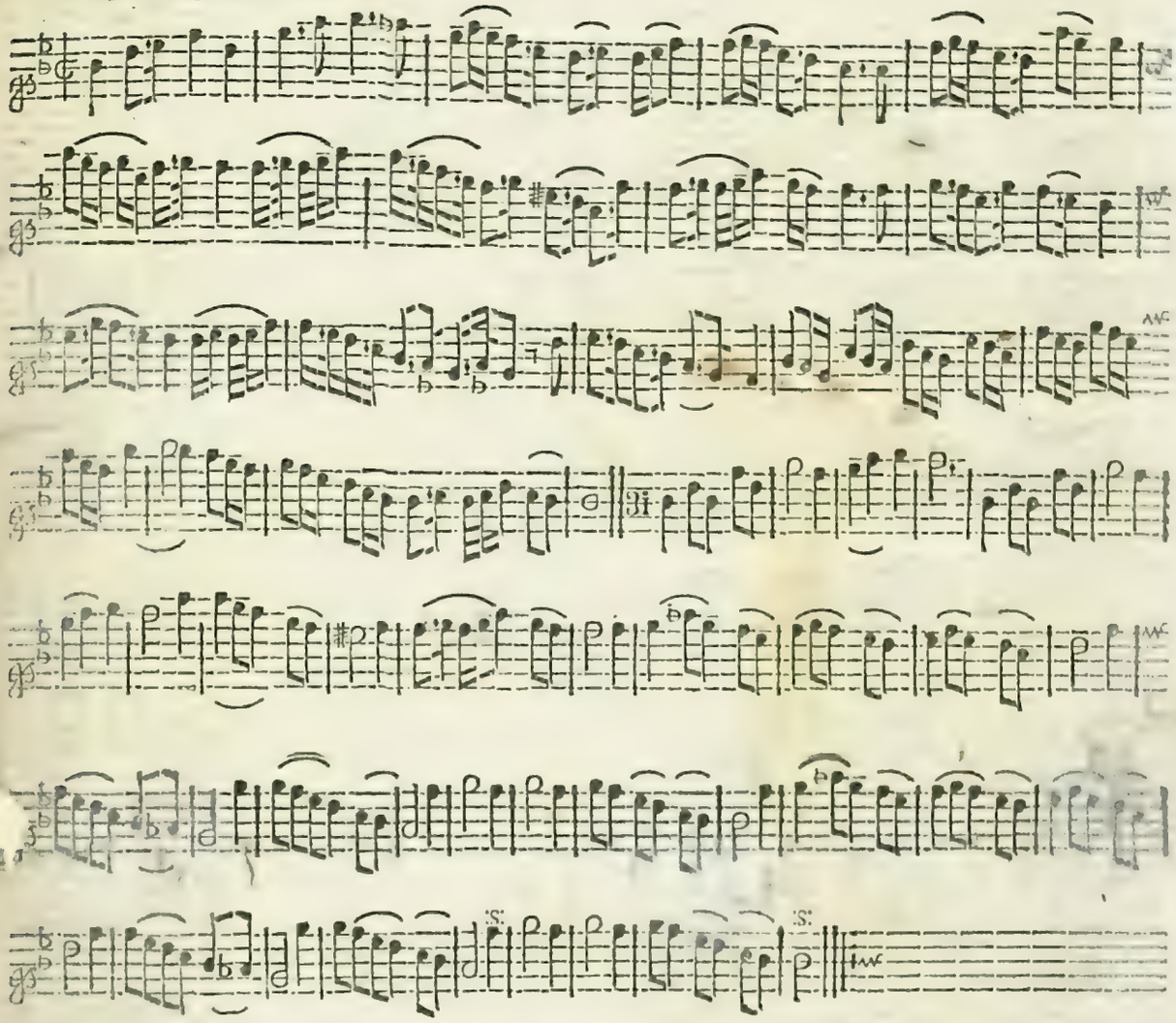
Bowls, and mer——ri—ly ſtruggle, and mer—ri——ly ſtruggle, and

ſtruggle and mer—ri—ly ſtruggle, ſtruggle for more.

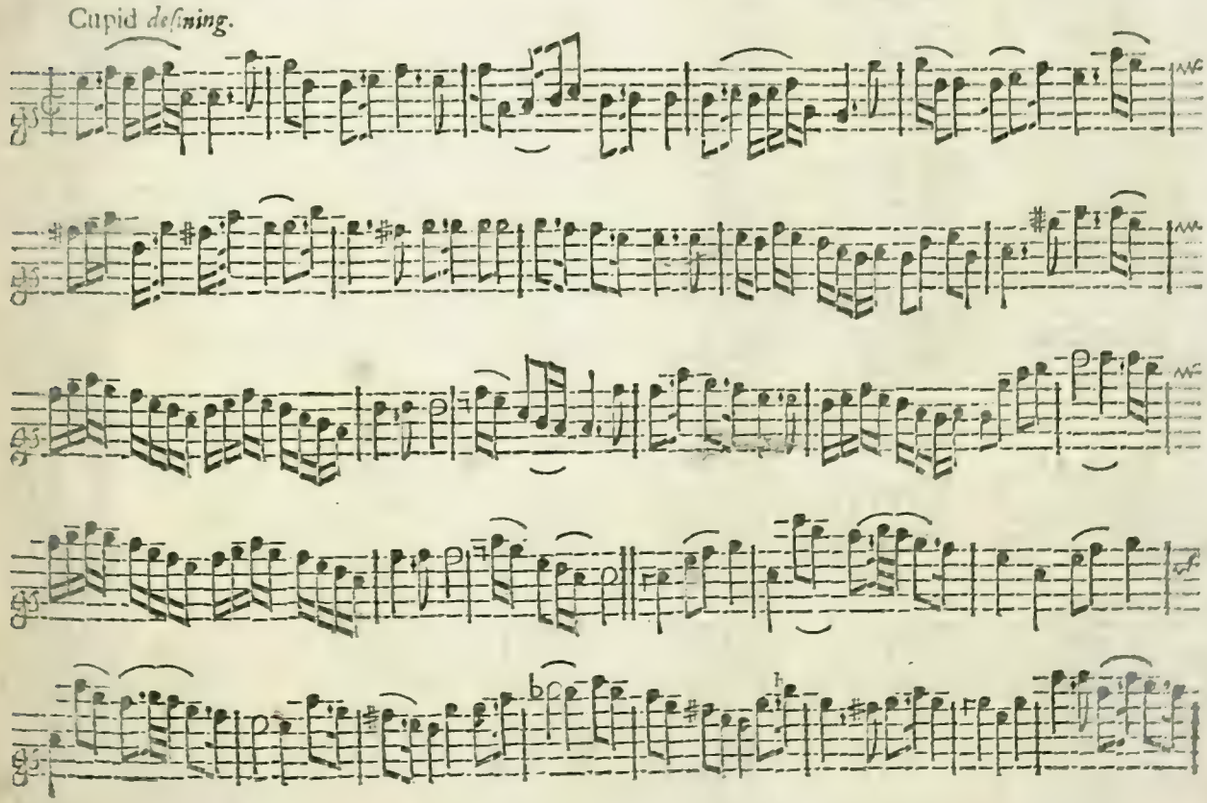
mer—ri——ly ſtruggle, and mer—ri—ly ſtruggle for more.

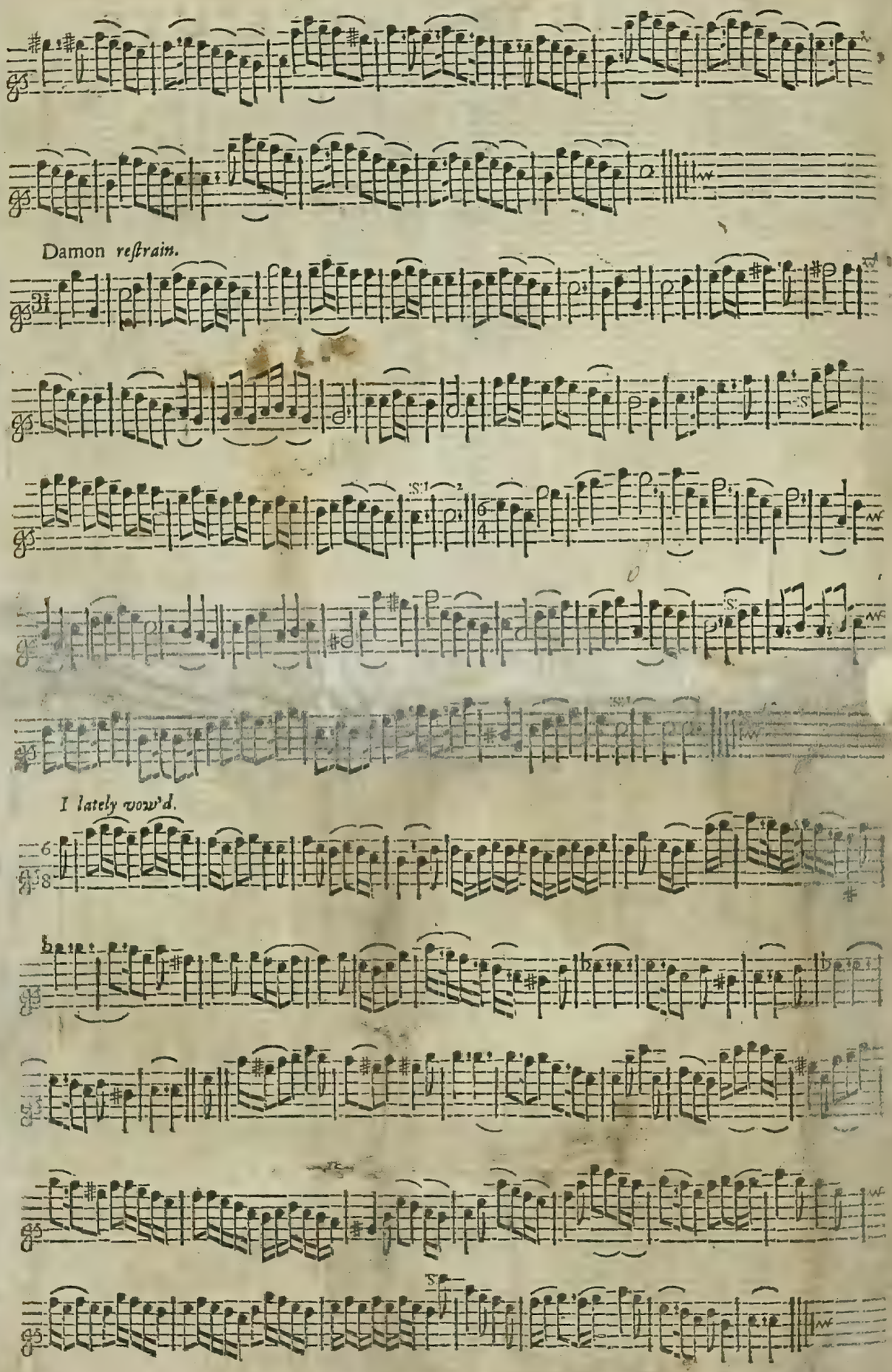
The SONG Tunes for the FLUTE.

Whilst I am scorch'd.



Cupid *defining.*





FINIS.

ADVICE to the FAIR-SEX.

The Words by Mr. W——H, the Muſic by Mr. HUDSON.

Ye fair, ever blooming and gay, Who flutter in faſhion's wild train, Oh!

caſt each poor trifle a——way, They're joys——They're joys for the

gid—dy and vain. *Sym.* Ah! bid not the pen—cil of art To

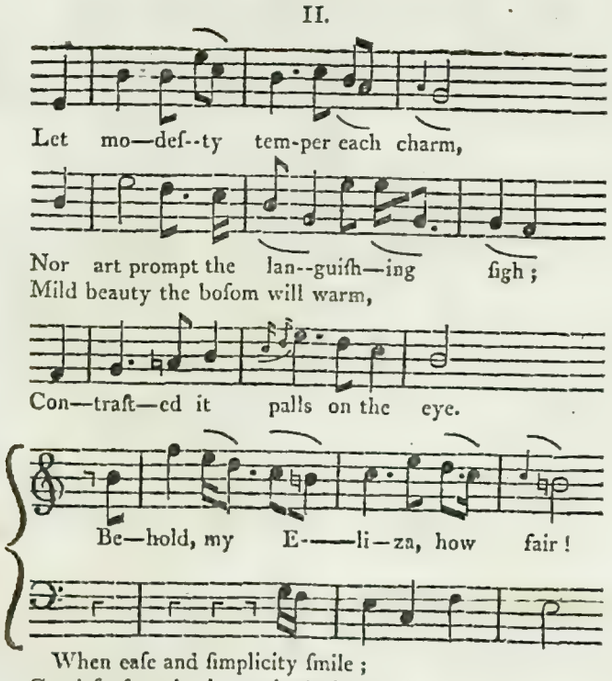
tarniſh, to tarniſh each dimple ſo ſleek, Far——Iweeter the glow——from the heart,

That ſports in the in—no—cent cheek, Far ſweet—er the glow from the heart, That ſports

in the in—nocent cheek. *Sym.*

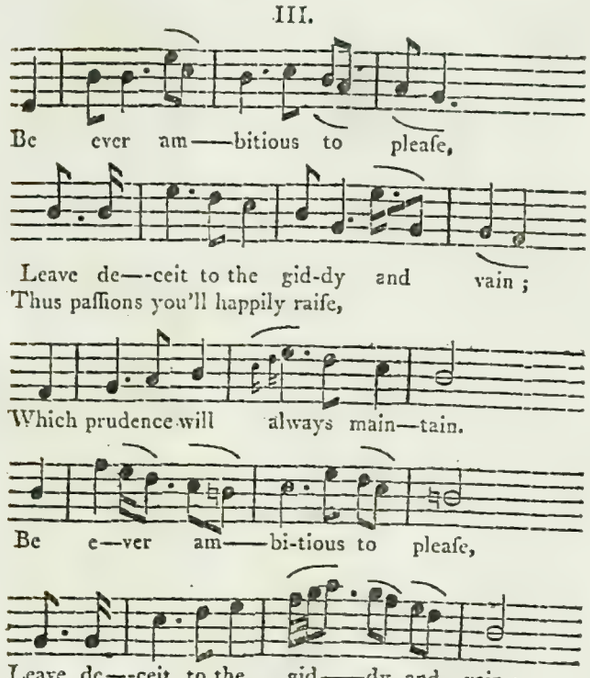
Cowell 100
D1/8/21

II.



When eaſe and ſimplicity ſmile ;
Good-ſenſe and a heart that's ſincere,
Unknown to each folly-taught wile.

III.



Which prudence will always maintain.